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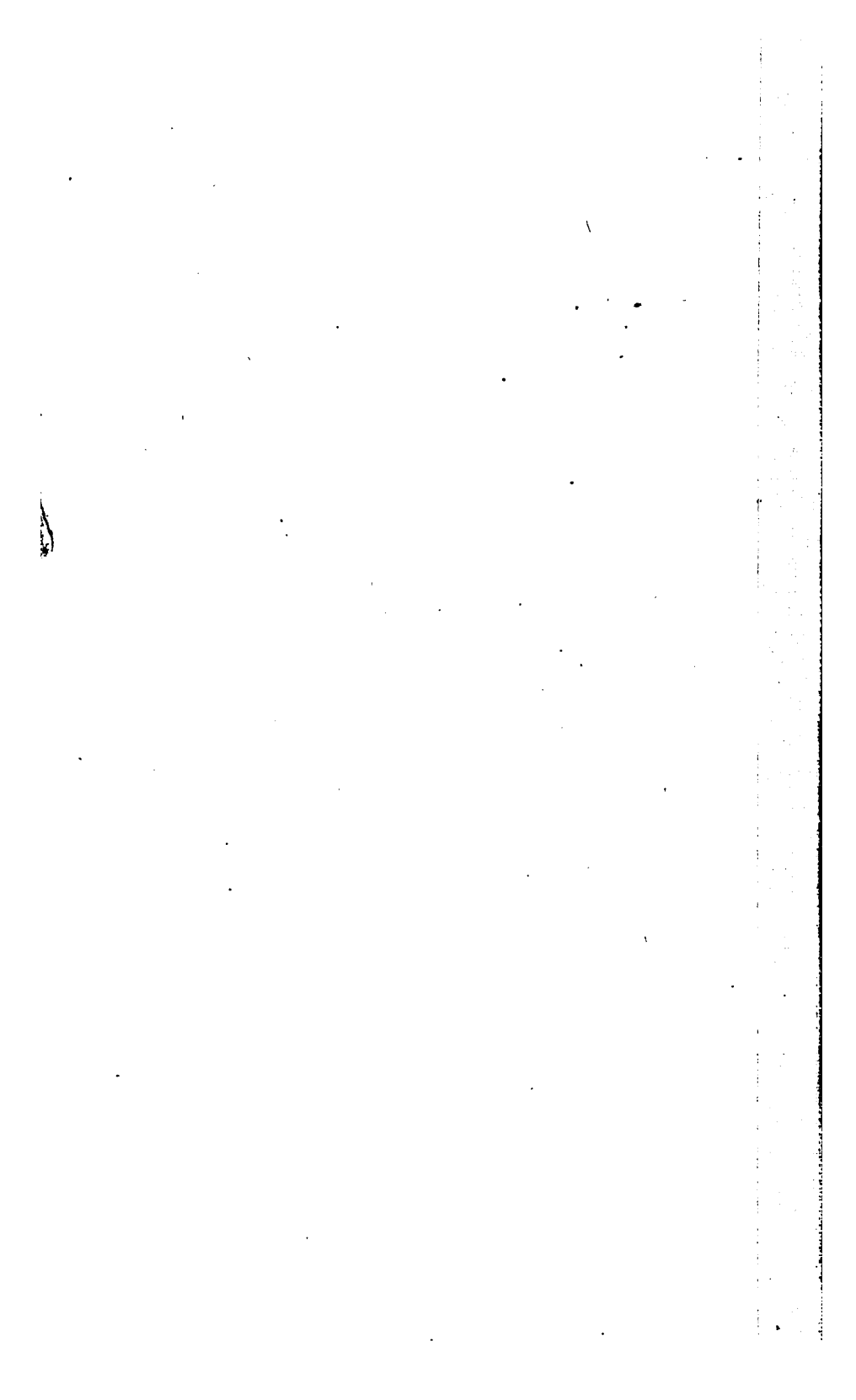
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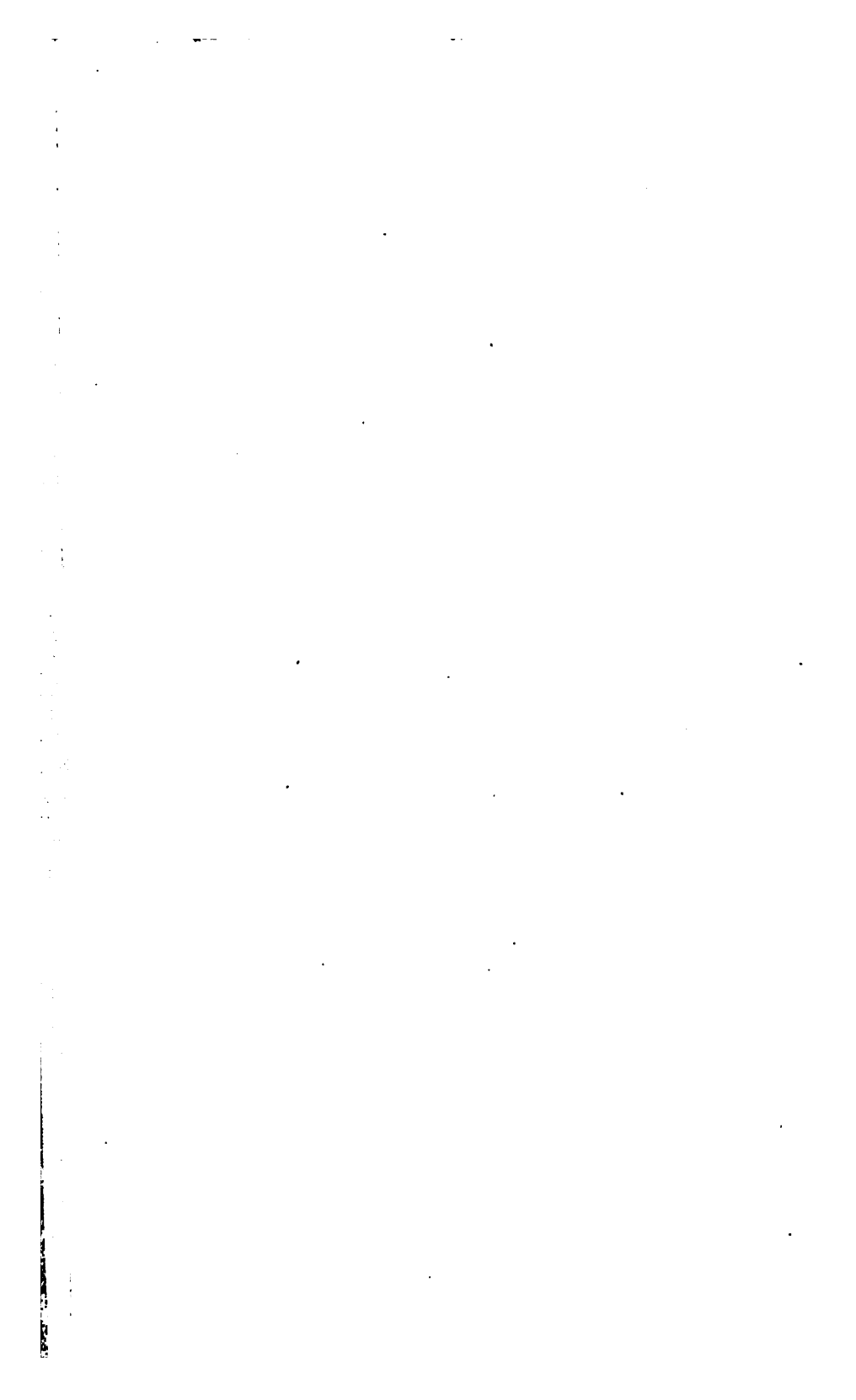
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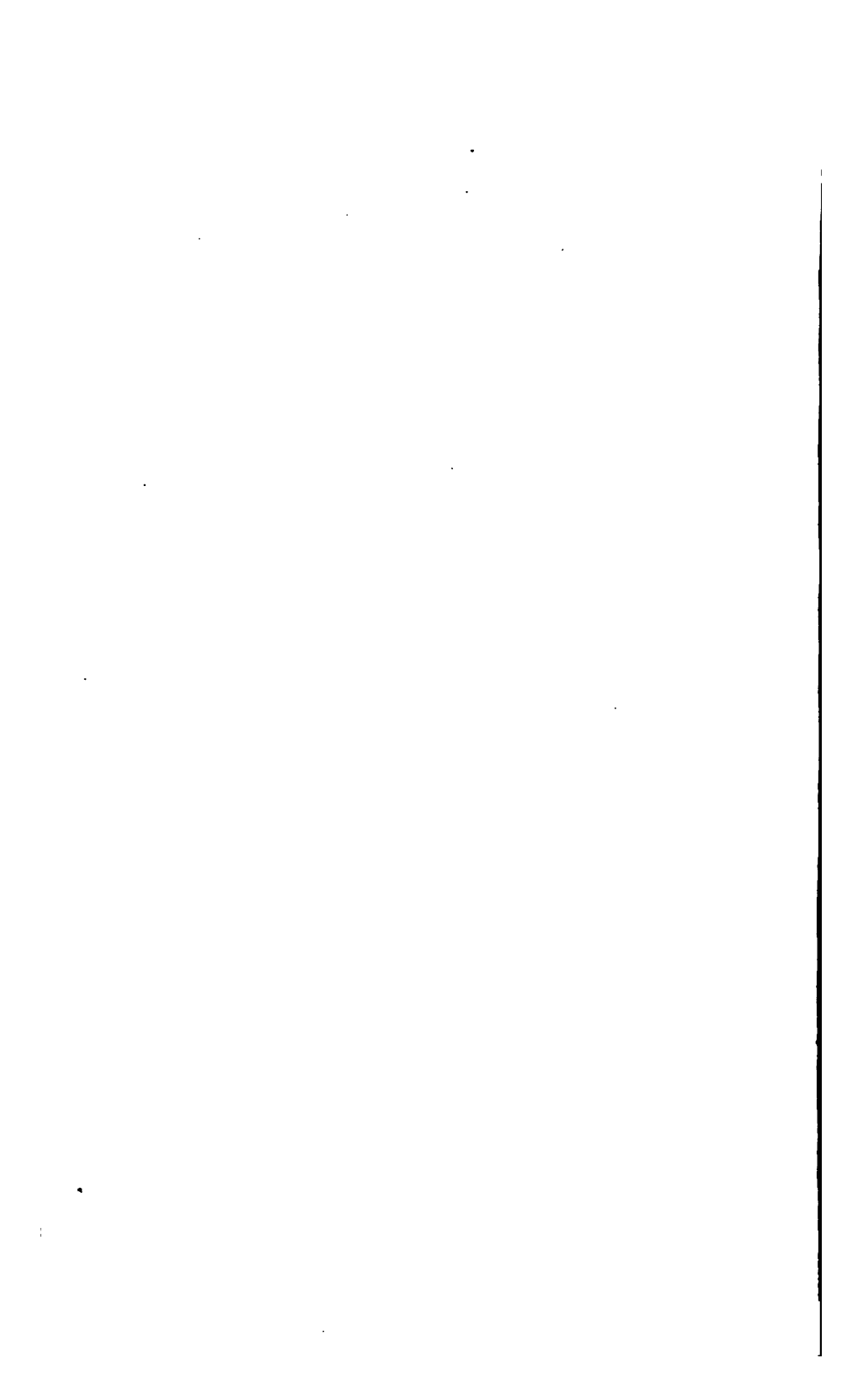


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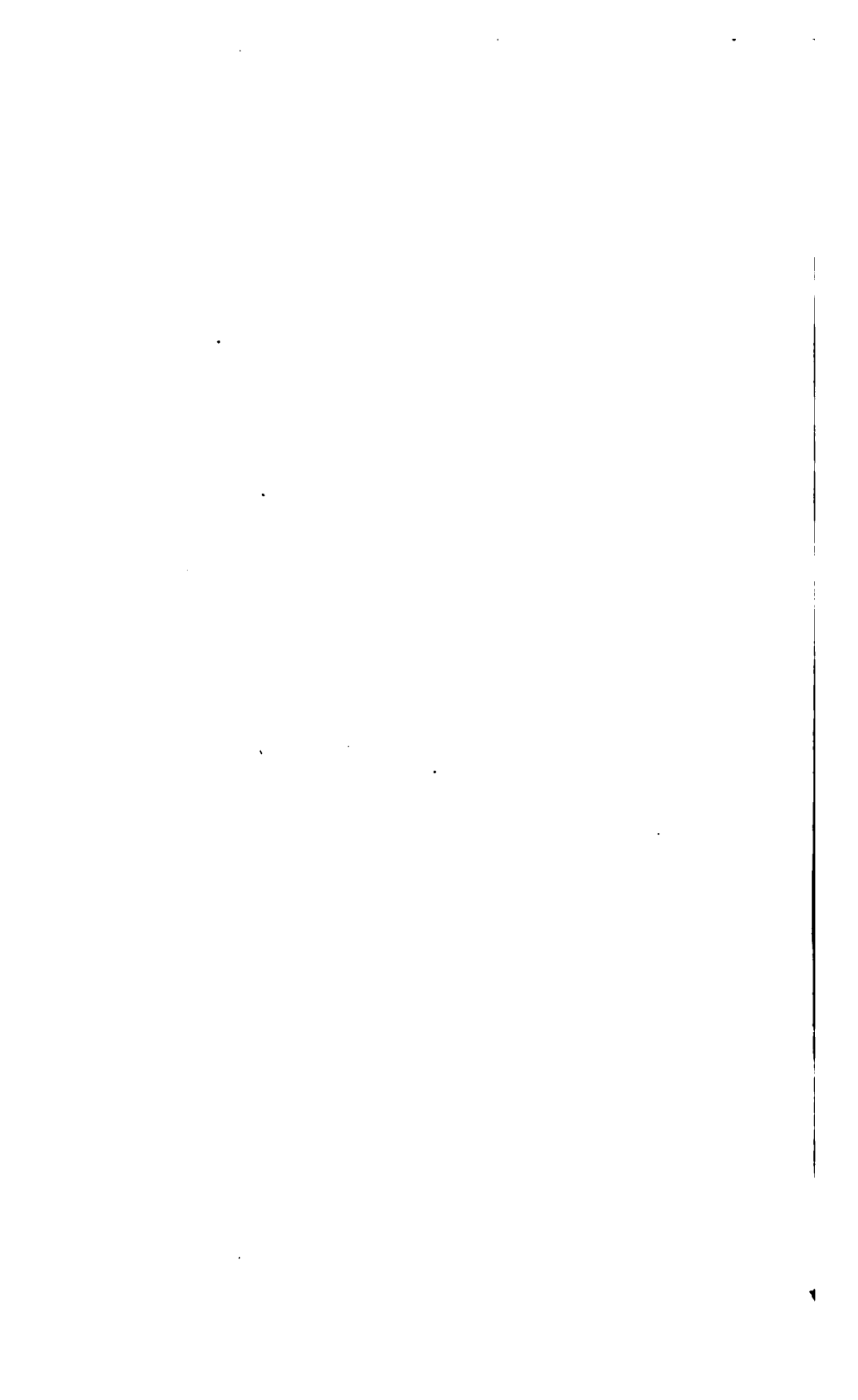
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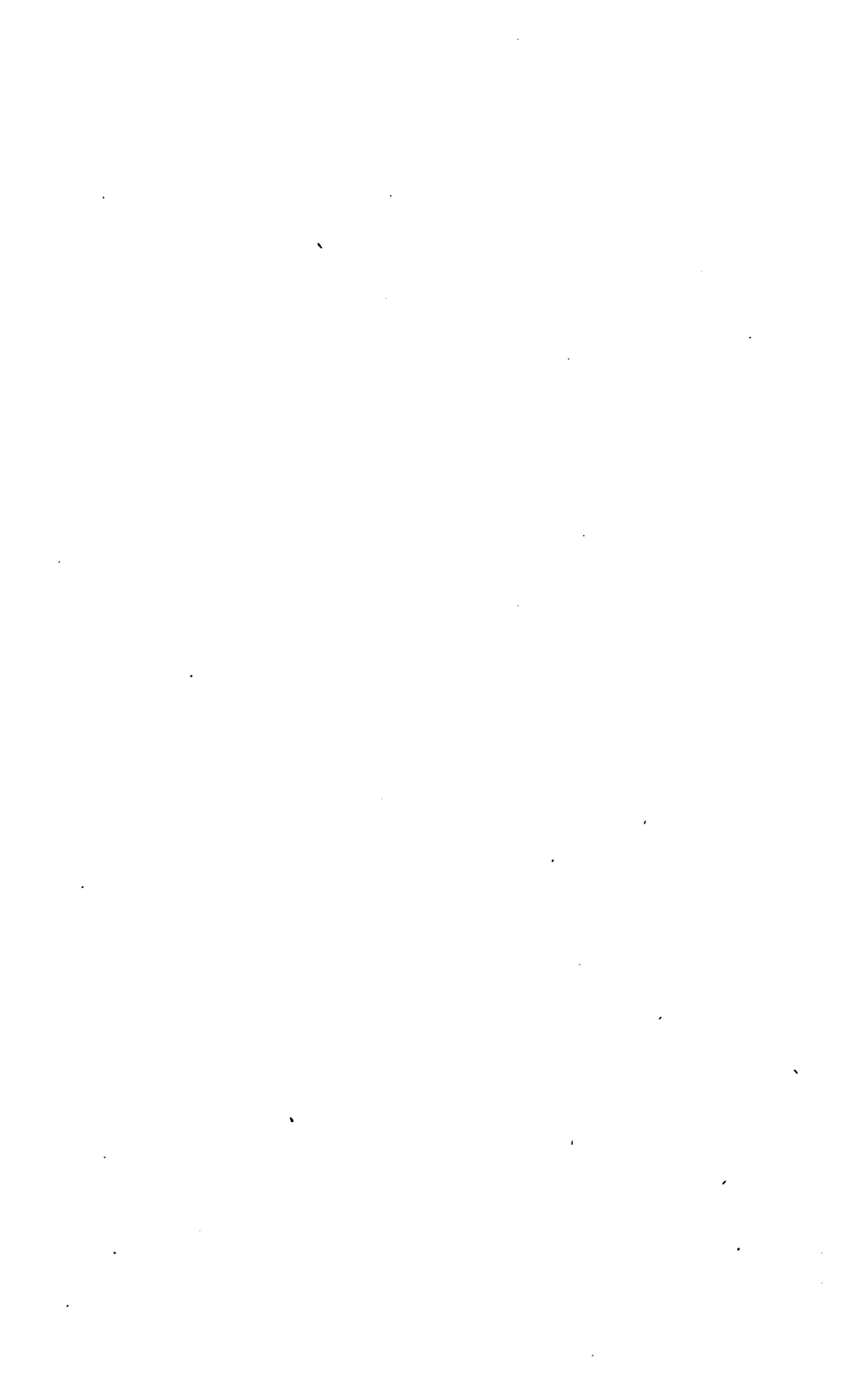


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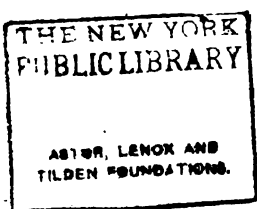














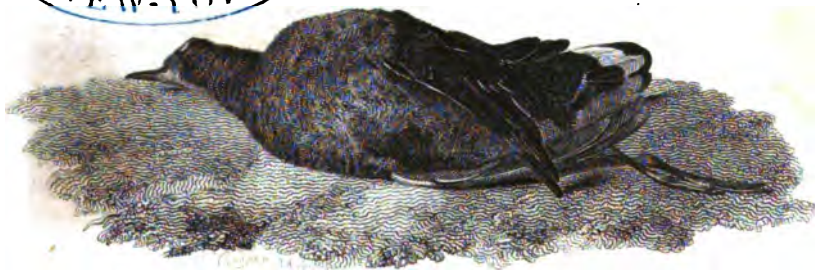
Woodbury & Lothrop

New York, N.Y.

1854

INDEXED

THE
SPORTING MAGAZINE,
or
Monthly Calendar
of the Transactions of
The Turf, The Chase,
AND
EVERY OTHER DIVERSION.
Interesting to the
Man of Pleasure, Enterprise & Spirit.
VOL. 2, SECOND SERIES.
or Vol. 77, Old Series.

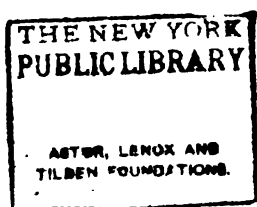


Water Hen.

LONDON.

Published by M.A. Pittman, Warwick Square.

1831.



THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.
SECOND SERIES.

NOVEMBER, 1830.

No. VII.

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Embellished with,

I. *Portrait of His MAJESTY'S ZINGANEË.*—II. *EXTRAORDINARY TROUT.*

PEDIGREE & PERFORMANCES of ZINGANEË.

THE print we have the pleasure and honour of presenting to our numerous subscribers this month is engraved by Woodman, from a faithful, careful, highly-finished picture of ZINGANEË, by Marshall. Those who have seen a proof agree in saying, that horse-painting and horse-engraving were never carried to a higher degree of excellence, either in the present or past ages: neither was any horse more worthy of being handed down to posterity. Those who breed race-horses would do well to look upon him for a model, as

he is large where strength is wanted, and small where that quality is a perfection.

PEDIGREE.

ZINGANEË, a bay horse foaled in 1825, bred by the Marquis of Exeter, first sold to Mr. Chifney, afterwards to Lord Chesterfield, and lastly to His late Majesty, was got by Tramp, out of Folly by Young Drone; grandam, Regina, by Moorcock; great grandam, Rally, by Trumpator; great great grandam, Fancy (Sister to Diomed), by Florizel; great great grandam (the dam of Pastorella, Cuckoo, Royston, Leonora, Darling, Fame, Diomed, Vernon, &c.), by Spectator; great great great great grandam

A

(Sister to Horatius), by Blank ; great great great great grandam (Allworthy, Cypher, Pytho, and Feather's dam), by Childers ; Miss Belvoir, by Grey Grantham—Duke of Devonshire's Paget Turk—Betty Percival, by Mr. Leedes's Arabian—Spanker, &c. &c.

PERFORMANCES.

At Stamford, July 19, 1827, ZINGANEE won a Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each for two-year-olds—colts, 8st. 6lb. ; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—T.Y.C. (three subscribers), beating Mr. Platel's Ianthe. He was afterwards sold to Mr. W. Chifney.

At Newmarket First Spring Meeting 1828, ZINGANEE (rode by S. Chifney) won the Newmarket Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds—colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—D. M. (23 subscribers), beating Mr. Payne's Mufti, Lord Grosvenor's Navaripo, Duke of Grafton's Charon, Lord Exeter's Enthusiast, Mr. Rush's Jenkins, Lord Anson's ch. c. by Merlin out of Prue, Duke of Portland's Varro, Duke of Portland's b. c. by Tiresias out of Freak, Duke of Rutland's b. c. (Victory), by Waterloo out of Sister to Adeliza, Mr. Batson's gr. c. Glory, by Skim :—Two to 1 agst Enthusiast, 3 to 1 agst ZINGANEE, 6 to 1 agst Navarino, 7 to 1 agst Mufti, and 10 to 1 agst Jenkins. Won easy by a length.

At Newmarket Craven Meeting 1829, ZINGANEE (rode by S. Chifney) won the Craven Stakes of 10 sovs. each: two-year-olds, 6st. ; three, 8st. 4lb. ; four, 8st. 13lb. ; five, 9st. 5lb. ; six and aged, 9st. 9lb. A. F. (10 subscribers), beating Mr. D. Radcliffe's Fleur-de-Lis, 6 yrs old ; Lord G. Cavendish's Amphion, 4 yrs old ; Mr. D. Radcliffe's ch. g.

by Reveller, dam by Waxy, 2 yrs old ; Duke of Rutland's Oppidan, 3 yrs old ; Mr. Greville's Goshawk, 5 yrs old ; Lord Verulam's Brocard, 4 yrs old ; Lord Exeter's Goldpin, 2 yrs old ; and Lord Exeter's Gaberlunzie, 4 yrs old :—11 to 8 agst Fleur-de-Lis, 5 to 2 agst ZINGANEE, and 4 to 1 agst Amphion. A beautiful race, and won by a head.

In the same Meeting ZINGANEE (rode by S. Chifney) won the Claret Stakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft., for rising four-year-olds—colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—D. I. (—the owner of the second horse withdrew his stake), beating Mr. Molony's Rough Robin and Duke of Rutland's Cadland :—Seven to 4 on Cadland, 4 to 1 agst ZINGANEE, and 9 to 2 agst Rough Robin. Won easy by a length.

At Ascot Heath Meeting, on Tuesday, June 16, at 8st. 7lb. (rode by S. Chifney), he won the Otlands Stakes of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft., for horses of all ages, two miles and a half, beating Colonel Standen's Conrad, 5 yrs old, 8st. ; Lord Cavendish's Rapid Rhone, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. ; and Lord Mountcharles's Rasselas, 4 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. Two subscribers paid 20 sovs. each, and four others having declared forfeit by the time prescribed paid only 10 sovs. each :—Six to 4 on ZINGANEE, 7 to 2 agst Conrad, 5 to 1 agst Rasselas, and 6 to 1 agst Rapid Rhone. Won easy.

He was then sold at a large figure to Lord Chesterfield, and on Thursday in the same Meeting, at 8st. 2lb. (rode by S. Chifney), he won the Gold Cup, value 100 sovs., the surplus in specie, by 18 subscribers of 20 sovs. each, for horses of all ages, about two miles

and beating Mr. Gully's Mar. 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.; Duke of Rutland's Cadland, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.; Mr. D. Radcliffe's The Colonel, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.; Lord Exeter's Green Mantle, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.; Lord Sefton's Bobadilla, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb.; Duke of Rutland's Oppidan, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.; and Colonel Wilson's Lamplighter, 4 yrs old, 9st. 3lb.:—Two to 1 agst ZINGANEE, 3 to 1 agst The Colonel, 4 to 1 agst Mameluke, 4 to 1 agst Green Mantle, 9 to 1 agst Lamplighter, 12 to 1 agst Bobadilla, and 14 to 1 agst Cadland. Won easy by a length.

He was afterwards sold to His Majesty, and has since been unsuccessful.

THE HUMOURIST.

OUR old friend Ackermann—for the purpose of promoting the hilarity of the winter's hearth when frost and snow prevent the sportsman from taking the field, by the application of humour to a variety of subjects—has just published a new Annual, intitled *The Humourist, a Companion for the Christmas Fire-side*, by W. H. HARRISON, Esq. Author of *Tales of a Physician*. The work is what it represents itself to be, "a companion for the fire-side," and a very entertaining one—a pleasant book for a family circle, when, days short, and shut up in a warm room lighted by that household sun, a lamp, one feels through the long evenings comfortably independent of the outdoor tempest. It is illustrated by fifty wood engravings, exclusive of numerous vignettes, from ori-

ginal drawings by the late Thomas Rowlandson, Esq., at once characteristic of the humorous conceits and extravagant exaggeration of that Prince of Caricaturists. The pages are full of outrageous but laughable improbabilities, Mr. Harrison having caught the spirit of the great original in adapting the tales to the designs. There is no slight merit in thus translating caricatures into entertaining incident; and as a specimen of the Author's talent in fulfilling so arduous a task, we quote the following, as more appropriate to our work, and that our readers may participate in the amusement which its perusal has afforded to us. It is designated by Rowlandson **TAKING A HORSE TO WATER**—by our Author,

THE STEEPLE CHASE.

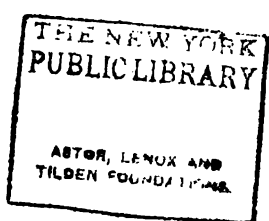
My schoolfellow, Dick Linger, was never ready for anything but his dinner: I say *his* dinner, for he was always too late for every body's else. He was a loiterer from his very birth, for he came sauntering into the world on the day on which his youngest brother had completed his fifteenth year. He was, of course, his mother's pet and his father's darling, and, by consequence, the plague of the whole house. At school he obtained the *soubriquet* of Dilatory Dick: he was last up in the morning, and, at night, every boy in his room was in bed, and the candle put out, before Dick had divested himself of half his clothes; and many a time has he awakened his bed-fellow from his first sleep by driving his toe into his eye, or doing him in the dark, as the law hath it, some other grievous bodily harm. At cricket

he was usually bowled out by the second or third ball, for he never struck at it till it had passed him ; and, when it was his turn to look out, he walked after it as if he had been following a funeral or going to be whipped. Nay, he was behind-hand even in mischief ; for, if any expedition against a neighbouring orchard was undertaken, Dick usually contrived to arrive just in time to be seized by the proprietor and handed over to condign punishment, while his companions ran off with the booty. From his procrastinating habits, as well as from the circumstance of his being so frequently flogged for the delinquencies of others, he was facetiously termed the *tail* of the school. On one occasion, I remember, on which he had contrived to introduce himself to the mill-pond, he remained such a tediously long time under water, that, if one of his comrades had not gone down after him, I verily believe he would never have come up at all.

He would, doubtless, have been a scholar of no mean acquirements had he remained a sufficient time at his studies ; but happening to be taken from school at eighteen, the poor fellow had no chance. I remember that, although we started in the classics together, and I was no fire-eater, I was construing Horace while he was wearing out his second Corderius, and conjugating "*amo*" with infinitely more complacency than success. His attempts at conjugation in after-life were equally unfortunate, since he lost an opportunity of getting a rich wife, because, although he made three several attempts on as many days, he could never manage to get to church within canonical hours.

Luckily, however, for Richard, as he was the last of his family in coming into the world, he contrived to be the last to go out of it, and consequently succeeded to the property of those of his brothers and sisters who had not resorted to matrimony as a mode of relieving the monotony of life ; and thus it happened, that, while he was deliberating upon which of the professions he should adorn, he was saved the trouble of farther debate by being placed in easy circumstances for life. Never was any man more rejoiced at being left to follow the bent of his own inclination ; which, however, he did as he performed every thing else, quite at his leisure. He was fond of hunting, and subscribed to a pack of excellent fox-hounds, but he could never contrive to be at the place of meeting in time to see them throw off ; so that, after an hour's hard riding, he usually met them on their return to kennel.

In a moment of extraordinary excitement, Richard was induced to ride a steeple chase—not for the sake of the wager, for he would not have ridden a third of the distance for thrice the money, but simply for the gratification of the whim of the moment. The idea of Dick's riding a race of any kind was so utterly preposterous that it attracted the attention of the whole country, and innumerable were the bets to which it gave rise ; since, although there were many who were ready to lay upon the acknowledged excellence of Richard's horse, there were quite as many who would have staked their fortunes upon the dilatoriness of the rider ; and among the latter were his two opponents, who it was sus-





pected had engaged to share the profit or loss of the adventure. They had cunningly covenanted that they should start at a particular hour, and that they should not wait for each other's arrival. The event justified their prudence in making this proviso, for Richard appeared at the starting-post just two minutes after his antagonists had quitted it, puffing away, not from want of breath, but by reason of a cigar. "Good morning to you, Gentlemen," said Richard to a host of persons who had gathered about the spot, as he quietly dismounted and began to tighten his saddle-girths, while his horse, deeming them tight enough before, shewed its sense of Dick's officiousness by a smart bite, which, if it had included cuticle as well as broad-cloth, might have materially interfered with the comfort of his ride.

"Make haste, my good fellow, or you'll lose the race," exclaimed a by-stander, who, having staked a round sum upon Richard's horse, was almost frantic at beholding the owner's imperturbable deliberation.

"Wait while I light another cigar," responded Dick, igniting a piece of German tinder, which he began to blow with great energy, and looking upon the anxious faces around him with the greatest complacency imaginable. When, however, he got into the saddle, he appeared determined on making up for lost time, and set off in good earnest. He was an excellent horseman, and a bold one; but two minutes in a race, like an inch in a man's nose, are no trifle. His horse, though, was a regular fencer; and, in the course of the next five minutes, cleared three quick-

set hedges, a market woman, and a gipsy's donkey, and Dick was evidently gaining ground upon his precursors. But he was destined never to be before-hand in anything. There stood the steeple, within half-a-mile of him, and, midway between, a rising ground which his rivals were just mounting, and soon disappeared behind it. Dick put spurs to his horse, and arrived on the summit of the hillock just in time to catch a glimpse of the foremost equestrian, who was shewing him a "clean pair of heels," the only visible part of him; and they, as in duty bound, were following his head and shoulders to the bottom of a deep and rapid river, of which the party in advance either were previously ignorant, or, like others who have taken the shadow for the substance, were mis-led by the reflection of the desired steeple in the water, and determined to arrive at the goal *per saltum*. While Richard, who was somewhat slow in comprehending matters, was wondering at the extraordinary feat, his eye glanced towards his other antagonist, who was practically explaining to him the mode in which it had been accomplished, by sliding over the nose of his horse in the same antipodean fashion. Dick, however, who had already suffered from his proximity to his horse's nose, pursued an opposite course, and pulling the animal up—that is, perpendicularly upon his hind legs—he slid over its tail, after his old habit of being always behind, and thus regained *terra firma*.

Richard, who was a good-natured fellow, and had no notion of his opponents stopping short

in the church-yard on their way to the steeple, hastily tied his horse to a tree, and proceeded to angle for them with the thong of his hunting-whip: but not succeeding in getting a bite, he tried the hook at the butt-end, and, at length fished them both out. Their horses had taken care of themselves, and were quietly grazing in a meadow on the opposite bank. Dick, like a good fellow as he was, stuck both his friends upon the back of his own nag, and led them to the nearest inn, where he left them with thirteen blankets on the outside of their bodies, and two stiff glasses of brandy and water within. Our hero, having previously fortified himself with a beef-steak and a tankard of home-brewed, walked over the rest of the course, at his leisure, in the cool of the evening, infinitely less gratified at winning his wager, than at the power he possessed of quoting one instance at least of the advantages of being behind-hand.

BETTINGS.

SIR, Tattersall's, Oct. 26, 1830.

THE running for the Clearwell and the Prendergast Stakes has had a very salutary check upon the betting, and brought it into a more business-like shape. Not many days preceding Caleb was all the rage, and at 11 to 1 had plenty of friends; but the bad running of Washington and the magnitude of the field have disclosed a few secrets, and caused the favorite to recede several points, and no takers. Yesterday was one of the duller days ever remembered, and little or no betting. Caleb recovered some of his lost ground, and was in more favour. Bohemian retrograded a trifle, all layers and no takers. Lord Jersey's lot were highly fancied,

the speculators freely taking the odds. Africanus, an outside one, came up with great force, a Sir L. G. eagerly backing him. Bras-de-Fer remains stationary, it being doubtful whether he will run.—Oxygen and Circassian engrossed the whole of the attention for the OAKS. A Mr. C—d took 1000 to 400 that one of the two win. Nothing else was mentioned, and, from the avidity with which the odds were snapped at, must decidedly take the lead.

It is again proper to add that all bets made upon the St. Leger are considered to stand, named or not named, some doubts being expressed whether Zany would be nominated. Z. B.

DERBY.

- 12 to 1 agst Caleb.
- 15 to 1 agst Bohemian.
- 18 to 1 agst Cobweb (taken).
- 20 to 1 agst Colwick (taken).
- 20 to 1 agst Antiope (taken).
- 20 to 1 agst Bras-de-Fer.
- 25 to 1 agst Selictar.
- 25 to 1 agst Pastille (taken).
- 25 to 1 agst Brother to Varna.
- 26 to 1 agst Blunder's dam.
- 26 to 1 agst Filagree (taken).
- 26 to 1 agst Cressida.
- 30 to 1 agst Rattler.
- 45 to 1 agst Africanus.
- 50 to 1 agst Sister to Bull Dog.
- 7 to 1 agst Lord Jersey's lot (taken).
- 5 to 4 The field against eight.

OAKS.

- 5 to 1 agst Oxygen (taken).
- 6 to 1 agst Circassian (taken).
- 11 to 1 agst Delight (taken).
- 18 to 1 agst Espagnolle.
- 20 to 1 agst Dulcinea.
- 25 to 1 agst Zealot's dam.
- 25 to 1 agst Penny Trumpet.
- 25 to 1 agst Stotforth's dam.
- 5 to 2 agst Oxygen and Circassian

ST. LEGER.

- 20 to 1 agst Zany (taken).
- 20 to 1 agst Chorister.
- 20 to 1 agst Circassian.
- 20 to 1 agst Colwick.
- 25 to 1 agst Frederica.
- 25 to 1 agst Clarence.
- 25 to 1 agst Caleb.
- 30 to 1 agst Tremaine.
- 30 to 1 agst Victoire.
- 33 to 1 agst Camilla.
- 33 to 1 agst The Saddler.
- 33 to 1 agst Rattler.
- 33 to 1 agst Delight.
- 33 to 1 agst Bras-de-Fer.

A HUNTING SONG.

SIR,

I HAVE taken the liberty of inclosing the following lines, with hopes that you may think them worthy a place in your valuable Magazine. They were written by a friend of mine, well known in Sir John Cope's Hunt as "a right good one." With expressions of thanks for the amusement I have derived from your entertaining pages, I remain, Sir, &c.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Regent's Park, Oct. 10, 1830.

You will find it described in some classical book,
 "Dull care sits behind every rider*:"
 This wise saw might have suited the horsemen of old—
 To prove it we'll search somewhat wider.

In the sports of the field I believe you'll allow
 That the ancients were greatly behind:
 Modern poets agree that the mortal who hunts
 Casts all sorrow and care to the wind†.

But away with such prosing old fellows who think
 That this life is a life full of care;
 Let me hunt, have my glass, and the lass that I love,
 And I never will yield to despair.

With the vot'ries of Dian what mortals can vie,
 Or what pleasures with ours can compare,
 When we pass, bless'd with health, all our days in the chase,
 And our nights in the arms of the fair!

Then we'll toast, that these pleasures we long may enjoy!
 May Diana her snowdrop entwine
 With the evergreen myrtle of Venus, the fair,
 And the purple of Bacchus's vine!

PLAN FOR REMEDYING THE PRESENT OBJECTIONABLE MANNER
 OF DRAWING FOR COURSING CUPS AND STAKES.

SIR,

A Very trifling alteration in the Regulations of the different Clubs would obviate the present objectionable mode of drawing greyhounds for Cups and Stakes, and which I conceive would be attended with many advantages. I am the more anxious to draw the attention of my brethren of the leash to this subject, because I have witnessed so much time unnecessarily taken up in redrawing for the second

and third classes. In the hope that my plan will catch the eye of some of the influential Members of our leading Clubs, I shall proceed without farther remark to the development.

When sixteen greyhounds are entered for a Cup the first night of the Club Meeting, they are drawn by lot, which run together, to make eight brace; and many good and sufficient reasons there are for that mode being adopted

* *Cura sedet post equitem.*—HOR. † *O happy art thou, man.*—SOMERVILLE.

in preference to the Members agreeing or choosing amongst themselves which should run together—if indeed such a thing could be done as agreeing upon that subject were they to try.

The second and third class, according to the present mode, are also settled by fresh lot, which run together; and that is what I consider unnecessary: for were it agreed that the winners of the first and second course in the first class should be the brace to run the second class together—the winners of the third and fourth course, of the fifth and sixth course, and of the seventh and eighth course should run together in like manner in the second class, and the third class in like manner—where would be the injustice towards any Member, or inconvenience to the Club? When they are once drawn by lot, and run in regular order in the subsequent classes, according to that original lot, they are still virtually *running by lot*, with the mere difference of drawing only once for it instead of three times.

I have the return lists of seven

ral Meetings of the last season now before me, and select the Cup entry in the Derbyshire list for example: but, in order more clearly to shew the advantages to be derived by this proposed alteration, I must of necessity alter the order in which the courses are therein set down to be run. I have often thought that the mode of making out the lists, as well as the account furnished in your columns of the different Meetings, might be simplified, and shortened so far as the Cup and Stake account, and at the same time shew more clearly, and at *one view*, the order of the contest and its termination. But it is the want of this proposed regulation being adopted which renders those objects not so easy: as of two dogs that run together in the second class, one may be at the top of the first-class, and the other at the bottom, or otherwise so placed as not to admit of being coupled together, as when set in the order which they afterwards run.

The following specimen will shew the plan:—

WINNERS IN EACH CLASS.

THE CUP.

WINNERS IN EACH CLASS.

FIRST DAY. SECOND DAY. THIRD DAY.

1st Class.

2d Class.

3d Class.

Dec.
Course.

Clowes's blk and w. b. Columbine

Rowland's blk. b. Ladybird

Worthington's blk. b. Nameless

Nixon's blk. and w. b. Pert

Smith's blk. b. Negress

Harries's brin. b. Humblebec

Crockett's br. and w. b. Plover

Davenport's blk. d. Diddler

Hoskins's brin. d. Helvetius

Worthington's red b. Eliza

Hoskins's fawn b. Hermione

Asbury's blk. b. Myrtle

Calvert's blk. d. Topper

Hassall's fawn b. Harpalyce

Hassall's red d. Humphrey Clinker

Vernon's red d. Poynton

Ladybird

Pert

Negress

Negress

Diddler

Helvetius

Hermione

Topper

Ladybird

Negress

Negress

Hermione

Topper

H. Clinker

Negress

Negress

Hermione

Topper

Topper

Topper

Topper

Topper

Mr. Calvert's Topper won the Cup, and Mr. Smith's Negress the Goblet.
If the Pedigrees are required to be given, they may be done so by this mode as well as the one before practised.

If it was agreed for the subsequent classes to be run in the order they are drawn by lot to run the first class, the few additional words, as by the above plan, would be all that was required to shew the whole running for the Cup or Cups, and the same by each Sweepstake; and every Member of the Club, or other Gentleman who is furnished with a list of the entry, would, by writing *only one word* for each course, have all particulars before him to consider what bets to speculate upon, without trusting to that treacherous faculty, memory—and each winner of a course, at the end of every two, would know who he has to contend against next time for that particular prize.

I may be met with the observation, that, notwithstanding my plan, there is still the necessity for drawing the first entry by lot, and that it is desirable such drawing should be fairly and impartially performed; and that, therefore, we cannot avoid altogether that jealousy which sometimes shews itself on these occasions. I grant it, and will leave that *hark sitting*; but if we can avoid *one half* that jealousy by this plan, we save one brand out of the fire, and do *some* good.

I have in vain searched all the corners of my brain for a solid objection to this plan; notwithstanding which some more prolific imaginations may discover one: if so, my plan must of course fall to the ground. But should no sufficient objection be discovered, I think the plan will save both time and trouble enough, as well as some other, though perhaps minor, advantages, to render it worthy of being adopted.

Hoping to stand excused for proposing it, I remain, Sir, your obedient servant.

TANTARA.

P. S. If the Cups and Stakes were all entered as by this plan in their regular rotation, in the return lists, it would materially simplify the subject to the eye of the reader, and the matches might be put together afterwards in their rotation, with the days on which they were run.

THE DARLEY ARABIAN.

SIR,
SHOULD the following account of that very celebrated stallion, the Darley Arabian, confirmatory of his pure blood, be deemed worthy of your valuable Magazine, it is at your service.—Yours, &c.

WANDERER.
 Weymouth, Sept. 30, 1830.

Extract of Thomas Darley's letter to his brother Richard Darley, dated Aleppo, Dec. 21, 1703:—

"Since your father expects I should send him a stallion, esteem myself happy in a colt I bought a year and a half ago, with that design indeed per first opportunity; he comes four the latter end of March or the beginning of April next; his colour bay; and his near foot before, with both his hind feet, have white upon them; he has a blaze down his face, something of the largest; he is about fifteen hands high; of the most esteemed race amongst the Arabs both by sire and dam, and the name of the race is called *Mannicha*. The

only fear I have at present about him is, that I shall not be able to get him aboard this war-time, though I have the promise of a very good and intimate friend, the Hon. and Rev. Henry Bridges, son to the Lord Chandos, who embarks in the Ipswich, Capt. Wm. Waklin, who, I presume will not refuse taking in a horse for him since his brother is one of the Lords of the Admiralty. Besides I design to go for Scanderoon to assist in getting him off, which, if I can accomplish, and that he arrives in safety, believe he will not be much disliked; for is esteemed here, where could have sold him at considerable price if had not designed him for England."

A true copy as far as relates to the Darley Arabian.

HAWKING IN INDIA.

SIR,

I Was about to give you an account of the above noble sport as carried on in the East, when a letter in your Magazine, signed WALLACE, met my eye; and as I do not exactly agree with him in all he has laid down, shall proceed to offer a few remarks; at the same time assuring him that I "nothing extenuate." He says he is sorry to find the disappointment expressed at His Grace the Duke of St. Alban's hawking. I must own, from the account I read in the papers, I thought the sport poor, and was rather at a loss to conceive what species of hawk it was that "carried its prey bleeding to the ground in its beak;" as of the many hawks I have seen I never met with one of this kind,

and I fancy they must be very rare. The account said, "the hood being removed, the bird was thrown off." From this I should say it was the black-eyed jerr-falcon. Now this we only employ for the heron, curlew, &c.; and for partridge, peacock, hares, &c. a smaller kind; but this is no sport compared with the first-named. WALLACE says, a hawk must be in high feather, &c. to fly well. I agree with him most certainly. Did he ever see a racer brought to the post that was not up to the mark?—or a greyhound? But let this pass. When he talks of crows affording good flights, I am half inclined to titter: but a few lines further, and we come to the point. A hawk (he proceeds) trained to fly at crows will soon get on to woodcock, but will not so readily fly again at a crow after being blooded with a cock. Here he must allow me to tell him he is quite out. My hawks will fly at partridge, peacock, hares, pigeons, crows, or kites, (or whatever they may be thrown at,) in the same morning, and I never found any ill result from it. On the contrary; if I have been unsuccessful in finding game, flying them at any of the *αι πολλοι* tribe keeps them in good wind and feather; and in such case they go at them as keenly as they would at game.

I much admire WALLACE's concluding sentence, and agree with him, that to a straight-forward rider (any other, I must observe, can never follow a hawk) this sport affords the greatest pleasure; and I most cordially join him in his wish that this truly noble and manly sport may be once more revived. Would that he were here to see

my little Ariel at work!—though, as that cannot well be, I will transcribe one day from my diary for his better information.

February 9th, 1830.—Out at Pulwah-jeel; could not find either heron or curlew; at last saw three of the former making off at an immense height in the air. "Throw off Ariel," was the word. No sooner said than done, though I a little despaired (from the law they gave themselves) of my gallant little bird striking one. My fears were groundless, and away we went for two miles at a racing pace. I now saw that she had gained the summit she wanted; and the herons, from their screams, seemed aware of their impending fate. One was singled out, and with a rush like that of a flash of lightning did my favorite descend on her prey. But it would not do—for the wily bird, putting up his long beak, obliged her to fly off at a tangent, and she was again compelled to gain an eminence. This was soon done. We had now gone nearly three miles, best pace all the way, at one time up to the girths in mud and water, and at another on ground that seemed literally paved with pointed bricks. I guessed, however, that the who-whoop would quickly follow; nor was I mistaken: she struck the heron; and both fell into the water—but (though in no small danger of being drowned) the gallant bird would not quit her hold. The distance was nearly four miles; and I think it was certainly the best flight I ever witnessed.

Such, Sir, is our hawking; which I should imagine can nowhere be surpassed. Ariel is only fifteen months old, a female

jer-falcon, and stands about eighteen inches high.—Yours, &c.

SPARKFORD.

Upper Provinces, March 1830.

P. S. I have lately returned from a tiger excursion, an account of which I will speedily send you, hoping it may amuse the numerous readers of your far-famed work.

BAG FOX-HUNTING.

SIR,
BEING an old Subscriber to your *Sporting Magazine*, the insertion of the following observations will oblige a fox-hunter of some years standing, who cannot allow any aggression on that noble sport to pass unnoticed: I allude, Mr. Editor, to the increasing evil of *bag fox-hunting*. As we are upon the eve of again taking the field, I trust all real sportsmen will join with me in reprobating so unfair, so ungentlemanlike a system. Can anything, let me ask, be so inconsistent as expecting to find your hunting countries full of foxes while you continue to buy them, draining your best coverts, spoiling the sport of hundreds, for the pleasure (if you can so call it) of riding a few fields after an unfortunate maimed and cowed animal? The practice is, I understand, not only supported by some Gentlemen (near London), who wish, forsooth, to be denominated sportsmen, but principally by *horse-dealers*, who, to my certain knowledge, have offered two guineas a fox in the very country where they turn *their bagmen* down! Really

"this is too bad." Those true sportsmen whose feelings accord with mine for the suppression of anything so unwarrantable, will, I trust, discontinue their support of all horse-dealers connected with bagmen. And that those desperate Gentlemen bagmen may meet with due respect, let me recommend the wearing of an appropriate button—with the initials B. H., *super a mangy fox sans brush*, and *minus the off fore leg*.

I heartily wish these few lines may meet the eye of some abler Correspondent, who will revive the subject on some future occasion.—Yours, &c.

A Supporter of British Sports.

September 27, 1830.

CRICKET AND CRICKETERS.

SIR,
I Take leave to offer a few remarks relative to some of the more celebrated cricketers of the metropolitan district, as they may not be unacceptable to some of your more distant readers who admire that most fascinating exercise. I shall merely premise, that, though all the opinions here given are my own, some of them are also those of much better judges; and I therefore feel less diffidence in stating them than would be otherwise the case.

Within these few years cricket appears to have greatly extended its influence, and to be practised in remote districts, where, twenty years ago, or even less, it was scarcely known even by name. Clubs are now formed, I believe, in every county of England, and it has been introduced into

Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. Still, though more generally practised, it is cultivated perhaps with rather less ardour and success than before its present wide dissemination. Gentlemen, after leaving school, appear to practise less regularly than formerly, owing perhaps to the prevailing rage for foreign travel, or for more intellectual, though often not more manly, diversions. However this may be, the men of the five counties (Kent, Sussex, Hampshire, Surrey, and Middlesex), formerly the classic ground as it were of this diversion, now admit competitors from the unknown regions of Norfolk, Yorkshire, &c. A Surrey man myself, I am anxious for the honour of my countrymen; and, though no player, fancy that a portion of their well-earned fame may be shared by myself. I can scarcely fancy a player thoroughbred who is not from one of the before-mentioned counties; and look with jealousy, and perhaps a little prejudice, on one or two celebrated players of the day from other districts. Prejudice apart, however, perhaps the merits of some of them have been a little overrated by their partisans. I shall endeavour to do them justice.

Talking of counties, perhaps some of your readers may not be aware how little is meant by "the County of Kent against" so-and-so, as we often see. Were a picked eleven from each of the principal counties to be matched against each other annually, as are the public schools of Winchester and Eton, &c. it would be an interesting struggle, and decide the question of superiority fairly: but this is now seldom or never the case, and county

matches are little more than nominal. A short time since Suffolk beat the Marylebone Club: three men were given on each side: and on the former, two others of their best men (Mr. Knatchbull and Matthews) are I believe natives of Kent and Surrey, and in fact very few of the eleven Suffolk men born; and I think there can be little doubt that the strength of the county of Suffolk could never beat that of the Marylebone Club, were the *bona fide* natives of the county alone allowed to play. The same remarks will apply to the Norfolk and Marylebone match, &c.

Of the cricketers of the present day James Broadbridge appears to me to stand first, taking into consideration all the points which constitute a complete artist. His bowling is admirable: he changes with surprising facility from fast to slow, or *vice versa*; and sometimes bowls four quite different balls in succession. He is an excellent judge of the game, an admirable fieldsman and thrower in, and is still one of the best bats in England; though he has lately carried the blocking system too far, and adopted a style of playing fatiguing to the spectator, from an over-anxiety to preserve his wicket; in which, however, he does not succeed better than some years ago, when he was less cautious.

Few young amateurs are aware of the fact that he was a few years since a slashing hitter. He has changed his style of playing almost every year from 1822, when I first saw him exhibit, previously to which he was not often seen at Lord's. He was then a hard slashing hitter, any

thing but overcautious, not an elegant player, but lively and mischievous. His balls were often of too searing a description, and a catch the frequent consequence. In the field he was very good, and his bowling was then occasionally had recourse to. He always bowled very fast, and jerked his head back over his shoulder in a manner peculiar to himself. He was also noted for a habit, which he still in some measure retains, of restlessness at his wicket, walking about, beating the ground, &c.; and usually awaited the ball with his bat over his shoulder. In about two years his style of bowling became improved; his hitting, though equally hard, was more safe; and a reference to the score of the matches in which he played in 1824 and 1825 would shew that he generally got more runs than any other man. In the latter year he stood at the top of the tree, and was altogether superior perhaps to what he has been either before or since. He sometimes, I believe, went in at the commencement of a game and retained his wicket to the last. He then began to study this latter point rather too much, but was still a man fit to be backed for runs against almost any other. In 1827 he got one hundred and thirty two runs in a match at Lord's in one innings against Burt, Caldecourt, &c.; and in the country he has several times got nearly or quite as many. Even now, though chiefly prized for his bowling, in which he has continued to improve, and despite of his apparently awkward and even timid manner of handling his bat, he is generally found pretty nearly at the head of the score.

His favorite hit at present appears to be the leg, and frequently he seems to think he has a scythe in his hand, rather than a bat, from the use he makes of it.

"Our Jem," as he is called by his countrymen, appears a good-tempered well-behaved fellow; a man of few words; seldom speaking in a match, except to utter an occasional interjection of satisfaction or the reverse, as it may happen. His age is, I believe, about thirty, or perhaps a year or two more. His countenance is truly English, round, ruddy, and cheerful; his figure well made, stout, compact, and about the middle size; but, like most English rustics, and even the generality of our soldiers when off duty, he is so far from making the most of himself that he looks as awkward slouching a fellow as one would desire to see, and few passing him would guess that he was one of the first (perhaps the very first) cricketer in England. Yet to excel in this game requires some mental as well as bodily powers, and I much doubt if a fool ever was a superior cricketer. In constitution Jem Broadbridge seems exceedingly hardy, and capable of immense fatigue. The longest match never appears to weary him; and I have heard that he thinks nothing of walking forty miles across the country in the morning, and playing cricket the remainder of the day. He is so much attached to the game that I am told he and his brothers (who have sometimes, but absurdly, been compared to him) practise in a barn in winter, he being a farmer in the neighbourhood of Petworth, from which he

often walks to Brighton for the purpose above mentioned.

In taking leave of him, I think I am correct in saying that he has principally contributed to the winning of more matches of importance (for his own side of course) than any other man for the last ten years, and that he is without doubt the champion of the players of his own fine county, so remarkable for the breed of cricketers.

His friend Saunders is, I think, the finest hitter, though not the safest wicket in England. He is, I believe, the son of a butcher at Haslemere in Surrey, close on the borders of Sussex and Hampshire, and in the very heart therefore of the nursery for players. He is very respectable in appearance, and a remarkably good-tempered, well-behaved, and unassuming young man, with more of the air of a gentleman than some of higher birth and station. He is well made for the game, being tall (though not remarkably so), strong, and active enough, flexible in the shoulder and wrist, with a quick eye, and a generally sound judgment. He understands and likes the game, is a good field, and his hitting is beautiful. I would rather see him in than any man in England, and never see him out without regret, let him play on what side he will. He should be immortal for the sake of the lovers of this game; for a style of hitting like his is rarely seen. Its ease, rapidity, and apparent carelessness "when he has got well into his play," are not to be described; but though he scarcely appears to look at the balls, he is rarely bowled out or caught.

He is, I believe, about twenty-seven years, and for the last six has been considered by many the first, by all one of the first bats in the country. His wicket is not so safe as that of Broadbridge, Searle, and some few others; and perhaps the average of his runs may be exceeded by Mr. Ward, and possibly two or three more; but for style of hitting give me Saunders.

Fuller Pilch is greatly extolled in this respect at present; but (prejudice apart) his hitting, though slashing in the extreme, is inferior in grace and perfect ease to that of Saunders (taking both at their best); and for an average of runs I would willingly back against him any of the following men—Saunders, Broadbridge, Begley, Searle, Caldecourt (who for some reason to me unknown seldom plays), James Dark, Mr. Ward, Mr. Budd, and perhaps two or three more. He is, however, no doubt a very fine hitter; and as a general player, or at single-wicket, perhaps few could beat him; though I should like to see him tried with Messrs. Budd or Jenner, Broadbridge, Brown, Caldecourt, Dark, Lillywhite, and Matthews (I think), and Sparks, if still in play.

At present, if I were to pick an eleven, I should take three Gentlemen—Messrs. Budd, Ward, and Jenner; and eight players—Ashby, Begley, Saunders, Broadbridge, Hooker, Brown, Caldecourt, and Dark (not allowing him to place the men, in which he does not excel). I do not think any twelve men living could beat my eleven three games in five: at least I should like to see them tried.

And now, Mr. Editor, if you think this letter or a part of it worthy a place in your Magazine, it is at your disposal, if not, have the goodness in your next Notices to Correspondents to certify the same to your constant reader,

JOHN STUMP.

SECOND STEEPLE CHASE IN FRANCE, PARIS RACES, &c.

SIR,

IN your Number for August you gave an account of the first steeple-chase that ever occurred in this country. I now forward you the result of the second, which arose out of it, together with the Sweepstakes, Races, and Matches which have been contested in the Departement of the Seine this year.

The second Steeple Chase took place on Tuesday 6th April—subscription 1000 francs, 4 subscribers—Judges, Duke de Guiche and C. Standish, Esq., who chose the ground, which was, as in the former case, extremely deep. At a quarter past one the Duke started the horses at the Port de Jouy, with an entry considerably under what was expected. The following horses started:—Capt. Locke's b. g. Robin-on-Tip-toes; Prince de la Moscowa's ch. g. rode by M. de Normandie; M. Allois's br. h.; and Mr. Cauty's b. m.—Capt. Locke took the lead, and went away at a slapping pace to the first fence, keeping down the valley towards Jouy, to the right of the brook, which he took in good style. M. de Normandie and Mr. Cauty fell, the first clearing it, and the latter breaking part of the bank. Owing to this circumstance Captain Locke

gained a field upon them before they were again on their legs. The line of running was then through the town of Jouy, and down the valley towards Bievre. The Captain, not knowing the winning place, pulled up, and all the riders being in scarlet with the exception of M. Allois, the Captain took him for a spectator, till he was convinced of his error by a person on horseback. M. Allois, profiting by this circumstance, had already gained more than half a field on him. A sharp struggle then took place between M. Allois and the Captain, which terminated by the former, after being beat off, falling on his head in a bog. The Captain again took the lead, arriving at the last fence, which his horse took in good style, and was declared the victor; M. de Normandie arriving second, M. Allois third, and Mr. Cauty last, who paid the extra stake for damages.

April 17th.—A match for 1000 francs a-side was won, in the Bois de Boulogne, by M. Ernest le Roy's grey pony, 6 yrs old, beating M. Larifandiere's b. m. 6 yrs, 10st. each, the circumference of the Wood—three leagues and a half and forty toises—which the pony, taking the lead, accomplished in twenty-three minutes, winning easy. M. Larifandiere purchased the pony on the ground for 3500 francs.

April 21st, same place, M. Chas. Laffitte's br. m. Burlesque, carrying 9st. beat Mr. Cauty's br. m. Sophia, carrying 10st. 2lb. one mile, best of heats, for 2500 francs a-side.

April 25th.—M. de Normandie's horse beat one of Lord Henry Seymour's, two miles, for 1000 francs a-side.—M. de Normandie rode himself.

The Royal Races commenced 31st August for the four prizes of the Arrondissement of 1200 francs each, but were thinly attended. The Duke of Orleans was present on horseback. M. T. Larroque's ch. h. George, 3 yrs old, carrying 416 hectograms, ran over the ground in three minutes, 2 kilometres or 1026 toises, and became entitled to the First Prize, having no competitor: rode by T. Henry.

The Second Prize was won by Lord Henry Seymour's gr. c. Eagle, 3 yrs old, carrying 401 hectograms, onceround, in 2 min. and 45 sec., rode by Oliver, beating M. Schickler's b. h. Young Rainbow.

The Third Prize was won by M. Souchey's b. f. Coscolina, 4 yrs, carrying 499 hectograms, twice the circumference of the Champs de Mars, in 5 min. 45 sec., rode by Cornelier, beating M. Riviere's b. h. Malek Adhel, 5 yrs, and M. Desgrand's b. m. Caillette.

The Fourth Prize was won by Count D'Orsay's bl. m. Malvina, 4 yrs, twice round, which she accomplished in 5 min. 24 sec., rode by T. Hall, beating M. M. J. Rieussec's b. h. Calisto, 5 yrs, Lord Seymour's ch. h. Young Rainbow, 4 yrs, M. Casimir Perrier's b. m. Miltonia, 5 yrs, M. N. M. Rieussec's b. h. Demetrius, 4 yrs, and M. Desgrand's ch. m. Selina, 5 yrs. Young Rainbow bolted at starting, the jockey not being able to hold him. Malvina won upon him the second round, and beat him by half a length. Malvina, after winning the race, broke over the cords, but fortunately her rider retained his seat.

On Thursday, Sept. 2d, the Principal Prize of 2000 francs

was run for, two heats, twice the circumference of the Champs de Mars each heat, and was won by Count D'Orsay's b. h. Sylvio, 4 yrs old, carrying 514 hectograms. He ran the first heat twice round the Champs de Mars, 4 kilometres or 2052 toises, in 5 min. 14 sec., and the second heat in 5 min. 28 sec., rode by T. Hall, beating Lord Seymour's b. h. Oscar, 4 yrs, and M. Souchey's b. m. Coscolina, 4 yrs.

After this M. Charles Laffitte's b. m. Lady Louisa, 5 yrs old, won a Sweepstakes, once round each heat, seven Subscribers, three horses named, weight for age. She accomplished the first heat, 2 kilometres or 1026 toises, in 2 min. 25 sec., and the second heat in 2 min. 32 sec.

On Sunday, Sept. 5th, the Royal Prizes of 5000 and 6000 francs were run for. The Prize of 5000 francs was won by M. De Larroque's c. m. Bergere, 4 yrs old, carrying 499 hectograms, twice round, in 5 min. 18 sec., rode by T. Henry, beating M. Cremieux's ro. m. Jean d'Arc, 4 yrs, M. L. Saillard's b. m. Martinette, 6 yrs, and Lord H. Seymour's b. h. Oscar, 4 yrs. Oscar did not start the second heat.

The Royal Prize of 6000 francs was won by Count d'Orsay's b. m. Malvina, 4 yrs old, carrying 499 hectograms—first heat, twice round, in 5 min. 2 sec. and 3-5ths, 4 kilometres or 2052 toises; second heat, in 5 min. 4 sec. and a 5th—rode by T. Hall, beating M. Rieussec's b. h. Calisto, 5 yrs, M. de Royere's g. h. Pilote, 7 yrs, M. Husson's b. h. Starbing, 6 yrs, Mr. Brown's b. h. Alfort, 7 yrs, M. Jegu's c. h. Young Rainbow, 4 yrs, and Lord Seymour's b. m. Dubica, 4 yrs.

A Match was run the same day between M. Chas. Laffitte's b. m. Lady Louisa, 5 yrs old, carrying 112lb., and Count Valesky's b. h. Comus, 5 yrs, carrying 100lb., for 2500 francs a-side, which was won by the mare. She went round the course, 1026 toises, in 2 min. 25 sec. and 2-5ths.

On Thursday, Sept. 9th, Count Valesky's b. h. Comus beat M. Cremieux's ro. m. Jean d'Arc, 4 yrs, one mile, in the Bois de Boulogne, carrying 110lb. each, for 1000 francs a-side.

On Sunday, Sept. 12th, the weather was very unfavorable, the ground very heavy, and but few persons present. The Duke of Orleans' Prize was run for, consisting of a Silver Cup, value 1000 francs, and 2000 francs in specie, which was won by Lord H. Seymour's b. m. Dubica, 4 yrs old, heats, twice round, carrying 499 hectograms, rode by Curtis, beating M. Husson's b. h. Starbing, 6 yrs, and M. Desgrand's ch. m. Selina, 5 yrs, who was distanced the first heat. Starbing also bolted the first heat near the bridge of Jena.

Same day, the King's Prize, consisting of a Silver Gilt Vase, value 1500 francs, also a Cup value 800 francs, and 3700 francs in specie, was won by Count D'Orsay's br. m. Sylvia, 4 yrs old, carrying 514 hectograms, rode by T. Hall, beating M. De Larroque's ch. m. Bergere, 4 yrs, M. De Royere's gr. m. Pilote, 7 yrs, Lord Seymour's b. h. Oscar, 4 yrs, M. Jegu's ch. h. Young Rainbow, 4 yrs, and M. Desgrand's b. h. Claudius, 4 yrs. Bergere and Claudius did not start the second heat.

Same day, a Sweepstakes was also run for, subscription 1000 francs, three Subscribers, which

was won by Lord Seymour's b. h. Charon, 5 yrs old, carrying 105 lb., rode by Curtis, beating Count D'Orsay's m. Malvina, 4 yrs, and M. Chas. Laffitte's m. Burlesque, aged, twice the circumference of the Champs de Mars.

This was succeeded by a Match, once round the course, by Lord Seymour's Charon and M. Chas. Laffitte's Lady Louisa, carrying 105lb. each, which was won by the former. This was a good race; they were head to head round the course, Charon winning by half a neck.

The following is a list of the Members of the English Jockey Club for 1830 :—

Prince de la Moscowa.
Count de Castillo Fiel.
Count D'Orsay.
Count Dinedoff.
Count Valeaky.
Lord Henry Seymour.
M. J. G. Schicklier.
M. C. Laffitte.
M. Ernest le Roy.
M. de Witt.
M. A. Fould.
M. Basterreche.
Mr. J. Mahon.
M. Casimir Perrier, jun.
Mr. Broadwood.
The Marquis D'Heredia.
M. Savalet.
Mr. Rowbottom.

Louis-Phillip the First, King of the French, has recently purchased the Ex-Dauphin's Haras at Meudon, where within a few years great progress has been made by the Duke de Guiche in the improvement of the breed of horses at that stud; and we hope the same emulation will be imitated and encouraged by the present owner, not only to preserve, but to meliorate the breed of those animals.

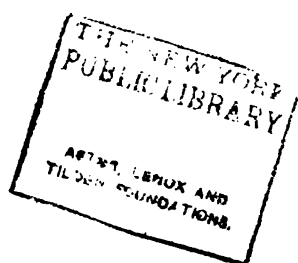
Any circumstance that may transpire calculated to interest your readers, you will receive, Sir, from yours, &c. T. BAYON,
Clerk of the Course.

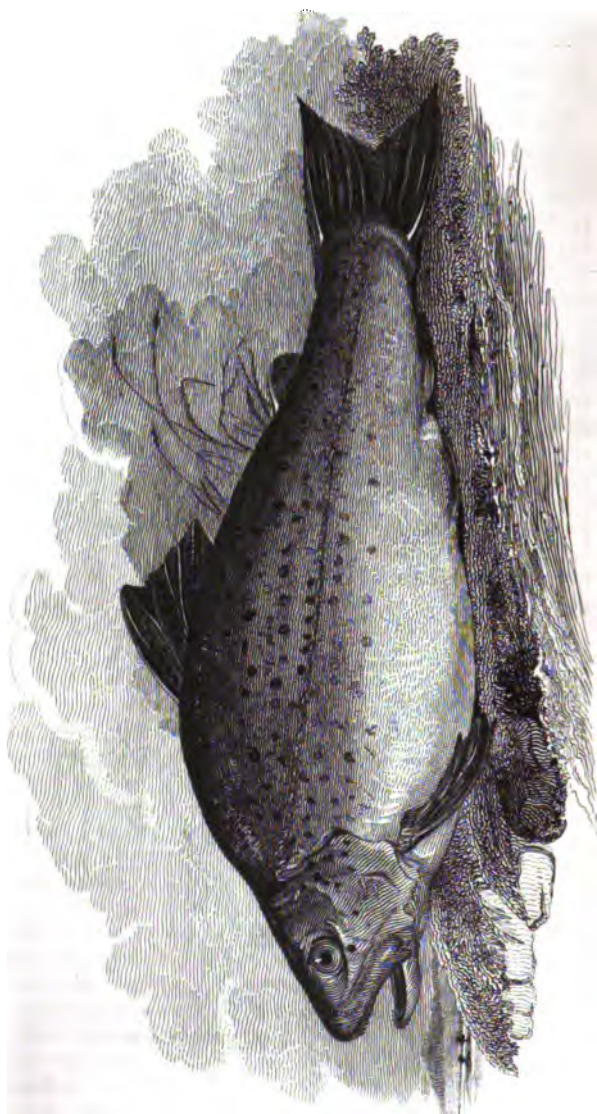
Hotel de l'Orient, 8, Place des Italiens,
Paris, Sept. 24, 1830.

THE SUFFOLK HOUNDS.

SIR,
ALLOW me a short space in your columns for the purpose of recording an event highly interesting to the lovers of fox-hunting, and so truly honorable to the Marquis of Bristol, who, although not himself a votary of Nimrod, has thrown open his coverts to Mr. Mure's hounds throughout the range of his extended domain. All classes will thus reap benefit from his Lordship's liberality, which cannot but tend to increase the diffusion of that good feeling amongst Gentlemen and their neighbours, the distinctive mark of the superiority of hunting over all other field sports; and one which, even in a pecuniary point of view, may be of service to the district, by enabling some of our small farmers to sell a horse for seventy or eighty guineas—no bad help towards a half-year's rent. In Leicestershire many are greatly benefited this way; and let the Suffolk Hunt be once well established, there is no doubt that similar benefit may be experienced here, both by the farmer and by the tradesman, through the attraction of Gentlemen to the neighbourhood.

Perhaps it will not be considered ill-timed or ill-placed to notice, that at the inaugural dinner of the Chief Magistrate of Bury St. Edmunds (which was





EXTRAORDINARY TROUT.

Engraved by W. A. Brown. Naturalist's Magazine, London, No. 7, 1861.

honored by the company of the Duke of Grafton, the Marquis of Bristol, the Earls of Euston and Jermyn, and upwards of 150 of the principal inhabitants), among the toasts proposed was that of "Mr. Mure and Fox-hunting." Upon which Mr. Powell observed, that no exertions on the part of Mr. Mure could have carried fox-hunting to any sort of success in the neighbourhood, unless it had been in the first instance supported by the Duke of Grafton, and had since received the liberal support of the Noble Marquis of Bristol, who in the handsomest and kindest manner had proffered his coverts, without which one half the country would have been useless to the Hunt. He would, therefore, propose the health of these Noblemen in conjunction as the patrons of Fox-hunting. The toast was received with great cheering, and Capt. Matchett gave in excellent style "The merry-toned Horn." Such noble conduct tells well for fox-hunting.

Of the Duke of Grafton as a sportsman it is unnecessary to speak: Bloomfield, however, tells us that

Smiling Euston boasts her good Fitzroy.

So, to the Marquis of Bristol let this line be inscribed:

Fortune majoris honos, erectus et acer.

Timworth, Oct. 7, 1836. C. S.

EXTRAORDINARY TROUT.

SIR,
I HAVE the pleasure to send for your valuable work a drawing of the extraordinary trout of which you inserted an account in the Number for June.

I have only now to observe that this wonder was cultivated by B. Barker, Esq. of Smallcombe Villa, near Bath, and that her exact dimensions, when killed at nine years old, were 27 inches (not 36 as I stated in mistake) long, 23 in girth; that she weighed 14lbs. 13½ oz. and would never take a fly after she reached 3lb. weight—Yours, &c.

PHILO-LEASH.

CANINE MADNESS.

Symptoms—Post-Mortem Appearances—Nature—Origin—Preventive and Curative Treatment of Rabies in the Dog and other Domestic Animals. By W. YOUATT, V. S. and F. Z. S., Lecturer on the Anatomy and Diseases of Domestic Animals, &c. &c.

THE present pamphlet consists of a series of papers published in the *Veterinarian* of 1828, 29, and 30, affording to the inquirer at one view a large body of evidence and instruction on the too generally fatal subjects of *rabies* in the dog and other animals, and of *hydrophobia* in the human patient, for which he must else have recourse to a great variety of authorities. It is true that the press has already abounded in tracts on these subjects—some by very able and practical hands; others, by mere theorists; and even by those who were confident, shall we say *insane*, enough utterly to deny the existence of such a disease as madness in the dog. The disease has been, however, too fatally and periodically proved to admit of a doubt with common sense; but, most unfortunately for human and brute ani-

mal nature, its prevention or cure, after the experience of so many centuries, still remain the *opprobria* both of human and veterinary medicine and surgery. Thence the necessity of a constant periodical recourse to the subject by practical professional writers, to the end that no opportunity may be lost of communicating to the public every new discovery which may tend at least to the mitigation of this horrible calamity, if it cannot be totally averted. This is matter of the deepest interest to our numerous Subscribers, being, of course, the largest keepers in the country of the animals implicated. With respect to the author, Mr. Youatt, he needs no recommendation from us; since no man's professional character stands higher with the public for a thorough knowledge, both theoretical and practical, of that most useful and important department with which he is engaged, conjoined with a devoted assiduity and signal humanity—the latter not too often discoverable in practitioners of the same branch of science. His extensive practice with the domestic animals generally must have opened to him a wide field of experience, inaccessible to those whose concern and exertions are limited to one class only. Mr. Y. says in his Preface, "At some future, perhaps distant, time, (for an almost unbounded field of experiment lies before me,) I shall probably, if life and health remain, venture to lay before the public a more systematic and enlarged and better treated on this very important subject." We trust both life and health will be allowed to

the author for this meritorious purpose.

Our limits present an insuperable bar to making quotations of any length; instead of which we refer our readers to the pamphlet itself, where they will find all the satisfaction that can be given upon an almost hopelessly inscrutable subject:—origin; symptoms; periods between the cause and commencement of the disease; length of time which it has remained dormant in the constitution; interval during which remedies may be available; the only effective remedy eradicating the bitten or infected part by excision or the caustic—the latter preferred by the author, for which preference he assigns his reasons. Certain old prejudices respecting the disease are examined and exposed; also various pretended remedies, by which the public of all periods, not to omit the present enlightened, are naturally, as it would seem, so prone to become dupes. Towards the end various experiments are detailed, with internal remedies, chiefly vegetable, and successfully so far as mitigating symptoms—too probably as much as ever can be expected from that class. Thus far our only hope, whether for man or beast, proves to be taking the case in time, and the total extermination of the infected parts.

We are far enough from the vanity of entering into a competition with a professional man of such high experimental pretensions; but on mere theory, open to all educated and inquisitive men, we may fairly claim a greater latitude. It behoves us then to declare, that, on the origin of *rabies canina* we differ in opinion

with Mr. Youatt; and our reflections on the subject have had a long course of years and accumulated observation to mature them. We have addressed the public on this subject at various periods. Our respected author says, p. 16, "If, however, its (*rabies*) spontaneous origin be denied in so many animals, where is the proof that it arises in any animal without the contact of the rabid virus?"—Again, p. 17, "Am I asked—if the disease be now propagated from dog to dog by inoculation alone, whence did it first arise? I should not entertain a very high opinion of the querist; nor should I be in haste to answer him until he had told me whence arose *rubeola*, *variola*, or *syphilis*. They sprung from some unknown morbid action; and having once spontaneously arisen, (may not we claim something from that acknowledgment?) each is now propagated in its own way."

With the utmost deference, our view of the question is this. Nature originally furnished the human and brute constitution with a susceptibility to certain affections or diseases, to be revived and excited by certain perpetually recurring causes. Various classes of animals, indeed various climates, are liable to their peculiar diseases, and which, originating with them, they have the power of communicating by infection. I apprehend, the dog, the fox, the wolf, and the cat had originally the seeds of rabies sown by, in that respect, their step-mother Nature in their constitutions, most probably in their nervous system; which seeds remain dormant until quickened into life and morbid action by some one of their

proper exciting causes. The chief of these causes, according to our observation, appears to be atmospheric. Whenever the air in this country continues for a considerable length of time in that state vulgarly styled *blighting*, the fruits of the earth sicken, become diseased, and are partially destroyed; children are attacked by measles and diseases of that class; whilst distemper and *rabies* in animals assume the character of an epidemic. In the first instance, a number of dogs in various parts become rabid without the slightest discoverable trace of a bite or inoculation. This has repeatedly proved to be the case with a great number put into the hands of professional men for the purpose of examination and experiment. We seldom hear of any marks of a bite in the rabid cat. In our notes of about thirty years past there is an account of an epidemic among cats during a season of one of the most severe blights ever experienced in this country. The havoc made of these useful animals was so destructive, that a pastrycook in our neighbourhood actually sold a litter of kittens at a satisfactory price—a circumstance which perhaps cannot be paralleled at any other period within memory or record. It is not denied that we hear of rabies in this country at all seasons; but unless on the occasion of some great and general excitement, the instances are very rare and few. In some genial and kindly seasons we scarcely hear of rabies. Thus, though it be asserted that the plague is never absent from Constantinople, yet it seldom is much noticed but on the periods of the great exciting cause, whatever

that be. Never was a more groundless notion, than that of the power of *Sirius*, the dog-star, in the production of *rabies*. It is highly probable that the fact resides in the contrary side of the question. Frequently, and in the late season most particularly, madness in dogs has subsided, and been scarcely more heard of, on the approach of the dog-day heat. It is supposed that several countries are exempt from this horrible malady. It may be so, for which we may find analogies. But the proposition is to be received *cum grano salis*, with a grain of allowance. In barbarous countries, unblessed with the advantages of a public press, and having no *Blanes*, and *Per-civalls*, and *Youatts* to watch and record the facts, such may generally pass unnoticed. We know,

indeed, that in several countries this has been the case. Formerly we were assured that there were no mad dogs in Spain or in South America. This assertion has lately been proved groundless in both those countries. A friend of ours, many years resident at Gibraltar, is one evidence among many on his own personal knowledge. Two cases, as well marked as they possibly could be, of spontaneous *rabies* in the dog came under our notice some years since. And we must add, that we ought not, for the sake and in support of a favorite hypothesis, to suppose the absolute necessity of a bite, when no trace or evidence of such a cause could be discovered on the most diligent search. The safest rail-road is that grounded on the foundation of fact.

THE NORTHUMBERLAND AND LAMBTON FOX-HOUNDS.

BY BLACK DIAMOND.

SIR,

IN answer to your letter, desiring to know "how the cat jumps" down here, I have only got to say that I wish you would step down yourself and see; for I have had such a most confounded attack of the gout that I have been about shelved these six weeks. However, as you desire it, I will do my best; so here goes.

In the fishing way, as you know, I do nothing; therefore, as the Scotch say, "we will e'en let that flea stick by the wall;" but it ought to be recorded that Mr. Parker, of Scots House, hooked a trout somewhere in Perthshire, which weighed twelve pounds

avoirdupois weight, as we used to learn at school, and which, as Mathews says, was *prodigious*!

Shooting, though not a very noble sport, is not to be despised; but for three very good reasons I have not been out: first, I have not got any property of my own down here to shoot over: secondly, the gout would have prevented my doing so if I had had any: and, thirdly, there are no birds in the country to shoot. Grouse shooting was, if possible, worse than partridge—many people did not even go up to the moors; and I hear that Mr. Beaumont, one of the M.P.'s for Northumberland, got one solitary bird,

on his, which are strictly preserved, and reckoned the best in these parts. The accounts from Scotland are not so bad; but, doubtless, you have more authentic information on this head than I can send; therefore we will drop the subject, and talk of hunting.

The country in many parts of Northumberland and Durham is most lamentably backward: wheat is still standing, and oats are to be seen as green as grass. Nevertheless cub-hunting is about to commence; nay, I believe, has commenced in the more fertile parts.

At this early stage it is impossible to say how things will go on, but, so far as one can judge from appearances, we are all right.

The Newcastle men generally consider the Northumberland hounds as their pack. Perhaps they are more accessible, and the country better, though it is "no great shakes."

Evans Lloyd (who, I understand, formerly whipped in to Mr. Lambton) is still at the head of affairs, and Isaac Archer has been replaced by a lad from Mr. Cresswell Baker's, who keeps harriers in Northumberland. The first whip remains the same.

Archer succeeded Thompson, who was by far the cleverest fellow with these hounds since the days of poor Robert, who was unfortunately drowned (not out hunting); but he (Thompson) was such an infernal Don Juan, that, after having spoiled the figures of half the women-servants at Blagdon, Sir Matthew Ridley discharged him, and he now follows the trade of a butcher at the village of Stanington.

Robert was huntsman, and an excellent one he was, and a bold

rider into the bargain. Sir Matthew reproved him one day for cramming his horse along too freely, when Bob turned round and said, "Ah, Sir Matthew, I think if I risk my neck, ye might risk yer horses tee now!"

The Northumberland hounds, though far above mediocrity, lose a great deal of their importance when compared with their neighbours in Durham; but there are some good hounds among them, and the entry for this year (particularly the dogs) is fine.

I question whether, with all your talk (or jaw as they would call it here), you could tell me in what pack I could draw out three neater hounds than Chider, Clasher, and Commodore, all by the Duke of Rutland's Challenger (or Challenger from the Duke of Rutland's I should say), out of Comedy; or a better black and white stallion hound than Juryman; or yet an uglier or better bitch than Witchcraft.

"The Northumberland" still stick to the old fashion of hunting the dogs and bitches together, despite the example set them by Mr. Lambton: however, they are not so strong in hounds as he is, having but eighteen couple and a half of old bitches, twenty-four of dogs, and thirteen couple of young hounds, and last season they killed only nineteen brace of foxes.

Parliament plays the devil with fox-hunting, and this season will be worse than ever; but I hear that Sir Matthew will let the new M.P. (Mr. Hodgson, who is not addicted to field sports) work the "Newcastle Van" by himself part of the Session, and bless us with his presence a little more than he has done of late. Mr. Bell (the

County Member) it is feared will get still less of his favorite sport than ever. It was an evil hour that tempted him to aspire to senatorial honors. Mr. Collingwood, of Dissington, is allowed to be one of the best sportsmen with these hounds. There are several others; but as I am allowed to be one myself, and my trumpeter is not yet defunct, I will leave our individual praises to be sung by some one else.

I will now cross the Tyne and go to

"The hounds of Ralph Lambton for me";

and certainly these are the hounds for a man to be pleased with, and Mr. Lambton is the man to please. Kind, courteous, and affable to all—oh, such a man as he should never die.

And faith I am happy to say there is no chance of that at present, for he has certainly renewed his lease; and I saw him only the day before yesterday looking as healthy as possible; besides, old Cobbett says, "that to think oneself young is as good as being so;" and, therefore, to think oneself well is surely as good as being so also.

This establishment remains the same as at the close of last season—John Winter, huntsman (a very appropriate name you will say), Bob Fenwick first whip, his father kennel huntsman.

The latter is a funny old fellow, and well worth seeing. He is like an old schoolmaster, and talks to his hounds like children, always taking care to lay the emphasis on the wrong syllable when calling over their names—thus, "Cot-TA-ger, Trum-PA-tor, com over: for SHAME, hounds, for

SHAME!" He has also got a droll way of continually touching his hat as he speaks, and sometimes does it in the middle of a sentence.

In all the yards or courts of the kennel are fountains, or *jets d'eau*, which are turned on at certain times of the day, generally I believe two at a time. I happened to be in the kennel one afternoon with Fenwick, when he wanted to turn the third one on, and his son Bob, the whipper-in, was in the second yard; so he began calling out, "Robert, Robert," (touching his hat all the time,) "your cock's turned on—your cock's turned on." The wall prevented me seeing whether Bob returned the salute, but he certainly turned the cock, and stopped the fountain. However, Fenwick is an excellent kennel huntsman, and his management is very superior: nothing can be better than his separating the dogs from the bitches, by merely calling out "Bitches, bitches," when they all step out, leaving the dogs by themselves.

Mr. Lambton is always strong in hounds, and, I understand, is as strong as ever this year. Some of the young ones failed, particularly those up the Derwent, which is an unusual thing: however he has "housed," as the farmers say, fifteen couple and a half of as fine young hounds as man need wish to see. Saladin is a splendid hound, and if he only turns out as good as he looks, will be one of the finest, if not the handsomest, in the pack. Mr. Lambton ought to have his picture taken. Nor must Washington be forgotten, nor Somerset, nor Joker; nor yet

* See *Song—Sporting Magazine* for April 1838, p. 335.

little Violet; nor in fact any of them, either young or old, except Bermaid, who is just the sort of bitch that in a draft pack one would expect to hear called "Come-by-chance." Besides the entry there are twenty-six couple of bitches and twenty-five couple of dogs, and I think last season they killed thirty-five brace of foxes; but to this I will not swear.

Mr. Lambton's horses I have not seen since the close of the season, nor have I heard of any fresh purchases he has made; but he was very strong in cavalry then; and all I wish is, that he may be able to work his own severely, and there is no fear that the servants will do so to theirs.

Neither do I hear of any addition in the way of sportsmen, at least strangers. This place is made an out-quarter for cavalry, instead of head-quarters, as it used to be: consequently there are only two officers in the barracks; therefore there will not be many "men of war" in the field.

Being on the subject of soldiers, reminds me that the Northumberland yeomanry are "playing at soldiers;" and I met Mr. Marley, the sporting tailor, this morning in the full uniform of a Sergeant-major of Dragoons. Marley gives the lie to the old adage, that a tailor is only the ninth part of a man; for he is as good as three men—being a good tailor, a good soldier, and a good sportsman; besides which he does a little on the turf; and, though the Saints would give the lie to this perhaps, he is also a very good man.

He has a trick of keeping his mouth open, and out hunting he

opens it wider than at other times. One day, having got an unusual quantity of mud into it, he rode up to Mr. Harvey, the tobacconist (who is also a sportsman), and said, "I say, Harvey, how the deuce do you manage with your mouth? I get mine crammed full of dirt every now and then."—"Why, keep it shut, to be sure," said Mr. H. "Aye, d—n it, I never thought of that," said Mr. Marley.

I fear one good sportsman has retired from the ranks of this Hunt, in the person of that eminent solicitor Mr. Wooller, commonly called Bill Wooller, who has taken unto himself a wife, viz. Miss Gregson, of Durham, sister to Mr. Gregson, of sporting notoriety. A good thing happened with Wooller out hunting one day, but which had very nearly ended seriously. In the course of a severe run, having taken a very stiff leap which the rest refused, he found himself alone with the hounds running in to their fox, and jumped off his horse to take it up; but instead of putting his foot upon it and flogging off the hounds, in his ardour he ran right into the middle of the pack, and, seizing the fox, commenced a regular "pull devil, pull baker" sort of engagement with the hounds for it, who, not relishing his interference, turned upon him, and would doubtless have worried him but for the timely arrival of assistance: as it was they tore his coat and breeches almost to pieces, and, as he said himself, he had a devil of a "scrimmage for it."

Having told a story of Mr. Wooller, I will now tell you one of his brother-in-law, Mr. Greg-

son, by which you will see he is one of the "right sort."

Having purchased a horse in London, which he wanted to hunt down here, and not finding any person to whom he chose to entrust it, he actually rode it all the way himself in knee-caps, with his clothes strapped on in front. As he passed by a stand of hackney coaches on leaving London, the coachmen began speculating upon what he could be: "And vot do ye call that ere, Tom?" said one, pointing the horse out to a friend. "Ay, he'll be a thorough-bred-un," said Tom. "Yes, he'll be from Hegham," replied the first—Egham races being just over, and Gregson was taken for a training groom.

The hounds will go to Sedgfield on the 5th of November; but the Club there is not kept up with the same spirit it was in former years, partly owing to Mr. Lambton's illness, and partly because the old ones cannot stand the drink and racket like the young. Some go to Dimsdale, others to Rusheyford, at both of which places there are excellent inns, and "good accommodation for man and horse." Mr. Surtees, of Hamsterley (who, by the way, has just returned from the French Revolution), takes up his hunting quarters at the latter. It has excited a good deal of amusement down here that an "old staunch fox-hunter," as NIMROD described him, a thorough-paced King and Constitution man, should have found himself in Paris (and there too, for the first time, I believe) in the midst of a revolution.

Many men, as they grow older, get slacker in their riding; but

the increase of years has quite a different effect upon Mr. S., and I understand he rides bolder now than he did twenty years ago.

Mr. Lambton was joking him one day, and said, "Why, Surtees, you have taken to riding very hard of late years."—"Yes," said he; "but you see I cannot jump on to my horse so easily as I used to do when I turned him over his leaps, therefore I am obliged to stick on."!!!

Old soldiers never send their sons into the army, they say; but I never heard that the same rule held good with fox-hunters: however, Mr. S. adopts it, and makes every man's son a sportsman except his own. However, it is no business of ours; therefore, as he would say, "we will drink Mr. Ralph Lambton and his hounds."—I am, Sir, &c.

BLACK DIAMOND.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Oct. 1830.

MOUBRAY'S DOMESTIC POULTRY.

A Practical Treatise on Breeding, Rearing, and Fattening all Kinds of Domestic Poultry, Pheasants, Pigeons, and Rabbits:—also the Management of Swine, Milch Cows, and Bees: and Instructions for the Private Brewery. By BONINGTON MOUBRAY, Esq. Sixth Edition, with considerable additions.

A Book on Poultry, Live Stock, Dairy, and Brewing, though not immediately connected with Sporting, must of necessity be *mediately* so; since if not Sporting Gentlemen themselves, their country servants have indispensable occasion to be instructed in such matters. At any rate, however, we should be dis-

posed to pay the compliment to our ancient friend and Correspondent, Mr. Lawrence, of finding a place for his book in our pages. For be it known that this *Boning-ton Moubray* is no other than "Old John Lawrence." By what whim or fancy he has been actuated on these occasions, we, perhaps himself, cannot account, but the occasions are diverse. The book, it seems, was written from a register and notes of the practice of the late Mrs. Lawrence and himself, during a long season, whilst resident at different periods in Surrey, Middlesex, and Hants. The additions to the present edition consist chiefly of instructions for the Cheese-dairy, Cider-making, and Orcharding; with a number of prints of the animals and fowls, subjects of the book. As to the merits of the book, we merely refer to the practical reputation of the author, with our hearty recommendation to our Subscribers to become purchasers. Were we disposed to make any comments it would be upon the account of the *public* Brewery, at once interesting and of no very consoling nature.

A DORSETIAN SKETCH.

SIR,
HAVING seen a few stray red-coats pass within the last fortnight, I take it for granted the hunting season is fast approaching, and therefore forward a slight sketch from Nature of a few of the Sporting characters—Masters of Hounds—whom we of Dorsetshire can boast. We will, therefore, if you please, throw off at headquarters, even

Langton House, the *is-to-be* splendid mansion of Mr. Farquharson—a name your pages and the hearts of all who know him will ever cherish with respect and gratitude. Two years must elapse before this edifice is completed, three having already glided by since its commencement; and you will, I am sure, Mr. Editor, agree with me in hoping that many a three-times-three! ay, and the "one cheer more," will long continue to be given *within*, having so often and for so many years proved the standing tribute to this Gentleman's worth *without*, its walls. Were you only present when himself and the fox-hounds are proposed,

You then would feel what words cannot express,
 How *lips* do homage—say, can *hearts* do less?

But homage, Sir, is not hunting—though in this instance in part the result: and knowing right well that I shall *most* study Mr. Farquharson's *pleasure* by treating *least* of his *praise*, I will wind up with one *characteristic* encomium. One day last year being out with the harriers, and making some remark or other to a farmer on the interest Mr. F. took in agriculture as well as fox-hunting, "Sir," he replied, "there isn't a dog in the whole county but what wags his tail at the Squire when he meets un." Praise such as *this*, Mr. Editor, bespeaks indeed popularity—and far outstrips the studied eloquence of man. But to the field.

Mr. Farquharson has commenced with every prospect of as brilliant a season as he had last year; and wind and weather permitting—"the Southerly wind

and the cloudy sky" you have so often heard tell of—there is no fear for the result, and doubtless many a fox will die. Since Mr. F. has kept hounds, now I believe twenty-five years, few seasons have shewn more real sport than the last—to be eclipsed only perhaps by the present—where we will leave him for awhile, and proceed forthwith to

Stock House, the seat of Mr. Yeatman and the Blackmoor Vale Hounds, whose deeds your pages have so frequently made known as to need no comment from such a pen as mine. The hospitality of this Gentleman in the house, and his urbanity in the field, coupled with his *talent* in both, have tended not a little to the *organ of hunting* so strongly developed in the B.V.H. These have also commenced the season, but with what prospect deponent has not heard. And now, stepping over the Dorsetian boundary into Wiltshire, we shall arrive at

Fern, the mansion of Mr. Grove, where will be found more than sufficient to make one loth to leave. Mr. Grove in earlier life, and for many years, kept a pack of fox-hounds, hunting a certain portion in each season the New Forest. Over the fire-place in the dining-room hangs a large painting representing his hounds meeting at Lyndhurst Cut, together with many Members of his Hunt. His eldest son, Mr. Thomas Grove, who likewise resides at Fern, and who must now be classed under a new character, as a Master of Fox-hounds, a character he so eminently merits, last year established a pack for the purpose of hunting

Cranborne Chace, so large a

portion of which is in *this county* (Dorsetshire); and taking into consideration the *enclosed country* he has to encounter, I doubt not that the well-known zeal and energy of this Gentleman in the field will carry him *well* through the season he has just begun.

Turn we now, Sir, to a very different subject—even one of lamentation over the last days of those celebrated roebuck hounds, kept for several years by Mr. Pleydell, of

Whalcombe House—the only *exclusive pack*, if I mistake not, in the world—but which is now, alas! no more: and taking our leave of him as a Master of Hounds, which is done with much regret, he must excuse a lingering look over a *few years* of his sporting celebrity. This Gentleman is an old sportsman of the Old School, one who has kept hounds all his life, from seven years old to seventy—commencing youth with rabbit beagles, manhood with harriers, and age with roebuck hounds. Could Mr. Pleydell but be induced to favour the public with his sporting reminiscences, they would doubtless prove an amusing accompaniment to *Beckford's Thoughts on Hunting*.

Another demise has likewise occurred in the buck-hounds of Mr. O'Kelly. The *Ex-Master*, however, still remains, and is making for himself, we trust, a *main earth* in the very heart of the county. We must now proceed to

Charborough Park, the seat of Mr. Erle Drax, who, in addition to three packs of harriers of different sizes, has lately added a pack of buck-hounds with a view of hunting the *DEAR* disfran-

chised inmates of Cranborne Chase. He commences the season on Monday next, the 11th inst., at Handley Common. The style of Mr. Drax's hunting establishment has caused no little comment in the county. Let us now return to

Charlton, the residence of Mr. Bastard, another old sportsman, though, I regret to add, *no longer* a Master of Hounds. Was this Gentleman only aware, Sir, of the pleasure his harriers, as well as himself, so frequently afforded in his immediate neighbourhood; of the deep regret at their loss; and, still more, of the anti-rheumatic tendency of a gallop over the Dorsetian Downs—I am inclined to think he would not have been in such a hurry to part with what afforded so much amusement to his friends, and, we would fain hope, health to himself. I candidly confess, Mr. Editor, that I shall form one of a numerous body selfish enough to rejoice at any slight twinges of remorse or rheumatism, PROVIDED they be the means of making Mr. Bastard "himself again." Haste we now to

Dorchester, to take a look at the far-famed Mountain Harriers, who possess the peculiar privilege of being piloted by one of the best sportsmen (Mr. Harding) the present or perhaps any other day can produce. No wonder then, with their own intrinsic worth, such sport should attend their speed. I query if any pack of harriers ever congregated larger fields, or if any field more frequently returned better pleased with the day's work; for to fol-

low the M.H. at a *sportsman-like* distance, a man—aye, and his horse too—must work, and that pretty severely; while the game which elude their grasp may set it down to a very HAIR-breadth escape indeed. At

Poole another pack of harriers is kept by Mr. Lester, M.P., who continues to hunt that extensive heath-country with much success. Crossing to the Isle of Purbeck, we must pause at

Holme, the residence of Mr. N. Bond, where we shall find another pack, which for some seasons has hunted the Wareham district. If we mistake not, however, Mr. Bond intends parting with them.

In addition to all these, there are various packs of rabbit beagles in the county, kept chiefly for shooting; while more than one young scion of a sporting stock may be seen on a half holiday mounting his *little forester*, and scampering away with two or three couple at his heels, to say nothing of a terrier or two in case *his* fox should go to earth, to an adjoining furze brake, there to pass his hours free from literary lore, in teaching his juvenile ideas how to hunt the rabbit, as he fully intends one day or other hunting the fox—thereby proving his *propria quæ maribus* is but the prelude to *tribuuntur! mascula dicus*!!*

And now, Sir, one parting word of apology to those Gentlemen whose names I have had the supreme audacity to publish in your distinguished pages without permission. They are public characters, and must make up

* Once on a time, a boy on going up to say his lesson, finding he had forgotten part of it, invented the following: "*Mascula*, the men—*tribuuntur*, are gone hunting—*dicus*, over the ditches."

their minds to be treated accordingly. I have the pleasure to be acquainted with all; and, though all are fox-hunters, I do not think one of them is pugnaciously inclined. Should I be mistaken on this particular point, I can only assure them that I shall be at any time too happy to pledge (not pull!) the trigger to their satisfaction.

Yours, Mr. Editor, in the
mean time, and I trust for
many years,

A NATIVE.

Post-scriptum.—Let me not
omit mentioning a new TALLY-
HO! lately started in this neigh-

bourhood, that never fails of a long run — throwing off three times in the week at Weymouth, and the alternate days in London; there is no being in at the death here. We have also another Magnet of great attraction on the same beat, even our old friend of four-horsepower, which continues to draw well, and may defy any competitor to "MATCH'EM." Some there are who affirm that a third (which will probably form the *tria juncta in uno*) is on the point of being started. If so, you will agree with me, Mr. Editor, that this is indeed *The Age* for travelling!

Oct. 8, 1830.

SKETCH OF THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH'S HUNT.

SIR,

IF the enclosed trifle, a sketch of the principal men who belong to the Duke of Buccleuch's Hunt, is worthy of insertion in your Magazine, it is at your service.—Yours, &c.

SCREWDRIVER.

Edinburgh, Oct. 12, 1830.

Come hark to my lay, which a tale shall unfold
That shall mark each keen eye and each heart that is bold;
That shall honour each Nimrod who shines in the chase,
And point out each nag that has bottom and pace.

The sweet South breathed softly, all clouded the morn,
O'er the green gorse of Gladsmuir the echoing horn
And the clear tones of WILL cast their magical sounds,
As he cheered to the glad notes which burst from his hounds.

Hark! hark! the shrill screech, which more music contains
To the fox-hunter's ear than the swan's dying strains
When it breasts the blue wave to pour forth his last lay;
'Tis the soul thrilling view—"Gone away! gone away!"

New the covert is cleared, Dainty* taking the lead,
Whom no hound can excel in nose, bottom, and speed;

* I was out with Will one day in Roxboroughshire, when in going from one covert to another, a young farmer on a fretting horse over-rode Dairity. I heard Will say pretty audibly—"D—n the fellow! what is he riding over that bound for? she is worth both him and his horse."

Whilst a horse-cloth extended would cover the rest,
Sweeping on like a snow-drift by hurricane press'd.

At their tail see the Star that will "*show us the way*,"
That has cut the dull night to shine brightly by day:
DAVY BAIRD, upon "*Grog*," boldly taking the lead,
And, tho' stirred by "*no spoon*," stiff grog 'tis indeed.

See ELCHO on "*Lee-Boo*" undauntedly face
The stiffest of fences to gain him a place:
I called Baird a bright star—*Siamesed* be the pair,
They'll form Castor and Pollux when seen in the air!

Upon "*Jemmy Jumps*" mounted see gallant BUCCLEUCH,
His title to "*Bold*" at each rasper renew;
While SADDLE on "*Sampson*," a stranger to fear,
Briskly charges a fence he can ne'er hope to clear.

WYNNE BAIRD, on "*Queen Mab*," plainly shews by his *sailing*
That riding with him is a *family* failing;
While the Baronet PINKIE reverses the fates
Of the less forward Nimrods, by opening the gates.

With TWEEPALE, whose straight-forward flights never yield
To the veriest feather that rides in the field;
On "*Cock Robin*" see CAITHNESS, and CAMPBELL BOYNNAN
With his bay nag sustaining his place in the van.

Young DICK on "*Na' Bockdiah*," which means "*never mind*,"
Proves his steed aptly named, by ne'er lagging behind;
And veteran M'LEAN, *sans* his pet, "*Yorkshire Bob*,"
Through the deep, o'er the hill, without raising a sob.

KINLOCK upon "*Monster*," and FLETCHER on grey;
DEMPSTER rasping and smashing on "*Paddy*," make play:
While LIXMOUNT, dismounted, is saving his horse,
Tho' the pace is the best, lest his nag feel the worse.

Hard press'd—the scent breast high—poor reynard at last,
Dropping pace as the woodlands of Salton are past,
Strives to gain the Red Scar he shall visit no more:
Hark, WILL's who-whoop resounds! all his struggles are o'er.

One verse of my lay shall WILL's merits record,
The huntsman who ne'er fails best sport to afford,
With but one fault—oft lifting his hounds, I am told
They wo'nt stoop to recover the scent that grows cold.

With only *one* fault of his hounds he may boast.
"*Long life to old WILL*," let me claim as a toast;
Who of Byron's brave *Corsair* reverses the tone,
His virtues a thousand—his faults are but one*.

* Byron, in summing up the character of his *Corsair*, says, that he possessed "a single virtue (constancy), and a thousand crimes." The *Corsair*'s virtue Will possesses in no ordinary degree, as far as sticking to his game goes; and the single vice of *lifting* too often, which marks Will's hunting, is also common to both, though in a different sense of the word.

NIM SOUTH IN LEICESTERSHIRE.

The Three Crowns, Leicester.

THE top of the morning to you, Mr. Editor: here I am in the heart of Leicestershire. All the saddlers, livery-stable-keepers, innkeepers, lodging-house-keepers, and other keepers, are expecting to make a fortune by the emigration of that great fox-hound keeper Lord Southampton, from Quorndon Hall, to this ancient and independent borough: all, in fact, from the corn-merchant to the pastry cook, are on the tip-toe of expectation, and I hope they will not be disappointed.

Things here look well indeed. His Lordship has purchased or taken a large house in Humberstone Gate, which he is making still larger by various additions. In a field to the back, just at the outskirts of the town, the new kennel is nearly completed, and will be ready for the hounds to enter in a fortnight or so.

If not too near the town, it is built upon a good plan, and no expense has been spared to make it complete. Like all buildings in Leicester, it is of brick, with a blue slate roof, and has four yards of thirty-seven feet by twenty to each lodging-house, three of which are thirteen feet by fifteen, and the fourth sixteen by fifteen. At the end of these comes a washing-house twenty feet by fifteen, a feeding-house sixteen feet by fifteen, a boiling-house the same size, and a cooling-house twelve feet by fifteen: there is also a fifth lodging-house for bitches, &c. projecting from the rest, with a yard twenty-four feet by ten. All the rooms are nine feet high, and above the three principal

lodging-houses there are servants' rooms.

It might have been expected that his Lordship would have had to build stables also; but this expense he has been spared, thanks to some wise-acre, who took into his head to build a Horse-Bazaar here a few years back, for the public sale of horses "à la mode de Tattersall."

Of course the concern did not answer, and the place was closed, and remained so until his Lordship took it; and after knocking in sundry partitions and making divers doors, he has succeeded in licking it into the shape of a stable.

It must have been a badly-contrived place indeed, for there is a long line of loose boxes hardly large enough for ponies. The stalls have been removed in the stables, and some famous large boxes made for his Lordship's own hunters.

Going through the stables, I was surprised at the intense heat of them, and asked the groom who accompanied me if they were not too hot, and of course received the usual answer, that they were always kept at that temperature. Now, if it was too hot for me, it certainly must have been so for the horses, independently of which they had as many clothes on as would thaw an iceberg, notwithstanding the day was anything but cold.

The usual number of horses kept for the Hunt is about forty, fifteen or sixteen of which Lord Southampton reserves for his own use; and riding about as many stone, of course he requires pow-

erful ones ; and he certainly has as fine a stud as any man in England, which is saying a good deal as times go.

There is a grey gelding (Fugleman, I think, is his name), a splendid thorough-bred horse, with immense bone and substance, and it is a thousand pities he was not kept as a stallion. He stands above seventeen hands high. After Fugleman, another grey, but an older horse, called Trumpeter, pleased me most. He is fired in all fours, and was a crib-biter ; but, thanks to one of Mr. Yare's Anti-crib-biters, he has been obliged to leave it off. The groom spoke very highly of this invention, and said that he had no doubt but it would prevent wind-sucking also ; but on this point he did not speak practically, and I confess I have my doubts upon the subject ; for crib-biting and wind-sucking seem quite distinct habits ; and it is not because two bars are placed across a horse's mouth, that he cannot inhale or draw air between them. There is a question I have been frequently asked respecting these Anti-crib-biters of Mr. Yare's, but which I have never been able to answer satisfactorily, or indeed at all, except upon the authority of others. It is, whether a crib-biter may not be driven to wind-sucking by the use of one of them ? Perhaps some of your readers will answer this question from experience, for, after all, there is nothing like it.—In the meantime we will return to Lord Southampton's stud.

There is a black horse called Duke, which I understand is a favorite, a very likely looking animal to go across country properly : also a five-year-old bay,

whose name I forget, but which came into the stud last season, which promises well, though at present rather poor. The servants' horses are not yet all come, some dozen of them being still at Quorndon. What are here are superior nags, though of course not up to the weight that his Lordship's are. There is a chestnut among them, a powerful horse too, called Surprise, one which Mountford the huntsman rides ; but they are all good horses ; and were his Lordship to say to me, " NIM SOUTH, go into my stable, and choose yourself a horse out of it," I would just take the first I came to, for I am sure I could not go wrong.

The stud-groom has a good berth of it I should think, and has a house almost the size of his Lordship's at the entrance to the Bazaar. He has some sixteen grooms and helpers under him.

Besides the Bazaar, where there is stabling for thirty-four horses, his Lordship has taken five stalls at Bell's, the principal livery-stable-keeper here ; added to which he has stabling at his own house for carriage horses, hacks, &c.

Hay and corn here are cheap than otherwise, the people say cheaper than at Melton : be that as it may, it is very good, at least what I have seen. Riding through the streets the other day, I was very much amused at the sign of an inn, the " Earl of Howe's Arms," full size, with the noble motto—

" Let Curzon hold what Curzon held ;"
underneath which was written,

" Hay and Straw for Cattle."

Oh ! what a falling off was there, my countrymen !

Lord Southampton's hounds

are at present in kennel at a place called Mount Pleasant, about a mile south of Loughborough. It is only a temporary one, being originally the barn belonging to the farm-house which stands in front facing the road, but he intends keeping the young hounds there for the future. They began cub-hunting about a month ago, and had killed eight or nine brace of cubs by the seventh of this month. The entry consists of twenty-five couple of very fine hounds. There is one called Rampant, with as handsome a head as ever I saw on a hound; indeed, his fore-quarters are perfect, but he slopes down sadly behind. His brother Remus, altogether, is a better shaped hound. Rocket is a fine hound; so are Gaiety and Hero, bred by the Duke of Rutland; and Ravager and Racilus, got by Mr. Osbaldeston's Racilus. Hannibal and Highflyer, brothers, and both stallion hounds, are perfect; and Jingle and Jordan are pretty bitches, particularly the former, whose head reminded me of the prettiest bitch I ever saw—viz. Mr. Conyers' Pastime. They are going to cub-hunt in the Harborough country in a few days, and will commence regular hunting on the first Monday in November. They keep at it five days a week, which with seventy-eight couple of hounds, and two or three-and-twenty couple out a day, is sharpish work. Though they avowedly hunt the dogs and bitches separate, still they take out two or three couple of the largest bitches with the dogs, and two or three couple of the smallest dogs with the bitches. I am happy to say that the accounts of

the foxes in all parts of the country are in the highest degree satisfactory.

At Melton most of the stables are taken, and Sir Harry Goodricke's horses were expected there on the 8th. Lord Kinnaird's were also shortly to arrive, for whom twenty stalls are engaged. Count Hahn has also taken some. At the George, the best rooms are taken, as also at the Bell and Swan, and White Lion: but there are still abundance left in the place. Lord Wilton is enlarging his house, and building stables also. I made an effort to inspect the alterations in the former, but was so beset by Irish labourers, who did not ask, but demanded, drink-money, that I was obliged to make a retreat.

The Leicesters, however, flatter themselves that they will now annihilate Melton, and talk of their superior market and accommodation for visitors, forgetting, however, the great want of stabling. To be sure this want might very soon be supplied; but there does not seem to be a man in the place with the pluck of a mouse in him, except Mr. Morgan, late stud-groom to Lord Chesterfield, and I doubt but he will let the golden opportunity slip: stalls, however, have not risen in price, and are letting at the usual 2s. 6d. a-week. If there was plenty of good stabling and inns, Leicester certainly has advantages which Melton is without; but really, notwithstanding the immense number of the latter that there are, this and the Bell are the only good ones in the place. I arrived at the White Hart, and was ushered into a sitting-room on the ground floor, the walls of which were adorned

with two pictures, one of Daniel Lambert, the other of the fat Yorkshire hog, which I foolishly enough flattered myself were symbolical of the manner in which they treated their guests; and was shocked in the morning, when I came down to breakfast, to find the things standing on a tea-tray upon a table covered with a piece of the main-sail of a man of war, and divers thick slices of bread and butter placed on a plate like slates on a house-top: but when I came to order some of the fat Yorkshire hog to be fried (expecting at all events to get that good), and was presented with a piece of gristle with a little bacon attached to it, I felt just as the author of *Pelham* describes *Beau Brummel* when the cook at Calais sent him up what he called a "mutton chop," but which more resembled a piece of a dying gladiator. Appearances are very delusive, said I to myself, as I paid the bill, and cast an eye on Daniel Lambert.

The people at this house are rather picture-fanciers also, though in a different style; but there is one painting of a *Hunt* placed on the first landing of the stairs, which continually arrests my progress to my bed-room. It represents a pack in full cry, with some ten or a dozen "out-and-outers" following, the foremost being right among the tail hounds: the third and seventh horses, a chestnut and a white, are inimitable, with backs a mile and a half long, roomy enough to carry a whole parish: and the artist, who deserves to be most particularly d—d for thus caricaturing a noble animal, has placed his name in one corner of his production.

Hearing that Sir John Gerard's horses had to arrive at

Kirkby Mallory (late the seat of Lord Anson) yesterday, I rode over there to have a look at them, taking Enderby in my way to see that celebrated gentleman's (Mr. Loraine Smith's) harriers, but experienced a double disappointment, for the harriers were out, and the horses not arrived. At Kirkby, nevertheless, there were evident symptoms of animation; and the whole court-yard at the back of the house was strewn with packing-cases, barrels, hampers, &c., with divers English and French servants hard at work opening them. Sir John, I hear, is to arrive in a week or ten days: of course his arrangements as to hunting are as yet unknown. The hounds at present are at Witherley, near Atherstone, the Warwickshire kennel. Lord Anson, it is supposed, will not hunt this season at all; and Sir John is to make some farther arrangement at the close about keeping the hounds on. He is a new man in the field, at least as Master of Hounds, and has made a "bold stroke" for a young man, and I wish him all the success so laudable an undertaking deserves. He was rather finical at one time, and used to match his hunters like carriage-horses, always having two of the same colour in the field; but we have all our little foibles, as the Frenchman said when he boiled his grandmother's head in the pipkin; and if this be still his hobby, it is an innocent one at all events.

As stabling here will certainly be at a premium ere long, I should advise such of your readers as are in want to lose no time in engaging them. I believe Mr. Morgan has some, as also a per-

son of whom Lord Ingestre has taken his; but for any information on these points they cannot do better than apply to Mr. M. himself, or Thornton the saddler, who are both very obliging civil men.

Covert hacks being always an article in request in hunting quarters, I recommend such gentlemen as do not wish to break their necks, and die like bagmen on the road, to patronise Baker, late of the 12th Landseers (Lancers) as he calls them, who has some very good ones. I mention this, having been infamously used by another livery-stable keeper here, who put me on to a foundered horse, and when I spoke about it, and said how exceedingly dangerous it was, they very coolly told me, it certainly *might* have broken my neck, but that they were going *to part with it*, therefore I need not say anything about it.

I should only be doing my duty were I to publish the name; but I trust the owner will take warning from this, and remember that if the schoolmaster is not abroad, NIM SOUTH is.

I cannot conclude this without recommending another very useful personage in this place to the patronage of my brother sportsmen; viz. Mr. Burleigh, the veterinary surgeon, who pleased me extremely in his fair and honest manner towards a person whose horse I got him to examine for me.

Veterinary surgeons in the country are very differently situated to those in town; and when I find a man doing his duty fairly and openly between a stranger (which I was) and an inhabitant of his own town, such a man I

think is entitled to the approbation of, yours, &c.

NIM SOUTH.

October 1830.

P. S. I have just received a copy of the Magazine for this month, and read the conclusion of the Memoir of His late Majesty with mingled feelings of sorrow and pleasure—sorrow, because it recalls to my mind the Illustrious Individual now no more; and pleasure, because I see by the straightforward apology in the commencement, that, notwithstanding the defection of foreign powers, the ancient and venerable Magazine can soon recruit her forces from among her able household troops.

THE FIRST WEEK OF THE CONISTONE HARRIERS.

SIR,

BEING on a visit to an old sporting friend near the Lakes, I was induced on Monday the 20th, from the accounts I had previously heard, and it being the first day of the season both with the dogs and myself, to have a shy with the above harriers; and being so eager as to arrive at the place of meeting full half an hour too soon, I had ample opportunity of looking over the ground on which I soon was to be so agreeably surprised. As before stated, it being the first day of the season, there was a pretty strong muster of all sorts. At nine o'clock, when the hounds were brought into the field, we had only eleven couple, but they were such as I never before saw for speed and stoutness combined in so little room. In a very few minutes after throwing off, puss was viewed away in fine

style, and, after shaking the dogs off, went away right up wind, with the dogs close upon her. For the first twenty minutes we had not a check, and from the style the dogs run and packed together, I was convinced that all I had heard in their praise was true, and that I had seen but few packs to equal them in the North of England. This check allowed the tail end of the horsemen to come up; and I assure you, that, though the time was so short, many of them had had as much as they liked for the day.

After a short cast the hounds hit off again, and for ten minutes we had some of the finest cold hunting I ever saw. When we came up with puss, who had been waiting for us in a large fallow, the dogs went away again, luckily without a view; when for another half-hour did puss drive on without a moment's check, and never attempted a double, till at last fairly exhausted she dropped, and suffered the dogs to come up without attempting to escape. I found, long before the finish, that my nag had had quite enough of it, and was not sorry to hear, when I got up, that every one was satisfied with what they had done for the day.

The same place of meeting being appointed for the following Wednesday, I returned highly gratified, and determined to see a little more of the next. Having all in readiness I retired to bed on the Tuesday night, praying for a fine morning and good scenting, but was much disappointed to find, on awaking, that drizzling rain was falling, and the morning dark and gloomy. Being determined to miss nothing, my friend Mr. B. and myself rode slowly

towards the place of meeting, where we found only Mr. Gas-karth (the manager of the hounds), with the huntsman, &c. at the scratch. My friend introduced me to Mr. G., and we had immediate invitation to dine with him, a thing which I seldom like to decline when a few miles from home, and accordingly accepted. Hares being plentiful we very soon found, but it was only to lose again; for in less than twenty minutes we could not touch the scent at all. At this I was not surprised, as the rain was falling in torrents.

We determined now to make the best of our time to reach Mr. G.'s residence, who I found to be one of those men above all others I envy of their lot—a sportsman after the Old English style, who has all things plain, but in plenty, and makes every one equally welcome. After enjoying Mr. G.'s hospitality till a late hour we parted, hoping for a better day and better sport on the Friday, when the hounds met much nearer to my billet than on the former occasions. Friday, though generally considered an unlucky day, was this time more propitious, and brought with it a fine morning, which also brought what was there called a good field—some thirty horsemen, and many of them miserably mounted. We had three very hard runs, two of which we killed. Many of the horse were quite done; and I think that day's sport would make a revolution in the field, as many would either come better mounted or stay at home altogether.

I must finish thus briefly, as I fear I have intruded too much on your valuable pages; and as

I intend shortly to be with the harriers again, of which I will give you an account, I should at present not like you to be overdone by yours, &c. RINGWOOD,

Liverpool, Oct. 11, 1830.

SALOPIAN SPORTING.

SIR,

A Few years ago you gave an engraving in your *Sporting Magazine* (vol. xviii. N.S. p. 200) of a Stormy Peterel, killed at Prees Lower Heath, supposed to have been driven there by the inclemency of the weather. I now trouble you with a few lines to inform you, that one day at the end of last month I shot a Grey Phalarope, as well as a Knute, or Knott, at Barmouth. They are now nearly dry, having been preserved by Mr. Shaw, of Shrewsbury. I have also an Egyptian Goose, two Maryland Quails (similar to one in your Number for February 1826), a *white black-bird*, grosbeak, two horned owls, two goat suckers, and two chatterers, all killed at Acton Reynald, the seat of A. V. Corbet, Esq.

In the shooting way we have had but little sport. Partridges are very scarce, and I am fearful the pheasants have suffered in other districts as well as in this. Sir R. Hill, of Hawkstone, who has killed on an average upwards of 900 head of partridges the last four years, has not killed a hundred brace this season—his books last year being upwards of 4000 head, and not 350 rabbits in it. I think there were above 1500 pheasants, above 900 partridges, the same of hares, 200 woodcocks, 55 snipes, &c. &c. In

1827 there were above 1600 head of partridges. I killed in 1827 above 800 head of partridges; and this season, at present, but 250 or 260, with little prospect of making more than 300 head. There are many farms without a young bird, and some without old ones. Woodcocks have made their appearance in this county. Hares are very plentiful.

The Shropshire Fox-hounds are the joint property of Sir E. Smythe, Bart., of Acton-Burnell, E. W. Smythe Owen, Esq. of Cundover, and Wm. Lloyd, Esq., of Aston. This year they are under the management of Sir E. Smythe, and are hunted by the same men Sir B. Graham brought into Salop.—Shrewsbury Hunt week commences Nov. 8th, St. John Cluiverton Charlton, Esq. President. Will Staples has already killed eleven brace of foxes.—The Woore country is still hunted by that capital sportsman, Mr. Wickstead. Foxes are plentiful.—Yours, &c.

A Seventeen Years' Subscriber.
Shrewsbury, Oct. 18, 1830.

A DAY WITH THE SANDER-STEAD HARRIERS.

SIR,

I Received a letter from NIM SOUTH in Leicestershire the other day, dated from Melton, in which he says—

“If you have nothing to do, suppose you ride my horses gently with the harriers. You will find two very nice packs in the neighbourhood of Croydon, and my groom will ride the horse you mean to hunt down in the morning. Mind, you are *expressly defended*, as the French

say, against going out with harriers in a scarlet and bit of velvet.

I availed myself of this offer yesterday, and, mounting a NIM SOUTH horse at eight in the morning, set off for the Melton of London, but, *miserabile dictu!* there was such a dense fog that I could scarcely see a yard before me; and when I reached the Charity Schools at the top of Brixton Hill, my nice leather smalls were almost the colour of my coat. However onwards I jogged, and having mounted a fresh horse at Croydon, proceeded to Sanderstead, some few miles off. I found the hounds (which are blue mottles) in the act of leaving the kennel, and we went to some place near to draw for a hare, which we were not long in finding, but owing to some deficiency (certainly no fault of mine) we lost her. We found again, and the hounds never lost sight of her, and it was "who-whoop" before I had got well adjusted in my saddle after my third leap. We then left off, the sun being very powerful, and I returned to Croydon, meeting many brother sportsmen by the way, some in red, others in black coats. Some asked me what sport we had had; but finding I had been with the harriers they dropped their inquiries. Others looked at my leathers, and then at their own; but comparisons are odious, and I did not return the compliment.

On the whole I think hare better than stag-hunting, at least there is more uncertainty about it. I hear that Capt. Sullivan, cousin to the master of the stag-hounds, has taken the Old Berkeley Fox-hounds, and that they are to begin hunting the first

week in November, and go out five days a fortnight.

I also hear they are to be conducted upon the same system as when Mr. Combe had them. I wish them luck, and plenty of

WHO-WHOOPS.

Oct. 17, 1830.

A WORD ON THE OLD BERKELEY.

SIR,

IF you will allow me a corner in your *Sporting Magazine* you will oblige an old Subscriber.

NIM SOUTH in your last Number, speaking of the Old Berkeley Hounds, complains of the secrecy of the meets, and lays all the fault to the land-owners and a certain great Earl, who, he says, altogether set their faces against hunting. Since that unfortunate law-suit alluded to, the Noble Earl certainly has prevented the Hunt riding over his property. But with respect to the rest of the landed proprietors (one and all), no set of Gentlemen can be more friendly to the cause. The secrecy he complains of certainly lies with the Master. NIM SOUTH says, "the land is in the hands of so many small proprietors, that it is next to an impossibility to gain the good will of them all." Never was man more mistaken. Immediately from the kennel you come to Moor Park, Lord Grosvenor's, and many thousand acres of land belonging to Col. Way, Mr. Hibbert, Mr. Du Pré, Mr. Harvey, the Duke of Somerset, and many more considerable proprietors, all friendly to hounds.

NIM SOUTH, I believe, is a stranger in the neighbourhood, and has gained his information

over the mahogany. He says they hunt in four different counties: he has omitted the principal one—Bucks. His observation on Mr. Bache, who, he says, with two horses hunts every day they go out, is very true; and I believe two horses would carry him, as he rides, six days in the week with hounds, and to church on the Sunday. Mr. Howard is certainly a good sportsman, but has not hunted except by chance for several years. With respect to Mr. E. Tattersall, every one who knows that Gentleman respects him, but he is not a bruising rider—another proof NIM SOUTH's information was from hearsay. Mr. Combe, I am sorry to say, has given up the hounds. They are now going on by subscription, with Capt. Sullivan as Master; and I hope and trust under as favorable circumstances as can be expected. With every good wish towards them, I remain, &c.

An Old Fox-hunter.

Oct. 17, 1830.

A HINT TO SPORTSMEN.

SIR,

IN a letter from your facetious Correspondent NIM SOUTH, in your September Number, I think some injustice is unintentionally done to Mr. Johnson, the respectable landlord of the George Inn at Crawley, a copy of whose *ostler's bill*, as submitted to your Correspondent by his groom, is there given. Having myself frequently used the house under similar circumstances, *but always paid my own bill*, I am persuaded no such charge as six shillings and nine-pence, for mash, corn, and beans for a horse in only

one night, could have been made with the knowledge of the landlord, as it is not possible for the horse to have eaten the corn. No doubt exists in my mind that the charge in question was the result of a *connivance between the servant and ostler*—a practice so very common that I hope this notice of it may induce Gentlemen to examine bills thus presented by their grooms; and in all cases, when there is (as in this) reason to suspect unfair charges, to give the parties concerned opportunity to explain, and, *if they can*, justify the charges. In my opinion this were better than at once to condemn a body of men who may be perfectly unconscious of the wrong done—knowing, as I do from experience, how very much it is the practice of grooms and coachmen (to whom their masters leave the payment of their bills at inns and in livery-yards) to what is termed “run something for themselves.”

I have been induced to trouble you with this in the hope that your readers will look into their bills, and exonerate poor Boniface.—Yours, &c.

An Old Subscriber

Windsor, Oct. 15, 1830.

NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING.

SIR,

ON approaching the town all the improvements and all the antiquities shone forth with unusual splendour—beginning at the Devil's Ditch, the eye roving over the vast verdant space with pleasure and delight, and thence over a field of many a “glorious struggle,” until it came to the Bushes, or at least where the

Bushes once stood; for, alas! they are now gone! Their beauty! and nothing could be more luxuriant and graceful—their age! which is coeval with time, for aught that can be said to the contrary—their having been a beacon and a rallying point for centuries; besides being a friendly shade to the many, and an inconvenience to no one. But none of these could defend them against the hand of some ruthless villain, who wantonly sawed them down in the night. If his hand had withered as far as this life goes, the punishment would not be equal to the offence. Besides, if he could do this to what could never offend him, what would he not do to a fellow-creature who might fall under his displeasure? The Jockey Club have offered a very handsome reward: but what of that? it could not restore the venerable well-known Bushes: to be sure it might send the scoundrel to range among bushes elsewhere.

On the MONDAY morning there seemed nothing doing; but at the Ring the muster was much better than what the deserted town promised: and as the moral part (by far the greatest part) of the Turf people have left off travelling on a Sunday, much to their credit, many met on the Heath before they came into the town; but it was evident that Doncaster and the elections kept many away—those who had lost more than they could pay at the former; and those who had so recently made *steaks* for their electors could not be expected to make *Stakes* for their horses also.

The first race began, as usual, with the Trial Stakes of 10 sovs. each, Across the Flat, with the

small number of five subscribers, and out of these Varna, the best of the lot, did not make her appearance. The smallness of the field can only be accounted for from the badness of the racing season altogether, owing to drenching rains and muddy country courses. Such as had travelled had trials of the greatest severity; and those that remained at home were too well known already, or too easily to be guessed at, to incur a fresh expense, though small, or bring the mortifying sight of signal defeat, which is always bad enough when you cannot help it: and those who happen to have good horses, the less they exhibit before the public the better, unless it be for something of greater value than a paltry Ten Sovereigns' Stakes. The four came pretty well together at the first, and the pace must have been good, or Spaniard, very bad as he is, could not have been so shamefully beaten so far from home. The other three ran into Abingdon's Mile Bottom without betraying the least symptom of doubt or danger; but as soon as they began to climb the Hill, the game qualities of little Brambilla enabled her to take the lead, and go in a length before two as large fine horses as can be met with, and making as fine a race for second.—Young Bucklerode Brambilla, John Day Theban, and Pavis the South-country Red Rover.

A Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, half forfeit, six subscribers, for fillies only, Rowley Mile—two came to the post, and it was won by Mr. Payne's Brown Duchess filly (in great estimation this time last year) in a pace just above a canter—rode by Arnall. Wheat-

ley, on Lord Lowther's Corinne filly, neither by persuasion nor force, though he tried both with patience and the finest resolution, could make her go straight for ten yards together.

The Eighth Renewal of the Grand Duke Michael Stakes of 50 sovs. each, 24 subscribers. This really is no bad compliment to the Prince of that title, considering the times and the number of years since he honored Newmarket with a visit: but the moment the race was over, it came to the recollection of Lord Exeter as fresh as if it had happened yesterday, and Stamford and electioneering seemed banished for ever on the Judge placing his Lordship's Augustus first, His Majesty's Young Orion second—which decision, loyal as he is, My Lord never attempted to disturb—Mouche third. Eight started, and sixteen paid forfeit, making altogether a sum about 1200l.—enough of itself to create firmness of purpose. Connolly rode the winner (independently of winning) very well indeed. Nelson rode for the King; but it is not too much to say, that His Majesty's father had one of the name in his service quite equal to him as an officer, and at setting-to much better. The pace seemed very good, the best horses near together. In the last few strides Augustus distinguished himself, very much assisted by *condition*, which was quite beautiful—*light, buoyant, and strong*:—the betting only 5 to 4 against him.

Mr. Roberts's colt by *Emilius*, now called *Cloudesley*, his dam a sister to *Sailor*, beat Sir D. Baird's Snooks, for 100 sovs., the Ditch Mile. Both waited at a very slow pace to within about thirty

yards of home, when Buckle won by what the flash folks are pleased to term the "double dodge:" but I am led to fear that a break-down on the part of poor Snooks gave him these laurels. I am ever reluctant to withhold even a single leaf.

Mr. Thornhill's Little John colt Crutch, his dam Zaire, 8st. 9lb., against Mr. Gully's Wrangler filly, 8st., for 100 sovs., ran a race exactly like the preceding one, waited to the last few strides, and made a dead heat. Why Mr. Gully should receive nine pounds and make no use of it, would be difficult for me to account, unless Mr. Gully's filly is of the *Crutch* family also.

For a Sweepstakes of 200 sovs. each, four subscribers, Lord Exeter's Augustus walked over. How delightful a *walk* at Newmarket must be compared with a *run* at Stamford!

Two races on TUESDAY, but scarcely worth seeing or recording. The first between Cadland and Gayhurst; the former carrying 8st. 5lb. as a five-year-old, the latter, as a four, 7st. 4lb. Robinson rode the heavy weight, Pavis the light, over the Beacon Course. Pavis made the running, and in all the most difficult parts very severe, and at the turn of the lands had Cadland dead beat. Some *thought*, or perhaps only *said*, that Pavis made so free with Gayhurst after the advantage that he soon got into a similar state, and the two went staggering home together like drunkards from a tavern, Gayhurst winning by nearly a length, swerving at the time in evident misery from the pace, the distance, and the punishment of both whip and spur. Robinson's visits to Cadland were even worse; but Cad-

land having as much of the lawyer about him as not to work without being well paid for it, he, poor fellow, still more like the learned profession, did not obtain even the last and least tribute to suffering merit—pity. Fifteen pounds at this time of the year is a great deal to give to a horse of almost equal rank. Gayhurst, it was said, had been running about all over the country, doing a great deal *too much*; and Cadland, said others, has been staying at home all the time, doing a great deal *too little*: to this we are indebted perhaps for a most beautiful race.

Lord Tavistock's Taurus, 8st. 2lb., beat Father Long-legs, 8st. 7lb. This roaring bull does not inspire the usual terrors; but, take care! he is equally capable of inflicting punishment.

The list for WEDNESDAY was of much better promise—two stakes, first appearances, and three others rather interesting. The first was a Handicap of 10 sovs. each, six subscribers, D.M., which the Duke of Richmond won with Refugee by a neck, rode by Pavis; Harold second, rode by Buckle; Clotilde, Hajji Baba, Carthusian, and Spaniard, all beat rather easy—the pace very good. The winner so hung upon the others in the race as to require the utmost exertions of Pavis all the way to keep her straight, greatly deranging the neat seat and appearance altogether of this successful little Jockey.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, for two-year-olds, T.Y.C. Five started and one paid—the start good and the pace good. They kept well together till the grand struggle, when the Duke of Richmond's Conciliation by Moses, her dam Convert's dam, came out as if by choice,

and won cleverly. Boyce rode her very nicely without fuss or affectation. Lord Jersey's Butterfly filly was second, equally well jockeyed by Robinson; Marchioness and Antigone in very humble places.

The Anson Stakes of 300 sovs. each had four subscribers. It was won by the Duke of Grafton's Oxygen by Emilius, her dam Whizgig, rode by John Day, who whipped close at the post when half a length first, but whether from nervousness or necessity, if known at all, must be to himself only. Lord Exeter's colt by Tramp out of Folly, own brother to Zinganee, but quite a different animal, still possessing many racing qualities, extending to *able* and *willing*—able to go any way, and willing to go any way but the right—was second. Poor Connolly had a most harassing time of it. If a man was so fond of riding as to dream of it in the night, a race like this would go a long way towards curing the propensity. While this race was on, a number of wild geese came over unseasonably early; but, whether this is a sign of unruly horses, a severe winter, or a greater number of their brethren on the course the next meeting, is a flight above my fancy: but the old men and the old women (one and the same thing) say they never knew such a thing so early in the season. The betting 5 to 4 on Lord Exeter's Folly.

The October Underley Stakes had seven subscribers of 100 sovs. each. Four ran, and three paid half forfeit. Lord Verulam's Albert won. It was a very smart race, but easy at the last—Connolly's riding very good. Albert is a son of Varennes, but whether by Waterloo or Moses

cannot be ascertained. Be this how it may, he is one of the most beautiful horses on the turf, and in size and substance what a race-horse ought to be. The Duke of Grafton's Abbot was second; a Figaro colt, dam by Dick Andrews, in Mr. Payne's name, third: very little betting.

The last race, nick-named *The St. Leger*, of 25 sovs. each, D. I. had a list of 19 subs., but from various causes—some of them unaccountable, as there are no half forfeits, unless it was exposing too soon the good qualities of some, and the too bad qualities of others, but so it was—three only came to the post. The newspapers say, "these are thinking days." Some *thought* the Duke of Portland's Amphiarus a little too FAT! He was last. Others *thought* Mr. Lumley's Erymus a little too THIN! He was second. The rest *thought* Lord Exeter's Augustus JUST RIGHT! He won. Now *I think* (as all may sell beer and think now-a-days) that it would be a good plan, now the people are become so enlightened, to decide upon the Derby, the St. Leger, and other great stakes, as they do at flower-shows, upon *judgment* and appearances, without the toil and uncertainty of a race and the expense of jockeys! Arnall rode Augustus.

THURSDAY, the last day—a short week for the winners, but too long for the losers—had only three races; the first called the Town Plate of 50l. for three-year-olds; colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb. D. I. It appeared in running as if six or seven had started, and the pace Across the Flat pretty quick. At the last Colonel Wilson won easy with his Comus colt, his dam Rotterdam. The rest did not seem

worth a *dam*, if we except Firman, who was beat by about a length only. These two promise well for country horses next year. Arnall rode the winner at about 5 to 1 agst him; Wheatley, Firman, at 3 to 1; the same agst Emerald; with high odds against the rest.

The second was a Match between Mr. Thornhill's Crutch for 100 sovs. T.Y.C. (Two-year-old Course), and Mr. Cooper's filly Gawkey, which looked more like a fight than a race, as Gawkey kept flying at Crutch every moment from first to last. Crutch won; but if Mr. Thornhill makes another engagement like this, he may add the letter *s* to his horse's name; and if Mr. Connolly, who rode so successfully this time, *after that* should venture again, he may expect to "be upon crutches."

Three started for the King's Plate of 100gs. value, the Round Course. Wakefield went off with Vortigern, and all the middle of the course made severe running till about a quarter of a mile from home, when it was found out that he had both "shot his bolt" and lamed his horse. Connolly then on Gayhurst took up his place and the running to the corner of the plantation, when Robinson on Hajji Baba, who had made a pretty little reserve, as people did of money formerly, but found it on the present day insufficient for present purposes, and after trying heartily was obliged to allow little Gayhurst to go in *gaily* by himself.

The turf all the week was in the most beautiful condition; but a slackness in meeting, and in their proceedings when met, is much to be lamented. It could not proceed from Priam and Zin-

ganee paying forfeit, as it was not known at the time. Priam paid, it is said, from there being no betting but on the most unreasonable terms, considering his long journey into the North, and running twice in so short a time, and back again; at the same time it is agreed that he is going and looking as well as he ever did in his life. Zinganee paid to Lucetta, in consequence of a hurt in one of his legs, the disgraceful act of a revengeful boy, but is going on again; and his naturally sound and healthy constitution, it is hoped, will again place him in that high situation he filled so well, and held so long—a station for which a thousand may try, and not one obtain.

It seems quite true that Mr. Tattersall offered to run Mr. Chifney's Priam against Mr. Beardsworth's Birmingham, giving three pounds at Newmarket, or even weights at Doncaster, but refused by Mr. Beardsworth: after this, though Birmingham smiles, and gilt sixpences may occasionally pass, a Birmingham laugh will not be taken. It is equally true that Mr. Chifney offered Priam to Mr. Tattersall for Lord Chesterfield at three thousand guineas; but during the short time his Lordship took to consider it, Mr. Chifney matched him again against Retriever for 1000 sovs. next year at Doncaster: this prevented the sale, which was otherwise concluded, but has not certainly lowered the value of the horse.

Norfolk, Oct. 8, 1830.

SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

THE fine weather, the beautiful state of the turf, the great number of engagements, and the recent running at Brussels, gave us a splendid show of people of the

first class; whilst the middling and lower classes were much less numerous than I ever saw them.

The first race was between Mr. Gully's Tranby, rode by Wheatley, and Mr. Thornhill's Merchant, Connolly, for 200 sovs. T. Y. C. Tranby shewed smart running, having nothing to contend against, the poor Merchant being in such a state that he can neither run nor stand his ground. Poor fellow! he can no more give us "leg bail," nor obtain any other—he is for ever gone!

Mr. Ramsbottom's Zucharelli, much thought of, or rather talked of, for the last Derby, and Mr. S. Stonehewer's Variation, the winner of the Oaks, ran a Match for 200 sovs. Across the Flat, which the latter won quite in a canter, rode by Robinson; Buckle's fine riding of no use on the colt. Mr. Ramsbottom looked quite sheepish to see his favorite Zucharelli so shamefully beaten by such a thing as Variation at equal weights; but the betting was 2 to 1 on Variation.

The Duke of Richmond's Refugee, at 8st. 8lb., gave six pounds to Colonel Russell's Steamer, for 100 sovs., Across the Flat. The Duke won particularly easy; so easy, that if the Colonel had had a rail-road to his Steamer, he must have lost. Boyce introduced Refugee. Robinson conducted the Steamer with his usual skill and dexterity, but his machinery was either bad or out of order.

Lord Chesterfield's Carthusian, 8st. 12lb., beat Mr. Gully's Clio, 7st. 7lb., the Two-year-old Course, for 200 sovs.; and, short as this course is, they came the early part of it as slow as if they were going to run four miles. Carthusian meant to give it up, as he had frequently done before; but

since the Bashes are down, he found himself a few strides forwarder than he expected, so won against his will

To the Garden Stakes of 100 sovs. each, the Two Middle Miles, there were four subscribers. Two however only came to the post—frightened, no doubt, at Lucetta. To be sure she is ugly enough to frighten any body; but, in racing, people should look at abilities, and not at appearances. Before starting the odds were 2 to 1 on Lucetta, though Coulon was receiving a year and four pounds; but, as it was at light weights, Lucetta, according to character, ought to have won. The running in the early part of the race was thought to be good; but at the finish Coulon came in cantering by himself, rode by Robinson; followed by Buckle on Lucetta at a pace farmers return from a declining market, and Lucetta looking as cool as if she had been hanging for two hours at a sign post. The running of Variation an hour before seemed quite good enough to have won this race; and as she did it "without a scratch," she ought not to have paid forfeit.

One Third of a Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, A. F.—Captain Arthur and Brambilla were the only two that started. Robinson rode the Captain, whose prospects looked so bad at one time (feigned or real) that 20 to 1 were offered against him in running; but, like a hero, he recovered his lost ground, and won as ridiculously easy at last as all the previous races of the day had been.

Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, six subscribers—half of which came to the post—for two-year-old fillies, from the Turn of the Lands in.—As it is all the way against the Hill there was some

staggering at first; but as soon as they became more tranquil, they made a pretty race at a good pace, the Sister to Lancastrian winning by a length—finely and delicately rode by Robinson, with the odds of 20 to 12 on him at starting; the others pretty well up, and the only thing like a race in a day's list so rich in promise.

TUESDAY was a day of great anxiety, and told many a tale calculated to set hopes at rest as well as fears. Only think of a man having waited three years to know whether he is to have a racer for the next year or not, besides having large sums of money at stake, and the well-remembered expression of "did not I tell you he would run?"—Two of the races of the day were particularly calculated to bring these hidden things to light, which of course brought us a considerable increase of company.

The sport began by Lucetta cantering over for one-third of a Subscription of 25 sovs. each. There was nothing left in it but Varna, which from some cause or other did not show, bad as Lucetta had run the day before.

The next race, however, made amends, bringing out twenty-one subscribers to a 50l. Plate for two-year-old colts and fillies; and nearly the whole came abreast after a few false starts. Amongst them were many very good-looking things, and some of them deeply engaged. It would be supposing a good deal to suppose that all of them did their best the whole of the way for 50l.; but really they looked as if they did, and came a fine pace to within about sixty yards of home, when there appeared about seven nearly head for head, all looking for the same thing—

Lord Cleveland's colt by Emilius, his dam Camilla, superior in look, superior in speed, the first favorite, and most splendidly ridden by Sam Day, who, it is said, is on the point of matrimony for the first time. His intended looking on at the time might inspire him a little: but he never looked so well in his life (unless when making love) as when he passed the post a length first; Colonel Wilson's Juniper filly second, with about four others pretty well up. This made many say they could not be very good; but it would be well to consider, that in a field of eighteen young inexperienced things, huddled up together, some of them ridden by boys and inferior jockeys, there are many things tending to place moderate ones in good places, and as many to place some of the best in the worst places. Amongst the betting, which was far from extensive, it was 3 to 1 agst the winner, 5 to 1 agst Sir M. Wood's filly, 7 to 1 agst Turk, and increased odds against any of the others.

Sir M. Wood undertook with Hajji Baba, at 8st. 10lb. to beat Lord Jersey's Juryman, at 8st. Across the Flat, for 150 sovs., but totally failed. The rider of Juryman gammoned all the way that he could but "just keep moving:" thus enticing the Hajji to the most glaring exposure, from which the knowledge and long practice of Buckle could not save him.

The Clearwell Stakes of 30 sovs. each. 20 forfeit, for two-year-old colts and fillies.—Fifteen started, and twenty-two paid forfeit. This was a fine sight, and the young ones generally very good looking, and with the exception of a false start or two,

well disciplined—the pace to all appearance very quick. John Day on Oxygen, when in the deepest running, about six lengths from home, called upon her, not with severity either, and won two or three lengths, shewing an Eclipse-like superiority seldom witnessed. If there is anything in the North better than this, it must be good indeed, unless the other fourteen are bad, which I am far from willing to believe. Lord Egremont's Thalestris filly, rode by Arnall, was second, with most of the others (some said to be well tried) far behind. The betting was only 2 to 1 agst the winner, and even less; 7 to 1 agst Snowdrop, and 8 to 1 agst Washington, that won so cleverly at Ascot, and once beat Caleb, the first favorite for the Derby. For all this, he is now held so cheap as to become quite friendless, and his beautiful racing-like character seen with other eyes.

Tuesday's racing finished with anything but pleasing reflections. If the best horse had won the Whip and the 200 sovs. each, it would have been an honour worth wearing. His Majesty's Zinganee puts one in mind of a fine old ship very much out of repair, *badly manned, and worse steered*. Where is the credit of beating such a one? Such a one Cadland beat this day for the Whip, over the B. C.; but such is the feeling for an old favorite, that Zinganee was backed at odds just before starting, former excellences being still so fresh before us. But it was grievous at the Turn of the Lands to see his noble spirit humbled; and quite laughable to see Jem Robinson taking every advantage so successfully against a bewildered but well-meaning steersman.

Only two races on WEDNESDAY—enchanting weather, but melancholy sport, considering how many horses there are in training, and how few come to the post! I could name more than one instance where they paid half forfeit by way of *saving money*, when it was clearly proved afterwards that if they had run they must have won great stakes.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, half forfeit, 10 subscribers, out of which three only came to the post.—This nice snug thing Lord Verulam's Albert won, with Connolly and the odds upon him. The "set-out," as it is called, was beautiful—one of the handsomest horses on the Turf, a good-looking jockey, with nothing to encounter to ruffle their tempers or derange the studied neatness. The veteran Buckle followed on a Tramp colt of Mr. Wilson's, but not well enough mounted to interfere with the show; and Phanus was not up in time either to make sport or spoil it, or Pavis and his steed were quite perfect in the burlesque way: how they became favorites is a "cut above my understanding."

The October Otlands is generally a Stakes of considerable anxiety; but there was little this year but sunshine and dulness, as there were only as many left in after the forfeits were declared, as would make one Class. For this six started and two paid. As it is a mile course, but a most severe as well as a most deceiving one, such destructive running was made to the corner of the plantation that the speed was reduced to the rate of moderate hacks. There Coroner had decidedly the best of it; but having a strong hill before his face, and nine stone upon his back, it re-

quired the wisdom of Solomon and the strength of Sampson, with the patience of Job, to manage the rest, and, from want of a due portion of the latter, he was defeated in the last few strides—Coventry, Lord Orford's, 7st. 5lb. first, finely rode by Sam Mann: Mr. Sowerby's Coroner, 9st., second, rode by Wakefield; Caller, third; Varna, fourth; Clio, fifth; Captain Arthur, sixth and last; and though there is a tail in the detail, it was a beautiful race to see "till just the last."

There were about ten started for the Town Plate of 50l., the Two Middle Miles, for horses of all ages. Hajji Baba was the first favorite at 4 to 1 agst him, 6 to 1 agst Vanloo, and the same agst The Fairy. It was a smart race, considering there was nothing first-rate amongst them. Christiana, Mr. Hunter's, was first; Hajji Baba second. Sir M. Wood, without being in the *least* ~~hasty~~, swore at the Judge, *luckily without hurting him*, for not answering a question before he had quite begun asking it. This so confused Mr. Hunter that his jockey was half a pound short of weight; but recovering himself, with the assistance of a friend, they thought of the bridle, which is allowed to be weighed with the jockey as well as the saddle; but just as this happy discovery was about to be consummated, it ~~was~~ found out that in the hurry of business Christiana had walked off with the bridle on her head, and by the time that the worthy Baronet had returned to the regular gentle state of his nature, he had forgot to claim the winner, to which he was entitled as being owner of the second horse, *i. e.* if the Jockey Club were pleased to place him there; to which he

consented with the greatest kindness, and things fell into their usual train again.

Handicap Plate of 100l. Across the Flat, nine started, Hindoo the favorite, who made tremendous running after Lucetta had tried to do so, but could not go fast enough: they preserved a good front till past where once the noted Bushes stood. In Abingdon Mile Bottom the struggle was at its highest, but soon over; a few lengths from home John Day skilfully brought out the Duke of Portland's Theban, and won by a neck; Lord Grosvenor's Ebury second; several others well up. A pound or two taken off any of their backs would have made them easy winners.

FRIDAY was a rich day on paper, but poor in proof. It contained a list of seven races, but five only came to trials. The first was between Lord Tavistock's Taurus (Robinson), 8st. 7lb. agst Father Long-legs (Arnall), 8st. They had run before, the latter giving weight; but Taurus seemed to win with greater ease when he gave the weight than when he received it.

Nine started, and twenty-three paid forfeit to the Prendergast Stakes of 50 sovs. each, half forfeit. This list contained numbers for the Derby and Oaks next year; and those that started were watched narrowly, to discover, if possible, whether any thing wonderful could be found amongst them; which was soon done, for Zany, Captain Rous's nomination, which won the July Stakes, also ran away from them as if they had stood still, and went in by himself: Robinson sat upon Zany; Mr. Gully's Lottery filly called second, for the name of the thing, but in reality no second at all. Perhaps it would be better

to say it beat all the rest very easy. The betting was only 5 to 2 agst the winner, 5 to 1 agst the Sprightly colt, and 10 to 1 agst anything else. They got off pretty well, the pace good as far as it lasted.

A Gold Cup of 90 sovs. (the remainder in specie), by a subscription of 10 sovs. each, fourteen subscribers: the Handicap, as far as regards the first two, very good.—Wheatley rode Harold, and just won by a head, with his own as well as his hands most successfully and judiciously used. Robinson's were equally directed, and with as much energy to direct Variation; but the pace was so good, and the pressure so great, that he could not make her bear up against it: her running was quite as good as the winner, but going a little to the left, lost the Cup.

Donegani beat Sketchbook for 100 sovs. Robinson rode the winner, and won by a length.

Mr. Payne's Turk and Colonel Russell's Mustachio filly ran a dead heat for a finish. Whether they made play or whether they waited, it was easy to see it must be so.

This Meeting, on the whole, has been better than the last; but it will require the next to be still better, before it would be safe to announce the Turf as really flourishing. I am, &c.

OBSERVATOR.

Norfolk, October 23, 1830.

AQUATICS.

SIR,
I Beg to forward you a short account of the Thames Yacht Sailing Match which took place on Tuesday, Sept. 28.—Yours, &c.

AN AMATEUR.

Oct. 1830.

THIS match arose out of the one which came off in honour of His Majesty's accession to the Throne of England, on which occasion *all* the owners of the headmost boat (the Daisy) not being Members of the Thames Yacht Club, it was decided that she was not entitled to the prize. It was consequently arranged that the magnificent Cup and Cover should be re-sailed for on the 29th of the past month, and accordingly on the morning of that day all the yachts, with the exception of the Daisy and Venus, again took their stations off Greenwich, and at the customary signal from the Commodore "unfurled their sails" shortly after eleven o'clock. The weather was fine, but not such as to promise a good match. Yet was the sight presented to the view of the spectators, of whom there was a very large assemblage on board the Columbine steamer, interesting in the extreme, and most forcibly called to my recollection the following lines of a deceased and greatly admired Poet :

He that has sail'd upon the dark blue sea
Has view'd at times, I ween, a full fair sight;
When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze
can be,
The white sail set, the gallant frigate
tight;
Masts, spires, and strand retiring to the
right,
The glorious main expanding o'er the
bow,
The convoy spread like wild-swans in
their flight,
The dullest sailor wearing bravely now,
So gaily curl the waves before each dash-
ing prow."

In reality there was so little wind that it was evident a drifting match would be the entertainment of the day, and "Blow! swiftly blow! thou keel-compelling gale!"

was often heard to issue from the closely compressed lips of many a fair one, who felt more than an ordinary interest in the result of the match. Still was the call unanswered, and the monotony of a drift continued until about six o'clock, when the Matchless went round the distance-boat off Gravesend, the Lady Louisa being but a short distance astern, though not able to get round for more than an hour. The other yachts here gave up all idea of contesting the matter, and being made fast to the steamer were towed up. The Commodore of course went ashore at Greenwich to wait for the coming in of those yachts which had determined to finish the match. As the tide from its age obtained more strength, the Matchless was enabled to work her way up, and arrived off Greenwich about six o'clock in the morning. The Commodore having been apprized of this fact got up and presented her owners with the prize.

This act of the Commodore's has given rise to much discussion—some of the Members asserting that the Matchless is not entitled to the Cup, as her crew worked her with her boom and main-sheet during the time of her being be-calmed, which is in direct violation of one of the rules of sailing.

The unsuccessful Members have threatened to withdraw their names unless the matter is amicably settled. How this can be done otherwise than by sailing again I know not. I hope, however, that some plan may be adopted by which an arrangement can be made, so as to avert the possibility of the Club being broken up—an event which several hesitate not to say will be the case.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

The Turf.

THE King has been pleased to appoint E. H. Delme Radcliffe, Esq., to be Gentleman of the Horse to His Majesty. In future, however, all horses entered by His Ma-

jesty will run in his own name, and not, as heretofore, in that of Mr. Delme Radcliffe.

The following List exhibits the times of closing the principal Stakes

at the most important Racing Meeting of the kingdom for the ensuing year.

Anson Hunt.—The Bosworth Stakes, January 1; the Atherstone Stakes, March 1.

Ascot.—The Albany Stakes, the Swinley Stakes, the Windsor Forest Stakes, March 1. Sweepstakes of 30 sovs. each for two-year-olds, last day of Newmarket Second Spring Meeting.

Bath Spring Meeting.—The Lansdown Stakes, the Bath Stakes, the Ladies Cup, the Hunters Stakes, March 31.

Bath.—The Gold Tureen, May 1, The Somersetshire Stakes: to be divided into two classes, with 50 sovs. added to each, May 1. The St. Leger Stakes, June 1.

Bibury.—At a meeting of the Members of the Bibury Club, held at Cheltenham in July, it was resolved to remove the Club from Cheltenham to Stockbridge, where the races will take place next year, a clear week after the Bath Meeting.—The Bibury, the Burford, and the Welter Stakes, Monday after Epsom.

Brighton.—Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each for two-year-olds, the Scrub Sweepstakes, and the Pavilion Stakes, Jan. 1; the Brighton Stakes, Monday after Ascot.

Burton-on-Trent.—The Gold Cup, a Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each for three-year-olds, Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each for two-year-olds, the Bradby Stakes of 30 each, with 100 added by Lord Chesterfield, May 1; the Drakelow Stakes of 25 sovs. each, May 15.

Burderop.—The Savernake Forest Stakes, May 1; the Gold Cup, June 1; the Burderop Stakes, July 1.

Chester.—The Grosvenor Stakes, the Stand Cup, the Tradesmen's Cup, Hunter's Stakes, the Cheshire Stakes, Sweepstakes for two-year-old colts, Jan. 1; Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each for horses that never won &c., Sweepstakes for fillies, the St. Leger Stakes, Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, weight for age, March 1.

Clifton and Bristol.—The Clifton Stakes, the Maiden Stakes, the Claret Stakes, April 1.

Cottisford.—The Cottisford Stakes, a Hunter's Stakes, a Hack Stakes, March 1.

Egham.—The Magna Charta Stakes, May 1; the Surrey and Middlesex Stakes, Monday after Epsom; the Windsor Castle Stakes, the Gold Cup, the Runnymede Stakes, Monday after Ascot.

Exeter.—The Devonshire Stakes, June 1.

Goodwood.—The Goodwood Stakes close in the Craven Meeting; name Tuesday after Epsom 1831. The Goodwood Cup close Monday in the Craven Meeting; name in the Second Spring Meeting.

Liverpool Spring Meeting (Mag-hull Course).—The Derby Stakes, the Tradesmen's Cup, Sweepstakes for horses not thoroughbred, the Wilton Stakes, the All-aged Stakes, the Mag-hull Stakes, the Kirkdale Stakes, the Stand Cup, the Great Liverpool Stakes, March 1.

Newmarket.—The 2000gs. 1000gs. and Prendergast Stakes, in the Houghton Meeting.

The Newmarket Stakes is a subscription for three years: it closes in the Houghton Meeting, and the horses for the first year are then named; for the two concluding years of the subscription, they are named in the July Meeting when yearlings. There will not be a new subscription proposed till 1832, to run in 1834-5-6.

The Craven Outlands, on the 1st of December.

The St. Leger, the Grand Duke Michael, the Clearwell, and the Criterion Stakes, Jan. 1.

The Port and Claret in the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting.

The July Stakes is for two years: it generally closes in the First October Meeting, and the horses for the second year are named in July.

The Garden Stakes is generally run for on Monday in the Second October Meeting, but is not advertised. It is made in the following way:—In the July Meeting preceding the time of running, the Stewards of the Jockey Club handicap such horses as are mentioned to them for that purpose, the owner of each paying one sov.

and the acceptances must be signified on the spot, within a quarter of an hour after the weights are fixed. The handicap is usually made after dinner in the Gardens attached to the New Rooms, whence the Stakes derives its name.

Newton.—The Lord of the Manor's Cup, Dec. 1; the St. Helen's Stakes, the St. Leger Stakes, the Borough Gold Cup, Jan. 1.

Oxford.—The Cup, May 1.

Stockbridge.—Sweepstakes for two-year-olds, Jan. 1; Sweepstakes for all ages, Hunter's Stakes, Sweepstakes for all ages two-year-olds accepted, June 1.

Walsall.—Sweepstakes for three-year-olds, Cup Stakes, Sweepstakes for two-year-olds, Sweepstakes for all ages, August 1.

Wells.—The Mendip Stakes, the Hunter's Stakes, May 1; the Wells Silver Cup, June 1.

INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

York Spring.—Second Day: The York Claret Stakes of 200 sovs. each, for four-year-olds: colts 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 2lb. two miles.

Duke of Leeds's ch. f. Lady Mowbray, by Blacklock.

Lord Cleveland's b. c. Raby by Tiresias out of Pomona.

Lord Queensberry's b. c. Hassan, by Whisker out of Panthea.

Mr. Petre's b. c. Brunswick, by Figaro.

Doncaster Meeting 1831.—First Day: Lord Kelburne's Retriever, then 5 yrs, agst Mr. Chifney's Priam, then 4 yrs, 8st. 7lb. each, Fitzwilliam Course, 1000 sovs. h. ft.

Houghton Meeting, 1831.—Monday: Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. Cavenham, 8st. agst Sir M. Wood's ch. c. by Phantom out of Louisa by Orville, 7st. T.Y.C. 200 h. ft.

Mr. Beardsworth's crack horse Birmingham, the winner of the Leger, after carrying off the Produce Stakes at the Holywell Hunt Meeting, was beat in the Mostyn Stakes (32 subs.) by Mr. O. Gore's b. c. Old Port by Whisker; Sir T. Mostyn's Mona's Pride second.—Birmingham, Dandina, Felt, Lucy, and Ultimatum started but were not placed.

The Newmarket Town Plate.—

This annual race was run October 14th, by Mr. Chifney's Flacrow by Blacklock, 4 yrs, and Mr. G. Edwards's Talma by Filho da Puta, 6 yrs, and won by the former. The Plate, which is the proceeds of some land there granted by Charles the Second as an encouragement for the breed of horses, is not worth more than about 14l. and does not often afford a race.

A representation having been made to the Stewards of the Jockey Club that Mr. Payne's nomination in the Oaks 1831, of a ch. f. by Blacklock dam by Sorcerer (Sister to Bourbon), is incorrect, there being two Sisters to Bourbon, they have decided that the filly named cannot start.

Colonel King has made a bold challenge, viz. that he will run Bessy Bedlam with any horse of the same age, for one mile, either next York August Meeting or Doncaster, for 300 sovs. h. ft. The horse to carry 8st. 7lb. the mare, 8st. 4lb.

A Correspondent inquires of us where *Middleton*, the renowned stallion, is to be seen. We believe we are correct in stating that he is still in the possession of Mr. Tattersall, the owner. We saw this noble animal there a month or two since, and remember hearing it remarked that a thousand guineas had been refused for him. By the way, the portrait of *Middleton*, which is hanging in Tattersall's parlour, is one of the happiest efforts of Barenger we ever remember to have seen. It is nature itself. No admirer of a handsome horse, or a faithful likeness, will regret a stroll to the west end of the town to survey either one or the other.

We learn that it is in contemplation to re-establish horse-races annually at Leek, which have been discontinued for nearly twenty-five years. Subscriptions have been commenced, and from the alacrity with which subscribers' names have been obtained, and there being an excellent course, some good sport is expected.

Horse-racing and Puritanism.—An attempt has been made by a few visionaries in the good town of Shef-

field to "convince" the public that horse-racing is not only immoral but destructive to the "souls and bodies" of all who participate in the "delusive pleasures" of the race-course. We did think, that after the satisfactory straight-forward sort of way in which the objections to our Royal and National Sport were answered by Col. Berkeley at Cheltenham about three years since, we should not have occasion to announce a second crusade. Such, however, is the fact. The able Editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, after giving this curious and uncalled-for document (signed by *eleven Ministers!*), concludes with the following pertinent remarks:—"It is quite beyond belief that eleven persons with brains in their heads could be found to put forth such egregious, such pestering trash, as this appeal. Every objection made to visiting a horse-race will apply to taking a walk in the street, or visiting a friend, or, in short, stirring out of one's closet. Gaming we admit to be a terrible passion, but we see nothing like sin in it, nor is it at all a necessary part of going to see a horse-race. No more are the other indiscretions to which the *Reverend Gentlemen* refer. Indeed, we rather think the flirtations to which their Reverences not very delicately allude, are much more likely to take place between those who do not go to the races than between those who do. Perhaps the Reverend Gentlemen may know, from personal experience, how to manage an intrigue upon Doncaster race-course: for ourselves, if we ever suffered ourselves to think upon such subjects, we certainly should not select such a place as the scene of any particular amateness."

SERVANTS OF THE JOCKEY CLUB.

E. Weatherby, Esq.—Keeper of the Match Book.

Mr. Pars—Keeper of the Rooms.

J. Goody—Clerk of the Entrance of Horses.

J. Clark—Judge of the Races.

M. Beresford—Clerk of the Course.

J. Goody—Weigher of the Jockeys.

Wm. Birchley—Starter.

J. Allum—Porter to the Duke's Stand and Coffee-house Gate.

The celebrated brown stallion, Camel, so called from his immense height of shoulder, has been recently purchased of Lord Egremont by Mr. Theobald for a large sum.—Camel was got by Whalebone, dam by Selim. Whalebone, Whisker, Woful, and Web were all by Waxy (a Son of Potso's) out of the Duke of Grafton's Penelope by Trumpator. Whalebone won the Derby in 1810: Whisker in 1815. Woful is sire of Theodore, who won the Leger in 1822, and of Augusta, winner of the Oaks in 1821. Web was dam of Middleton, who won the Derby in 1825.

Splendour, by Sovereign, dam by Deceiver, has been sold to Lord Chesterfield, for 500gs.

Mr. Chifney has purchased Caleb, by Waterloo out of Enchantress by Sorcerer, of Mr. Shard, for 2000gs.

Mr. Lumley has sold the celebrated horse Tramp to Mr. Ridsdale for 800 sovs.

A new Grand Stand capable of accommodating upwards of three thousand people with rooms for dinner and refreshments, is building at Newton.

Sir Mark Wood has purchased Hare Park, near Newmarket, of Mr. Gully. Sir Mark has also engaged Scott, the trainer of Auldsworth, Gloucestershire, late trainer to Pryse Pryse, Esq. and H. Biggs, Esq.

Stud Sales.

On the Thursday in the Doncaster Meeting a portion of the Stud of Richard Watt, Esq. was brought to the hammer, and disposed of by Mr. Boulton as under:

Bay Mare, by Walton out of Altisidora, with a colt by Blacklock, and covered by him again:—Mr. Grant, 220gs.

Bay Mare, by Whisker out of Mandane, with a colt by Blacklock, and covered by him again:—Mr. Dilly for Mr. Wreford, 355gs.

Memphis, Sister to Memnon, covered by Figaro:—Mr. Grant, 110gs.

Chesnut Mare, by Catton out of Altisidora, with a filly foal by Blacklock, and covered by Figaro:—Mr. Dennison, 140gs.

Margellina, Sister to Memnon, covered by Blacklock:—Mr. Wreford, 200gs.

Sister to Barefoot, covered by Blacklock:—Sir T. Sykes, 115gs.

TWO-YEAR-OLDS.

Bay Colt, by Tramp, dam by Whisker out of Mandane, engaged in the Three-years-old Produce Stake at York August Meeting, 1831, 100 h. ft.:—Mr. Robinson, 450gs.

Bay Colt, by Whisker out of Muta, engaged in the York Spring Sapling 1831:—Mr. Mott, 200gs.

Bay Colt, by Champignon out of Thomasina by Timothy:—Mr. Forth, 160gs.

YEARLINGS.

Bay Filly, by Catton out of the Walton Mare:—Mr. Dennison, 45gs.

Bay Colt, by Blacklock out of the Whisker Mare, engaged in a Sweepstakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft., in York Spring Meeting 1832:—Mr. Dickinson, 310gs.

The Annual Sale of the Underley Stud, the property of A. Nowell, Esq. took place on the Wednesday and Thursday in the Doncaster Meeting, by Messrs. Tattersall:—when the following were disposed of:

YEARLINGS.

Colt, by Muley out of Sweetpea by Selim, her dam Pea-blossom by Don Quixote, &c.:—Mr. Leigh, 31gs.

Colt, by Muley out of Lucinda by Haphazard, engaged in the Derby at Epsom 1832:—Mr. Perrins, 90gs.

Colt, by Muley out of Eliza by Rubens (Conquest's dam), engaged in Newmarket, First Spring Meeting 100 h. ft. D. M. (8 subs.), and Derby at Epsom, both 1832:—Mr. Forth, 96gs.

Colt, by Muley out of Nancy (Long-waist's dam), engaged in the Derby at Epsom, and in the Rural Stakes, 100 each, D. I. at Newmarket 1832:—Mr. Giffard, 195gs.

Colt, by Whisker out of Calypso (The Dragon's dam), engaged in the York Derby 1832:—Mr. Forth, 170gs.

Colt, by Muley out of Fair Helen (Princessa's dam), by Election out of Fair Helen by Hambletonian, engaged in the Derby at Epsom, and York Derby, both 1832:—Mr. Dilly, 155gs.

Filly, by Muley out of Young Caprice by Waxy, out of Caprice by Walton, &c., no engagement:—Sir J. Gerard, 35gs.

Filly, by Bustard out of Brown Duchess by Orville (Toso's dam), engaged in the Oaks 1832:—Mr. Day, 165gs.

Filly, by Muley out of Johanna Southcote (the dam of Lecway and Variation), engaged in the Column Stakes, 50 h. ft. and in the Oaks, both 1832:—Mr. Scott Stonehewer, 250gs.

Filly, by Muley out of Harriet by Selim, her dam Slipper by Precipitate out of Catherine, Sister to Colibri by Woodpecker, &c.:—Sir J. Gerard, 81gs.

Filly, by Muley out of Rosamel by Rubens, 1:—Sir J. Gerard, 25gs.

Yearling Filly, by Muley out of Sister to Shuttle Pope (Strathern's dam), engaged in the Oaks 1832:—Mr. Day, 44gs.

Filly, by Muley out of Bequest, by Election out of Legacy by Benningbrough, &c., no engagement:—Mr. Giffard, 110gs.

Filly, by Muley out of Rosanne, engaged in the Oaks 1832:—Earl of Orford, 135gs.

Filly, by Muley out of Dulcamara (Souvenir's dam), engaged in the 18th Riddleworth, 200, h. ft. in the Column Stakes of 50, h. ft. in the Oaks, and in the Second October in a Stakes of 50 each, fillics only, D. M.:—Mr. Dilly, 370gs.

Chesnut Colt, 2 yrs old, by Muley out of Fair Helen, by Election out of Fair Helen by Hambletonian:—Mr. Mott, 36gs.

BROOD MARE.

Erin Lass (Sister to Hesperus), by Irish Hollyhock out of Rally by Waxy, out of Rattle by Trumpator, covered by Muley:—Mr. Dennison, 50gs.

At the Stock Sale of Edmund Peel, Esq. at Bonehill, near Tanworth. the following stock sold at the undermentioned prices:

HORSES IN TRAINING.

Bay Colt, 4 yrs, by Paulowitz:—450gs.

Cicely, 4 yrs, by Paulowitz:—220gs.

Changeling, 2 yrs, by Swap:—145gs.

Bay Filly, by Waverly:—100gs.

YEARLINGS.

Ernest, by Paulowitz, engaged in a Produce Stakes at Warwick, 50 sovs. each:—180gs.

Chesnut colt, by Bedlamite:—200gs.

Bay Colt, by Paulowitz:—145gs.

Chesnut Colt, by Bedlamite:—125gs.

Brown Filly, by Bedlamite, engaged in the Produce Stakes at Warwick 1832:—120gs.

FOALS.

Brown Colt, by Whisker, engaged in the Produce Stakes at Warwick, 50 sovs.:—120gs.

Bay Colt, by Whisker:—115gs.

Bay Colt, by Sultan, engaged in the Produce Stakes at Warwick, 50 sovs.:—240 sovs.

Bay Filly, by Whisker, engaged in the Produce Stakes at Warwick, 50 sovs.:—100gs.

BROOD MARE.

The Lady of the Lake:—95gs.

STALLIONS.

Roderick:—490gs.

Paul Pry:—240gs.

On Wednesday, Oct. 20th, in the Newmarket Second October Meeting, the following racing stock was sold by Messrs. Tattersall:

From Lord Exeter's Stud.

Mountebank, by Gohanna:—49gs.

Patron, by Partisan :—460gs.
 Pera, Sister to Mahmoud :—145gs.
 Red Rover, by Middleton, 3 yrs. :—
 245gs.

Schumla, Sister to Varna :—93gs.
 The Gowry, by Sultan :—90gs.

From Lord Lowther's Stud.

Harold, by Manfred, 4 yrs :—360gs.
 Firman, by Sultan, 3 yrs :—195gs.
 Yearling colt, by Partisan out of Scan-
 dal's dam :—105gs.

Yearling filly, by Partisan out of Na-
 nine :—90gs.

Yearling filly, by Partisan out of Po-
 mona :—135gs.

Yearling filly, by Partisan out of
 Scheme :—125gs.

Mare, by Wanderer out of Caroline :—
 50gs.

On the Thursday the following
 racing stock was disposed of :

Zucharelli, by Tiresias :—350gs.

Benedict, by Whalebone :—150gs.

Four-year old f. by Waterloo :—34gs.

Yearling f., by Merlin :—26gs.

Three-year old f., by Woful out of
 Emma :—19gs.

John de Hart, by Carbon :—84gs.

Ramona, by Whisker :—79gs.

AT MESSRS. TATTERSALL'S.

BLOOD STOCK.

From Mr. Dilly's Stud.

Upas, 7 yrs, by Abjer out of Laurel-
 leaf :—79gs.

Souter Johnny, 5 yrs, by Reveller out
 Hell Cat by Cerberus :—49gs.

Ofellus, 4 yrs, by Orville, dam by
 Southsayer out of Eliza Teazle :—150gs.

Baleine, 5 yrs, by Whalebone out of
 Vale Royal :—190gs.

From Mr. Shard's Stud.

Codicil, by Smolensko out of Legacy
 by Benningbrough :—110gs.

Harmony, 4 yrs, by Reveller, dam by
 Orville out of Mirth :—130gs.

Acacia, 4 yrs, by Phantom out of Au-
 gusta :—250gs.

Mary, 2 yrs, by Waterloo out of Vale
 Royal, engaged in the Column Stakes
 1831, and in a Match against Mr. Wil-
 son's f. by Blacklock out of Sister to
 Bourbon, T.Y.C. 100, h. ft. with or with-
 out her engagements :—70gs.

the, by Cotton, dam by Raphael
 of Tiny by Sir Peter, in the Derby
 :—140gs.

een Cheese, 5 yrs, by Moonraker
 der to Bobadil, dam by Gohanna
 Sister to Chester by Sir Peter :—71gs.

HUNTERS.

Russey Vivian's.—Fulbeck, 135gs.;
 ishner, 175gs.; Brocard, 195gs.; The
 160gs.

Lord Anson's.—Sarah, 60gs.; Dunton,
 4 yrs old, by Filbo da Puta out of Nell
 Gwynne (Sister to The Tartar), qualified
 for half-bred stakes, 185gs.; a Bay Hack,
 thoroughbred, 60gs.; Sir Oliver, 44gs.;
 Counsellor, 50gs.; Tom Pry, 440gs.; May-
 day, 185gs.; The Flyer, 220gs.; Grouse,
 150gs.; Grimalkin, 105gs.; John Bull,
 100gs.; Mercury 110gs.—Four Bay Ba-
 rousse Geldings, 468gs.

Mr. Gambier's, well-known with the
 Duke of Grafton's and Mr. Hanbury's
 Hounds.—A Chesnut Horse, 4 yrs, by
 Tom Thumb, 50gs.; Shepherdess, a
 grey mare, 7 yrs, 100gs.; a Grey Geld-
 ing, 5 yrs, 65gs.; a Chesnut Gelding, 6
 yrs, 150gs.; a Grey Gelding, 85gs.;
 Telescope, a Grey Gelding, 6 yrs, 145gs.

GREYHOUNDS.

*The Property of Mr. Kelly, of Great
 Baddow, Essex.*

Baronet, a remarkably fine red dog :—
 5gs.

Vixen, blk. b. by Essex out of Sister to
 Queen, winner of the Newmarket Puppy
 Stakes Nov. 1828.—15gs.

Phillis, r. b. bred in Berkshire :—3l.

Smoker, br. d. 9 months, by Mr. Gold-
 ing's br. d. by Xerxes out of Quiet :—3l.

Smuggler, br. d. ditto :—2l. 10s.

Rupert, br. and w. d. ditto :—4l.

Slider, ro. b. ditto :—6l.

Topper, ro. d. by Essex out of Gallop-
 per :—5l.

Lady, ro. b. ditto :—6l.

Gallopier, ro. b. ditto :—7l. 12s.

(Essex was by Eames's Mellish, and
 Gallopier by Hands' Blue Beard, of the
 Miller blood.)

Black Puppy, 4 months, own Sister to
 Quiver by Lubin out of Trip.—(Dead.)

Red ditto :—3l. 15s.

Red d. ditto, by Lubin out of Quadrille,
 own Sister to Queen and Quince :—1l. 11s.

B. ditto, ditto :—1l. 18s.

Red d. Puppy, by Lubin out of Quince
 (dead), winner of Newmarket Stakes Feb.
 1828 :—2l. 3s.

Ditto, ditto :—2l. 2s.

BEAGLES.

On the 25th of October three
 couples of smooth rabbit beagles, the
 property of Capt. Locke, were sold
 for four guineas, and two couples and
 a half of rough ones for 2l. 15s.

The following blood-horses, all
 bred by the Earl of Egremont at
 Petworth, have been safely landed at
 the New Settlement of Swan River.

Bay Colt (named Sir John), by
 Little John out of a Phantom Mare,
 out of Sister to Election by Gohanna,
 5 yrs old (Brother to Frederick).

Bay Colt (named Young Wan

H

derer), by Wanderer out of an Octavius Mare, 4 yrs old.

Bay Filly (named Petworth), by Whalebone out of Vicarage by Octavius, dam by Election out of Scorpion's dam, 5 yrs old.

Bay Filly (named Merino), Sister to the above, 4 yrs old.

Bay Filly (named Canopy), by Whalebone, dam by Canopus, granddam by Young Woodpecker, 5 yrs old.

The Chase.

Lord Petre commenced cub-hunting under the most favorable prospects. The known goodness of the hounds, the liberality of his Lordship, and his kindness to all classes in the field, have procured him an abundant supply of foxes. The entries of young hounds, principally bred by himself from the choicest blood of the Duke of Beaufort's, has added much to the celebrity of his pack.

Extraordinary Occurrence.—About three weeks ago Lord Petre's hounds found a litter of cubs, and, after running one for about half an hour, killed him, and went away to another covert five miles off. Missing a hound in returning home in the evening, Lord Petre heard a hound apparently running at a distance of three or four fields. The whipper, upon being sent to ascertain what it was (conceiving it was some of the puppies at walk hunting), found the missing hound and a fox, both so beat that the hound could not kill him and the fox could not run away, and the whipper took the fox up in his arms alive and carried him to his Lordship.

The new kennel for the accommodation of the hounds of the Hon. Mr. Moreton is completed, situate at Farringdon. A brilliant season is anticipated.

SHOOTING.

"In presenting a third edition of *The Shooter's Companion* to the public, I trust," says the author (Mr. T. B. Johnson), "it will be found that nothing essentially necessary has been omitted. I have followed the diversion of shooting for more than thirty years, during the greater part of which I have bred numbers of pointers and

setters, and have, in fact, omitted no opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of the various ramifications which, in the aggregate, may be said to constitute the delightful science of shooting. However, let it not be understood that I am vain enough to suppose myself capable of imparting instruction to the experienced sportsman: it is the tyro to whom my observations are principally addressed, as well as to those who, though attached to the diversion, have not made it a particular study; while the veteran shooter may perhaps amuse an otherwise vacant hour in perusing the excogitations of a brother sportsman." We can only repeat our former recommendation of this little volume, that it reflects the highest credit on the talents, experience, and feeling of the author:—adding, that the present edition has been carefully revised, and that it contains some interesting additional information, several useful hints, and much good advice. It is illustrated with plates by Landseer, and numerous characteristic woodcuts.

Wild Deer Shooting.—A number of deer having descended from the higher grounds in the Island of Mull, and taken shelter in the woods of Drimfin, the property of Hugh Maclean, Esq. of Coll, in Argyleshire, a large party who were then on a visit, went out, and after scouring the woods for a short time, Wemyss Orrock, Esq. succeeded in shooting one of these noble animals at the distance of about ninety yards. Although the deer was at full speed, both bullets from the double-barrelled gun entered his body within two inches of each other. The size of the deer may be conceived when it is stated that it required the assistance of six men to remove it to the road, whence it was carried to the Castle.

On Friday, October 8, Mr. Wetherell, while sporting on the estate at Pashley, Sussex, brought a couple of fine woodcocks to light rather an unusual circumstance in season so mild as the present.

ARCHERY.

The St. Andrew's Prize, given by Sir George Mackenzie, Bart.,

Coul, to the Royal Company of Archers, the King's Body Guard for Scotland, was shot for, at 200 yards, in Hope Park, on Saturday the 9th of October, and gained by H. G. Watson, Esq., Treasurer to the Royal Company.

FINE ARTS.

A magnificent portrait of Priam, winner of the Derby at Epsom (rode by Sam Day), from a painting by Mr. Ferneley, of Melton Mowbray, in the possession of Mr. W. Chifney, has been just published by Ackermann, jun. of Regent-street. As a work of art, if possible, it exceeds Rowton: the likeness, too, is admirable. The print is accompanied with a pedigree of Priam, and the whole of his performances, with a detailed account of the Derby race for 1830. In fact, the style in which this engraving has been got up reflects great credit upon the spirited publisher.

A print, representing the Steeple Chase between Mr. Osbaldeston's Clasher and Capt. Ross's Clinker, for one thousand guineas, has just been published by Mr. Ackermann of the Strand. This diamond of the first water is engraved by Alken and Duncan, from a painting by Gill, and is every way deserving of a place in the cabinet of the sportsman and the admirer of the Fine Arts.

Ackermann's *Forget Me Not*, the first of the Annuals, and the first to take the field this year, is a very pretty volume, and does equal credit to the taste and industry of its publisher, who alludes with justifiable vanity to its success, not only on its own soil, but in more remote countries. It is embellished with fourteen engravings by very eminent artists. The design and engraving of *Queen Esther*, after a drawing by John Martin in his usual style of magnificence, have cost Mr. Ackermann no less a sum than one hundred and seventy guineas—a proof at once of his spirit and liberality as an encourager of the arts. This beautiful plate will form an admirable companion to those exquisite gems, *The Seventh Plague* and *Lucius Curtius*, from the same artist, given in former volumes of the Annual.

The *Juvenile Forget Me Not*, by the same Publisher, has ten engravings; and our young friends ought to be very happy in the prospect before them. Here they will have a little book, with a beautiful outside and an entertaining inside—pretty tales, pretty pictures, and pretty poems, well adapted to the capacity of those for whom the work is specially produced.

We have been favored with a view of the pictorial embellishments of *Friendship's Offering*, "a Literary Album, and Christmas and New Year's Present for 1831," announced for publication by Smith, Elder, and Co. of Cornhill. They consist of thirteen engravings, comprehending a very agreeable variety of portraits and landscapes, some of them of exquisite beauty—the volume as a whole taking a high stand among its elegant competitors. Like other flowers these have their season, and they are a graceful and beautiful addition to our light autumnal literature—greatly improved by cultivation and care.

FACETIE.

Honi soit, &c.—A Gentleman of proverbially short memory, well known on the Turf, and remarkable for sometimes riding a fine Malta borro—(borro or borrico, *Anglice*, Ass)—and being so mounted, was asked by a friend "if he were at the last Doncaster Races?" To which he made answer (in this case) to the point, and without hesitation, that he was there.—"Pray," said the other, seeming to connect something particular with the question, "Do you by chance recollect what you rode?"—"Why," returned Mr. — (*non mi ricordo*)—with all the politeness and ease of a Chesterfield, "you really must, my good Sir, ask my BORRO." F. E.

Croydon, Oct. 6, 1830.

Political Dialogue.—The following dialogue was heard to pass the other day on a hackney-coach stand:—"I say, Ned, I knows you're a politishun—vot's all this here fighting about amongst the Dutch and the Bilgins?"—"Vot's it about? vy it's about their *fundimental law*. The Dutchmen wants to make the tothers wear their *big breeches*, and they vout."

FROM A TOMB AT BALLYPOREEN.

Here at length I repose
And my spirit at aise is—
With the tips of my toes
And the point of my nose
Turn'd up to the roots of the daisies.

Breach of Discipline.—During the last training of the North Somerset Yeomanry Cavalry, the following ludicrous incident occurred:—A non-commissioned officer, finding that one of the privates arrived late at parade, told him that he would confine him. —“If you do,” replied the latter, “I’m d—d if I don’t *rise* your rent.” —The private happened to be the serjeant’s landlord.

The *Boston Gazette* states, that Monsieur Amblard, with whom the Duke of Orleans resided when in Boston, “was a tailor, a man of infinite humour, with a powerful bass voice, who would occasionally afford his friends some amusement by his conversation. He spoke the English language imperfectly, as many of our citizens will recollect. He once made a pair of pantaloons for a Mr. Lamb, but, forgetting the name of his customer, he went into the market, and, taking hold of a leg of mutton, inquired of the butcher, ‘What you call this?’—‘That, Sir, is mutton.’—‘Mutton, ha! what you call mutton’s baby then?’—The butcher answered, ‘lamb.’—‘Dat is him—I have him—Lamb is my customer!’ and off he started for his shop.”

The March of Intellect.—The following is a literal copy of a card written by a person to inform his friends and the public that he had lately taken a farriery business at H—: —“farier at H— esex W—t—begs to inform his friends that he is doin bisnes for him sult as he has

studed the deses of horses and cows with the trust etinshou and at the reasonbl expence according to the tims as he has lived under apeprishl man for 28 years.”

PUGILISM.

NEAL AND YOUNG DUTCH SAM.

This long procrastinated affair has at length the appearance of being put into a *tangible* shape, and a match is made to come off on the 18th of January. When Sam refused to fight on the day named by Cribb—immediately after the battle, and in the same ring with Byrne and Mackay—the Stakes were declared forfeit to Neal: but the Young Phenomenon fought hard to save them, and, as has already been seen, arrested the stakeholder. The money was subsequently paid into Court, and the thing has remained *in statu quo* ever since—not, however, imputable to the “law’s delay,” but to the jockeyship of the plaintiff’s friends. Sam has now agreed to give Ned one hundred guineas, on condition that they shall each pay their own expenses, and fight for the original Stakes, with one hundred a-side additional, so that the battle-money will now be 620l. Ned willingly acceded to these terms, shewing that he means nothing but fighting, though by so doing he makes a great sacrifice—the money and future deposits to be placed in Cribb’s hands, and not to be drawn without a fight. We may therefore now presume that the trial as to which is the better man may be decided, unless any new difficulty should arise. Sam must come to the scratch, or his character as a pugilist will be lost for ever.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The next will be the DOUBLE NUMBER of the Volume, and will be embellished with a beautiful engraving of British Game Fowls: Portrait of Miss Turner, celebrated Trotting Mare; Humdanieh, an Arabian Stallion; and Sylvia, a fav Spaniel.

We are happy to see a work announced for publication, which has long been desideratum in the Sporting World, intitled “The Horseman’s Manual, being Treatise on Soundness, the Law of Warranty, and generally on the Laws relating the Horse.”

Mr. Vines’ Treatise on the Glanders and Farcy will be attended to at our convenience.

“A Turfite” is informed that we cannot be like the poor Black in the fi “Mungo here, Mungo there, Mungo everywhere”—but we shall be most happy on future occasion to receive his communication on the subject alluded to.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

**VOL. II.
SECOND SERIES.**

DECEMBER, 1830.

No. VIII.

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REVIEW OF THE RACING SEASON 1830, AND MATTERS CONNECTED THEREWITH—No. 1.

SIR,

IF I had been asked at the commencement of this year whether I considered racing on the advance or decline, I should, for the most satisfactory reply to such a question, have referred the inquirer to the dimensions of the volume of the Racing Calendar for last year as compared with its predecessors: and it must be matter of great satisfaction to all well-wishers to the Turf to look back upon the past season, and find that no diminution in the sport has taken place. In fact, the "march of intellect," in this as well as other subjects, has opened people's eyes to the benefits the system confers on the country in general: so that we need be under no apprehension of its failure.

The host of Hunt Meetings were this year generally well attended, and two or three of the principal ones better than they had been for years—Croxtton in particular. The only blot remaining in these meetings is the confining so many of the races to horses "not thorough-bred;" which only opens the door to endless disputes and bickerings, and in these days answers no purpose—when it is well understood that any one wanting a good "cocktail" would be an idiot to think for a moment of training an animal for such that was not perfectly thorough-bred. I mentioned this subject last year; but there is a wide field, and it will bear going over again; and I shall take an opportunity of recurring to it. In the meantime I can only say, I look for the day—and it must come, and shortly too

—when, so long as proper qualifications of having been fairly (and for a certain number of times) ridden to hounds, all or any horses shall be entitled to run for Hunter's Stakes.

The Craven at Newmarket did not this year exhibit little Zingane in such glowing colours as the previous one had done, although it was thought prior to the race, by the party, that he was in as great force as he had ever been: and that the public thought so too, was evinced by their backing him against the field at odds, although Cadland was in the race, who had defeated him in the Audley End, the last race which either ran previously to their meeting for this year's Craven. As far as those two horses only were concerned, the people were right; but both were cut down by Mr. Batson's smart mare Seraph. It will be remembered, in my last year's summary, when comparing the merits of Mr. Batson's two fillies, at the time he sold Lucetta to Sir Mark Wood, I gave it as my opinion, that, when parting with her, Mr. Batson retained the "speediest" in his own possession; and Seraph's running this season certainly confirmed my assertion. But, after all, Mr. Batson has to congratulate himself on his good luck in getting through the races he has done with this mare, for she was always a cripple, and never certain to stand her work for a week together.

Priam's performances in this meeting told a strong tale, though many people were deceived from the party having another horse,

"Wat Tyler," in the stable; who was, by good generalship, made at one time the best favorite, but who had really no pretensions, even if his legs had not given way, to the same class as Priam. Besides, many people were induced to believe it was a race with the latter and Augustus for the Column Stake: but the fact was, in the early part of the year Priam was not within a stone of his best day; and, after all, Augustus has since run a fair horse, though he was never to be made in anything like the form of Priam. There was, however, one horse which ran in the Craven, though at that time thought nothing of, from his not being in what is called a "flash" stable, which has since proved that even Priam might have been made to quake for his laurels at Epsom, even if he had not had them wrested from his brow. I allude to Lord Verulam's horse Albert, who, after winning the only race in which he was engaged in a canter, was sent off to Epsom, and was unlucky enough, between then and the Derby, to break his knees, and so put his starting for that out of the question.

The only race of any interest in the First Spring Meeting was for the "Thousand;" and the result merely proved how bad all the mares of the year were. To shew how often mistakes are made with regard to young horses, here, in the Second Spring Meeting, did an animal, which was drafted from Lord Egremont's stud as not good enough even for a plater—and which was valued when sold at 150*l.*—come and win one of the largest stakes of the kind ever made, worth nearly 3000*l.*! and has since

proved himself one of the best nags of his year. I allude to Lord Mountcharles's Gayhurst. This horse ran last year, when in Stevenson's stable, for the Rowley Mile, 50*l.*, for three-year-olds, and was forward in the race. He then went to Brown's at Lewes, to attempt some of the Sussex Plates, and was beaten a long way for the Ladies' Plate at Lewes races by little Jungfrau. He then went to Goodwood, and was actually entered for a Plate, "the winner to be sold for 150*l.*," but did not run, Lord Mountcharles, the day before the race, having agreed to take him and the Camel colt, afterwards called Benedict, at, I believe, 500*l.* The latter horse was in course valued at more than Gayhurst, having beaten Jungfrau at Brighton, who had defeated Gayhurst at Lewes. Benedict, however, was eventually dear, being naturally a lame horse.

As an additional proof that the highest-priced animals are far from being always the best race-horses, in this meeting was little Zany's first appearance, who has since convinced the people that he can make Zanies of any of his own year who dare compete with him. The dam of this animal was bought by Pettit, the trainer, for something under 20*l.*; and he bred this colt, and a yearling by Truffle (which promises to be a second Zany), from her: and, unfortunately for him, sold the mare before Zany had given him sufficient indications of his good qualities. The person who has her, Mr. Golding, will find her a trump card, having, I understand, disposed of her produce for several years to come.

The York Spring Meeting was sadly deficient in interest this sea-

son, as far as any index to Leger horses was concerned. It served, however, to exhibit in strong colours the first appearance in public of Lottery's get; and a capital commencement too—Lord Cleveland's Chorister's (by Lottery out of Crowcatcher's dam) tone being so strong as to make all his company "sing small" after him. Lottery will be sure to get race-horses; and I understood a week or two ago that the subscription for fifty mares for next season only required six or seven to fill up the number.

At Epsom the interest of the Derby quite absorbs all the other racing. This year the fluctuations among the favorites were very great, with the exception of Priam, who kept steady at about 5 to 1, from which position nothing could drive him, though there was a strong party against him, and all sorts of rumours were set afloat to accomplish the purpose of getting him back: but the fact was, the public had backed him from his running *in public*; and when that is the case, and the animal remains in health, the money comes into the market, and no sort of trickery can frustrate the straight-forward purpose. So strong, however, were two or three influential men in the Ring against him, that their bearing up till the last had the effect of so frightening the individual who laid out the money for the Chifneys, that, to satisfy him and reassure themselves, they actually tried Priam only two or three days before running. In the end, the result only justified the good judgment and confidence of the party, the Derby never having been won more easily. Those who had had "the office" to get on about two of the favorites, had

a fine chance to make money, the King's horse Orion having been laid against at all odds from 100 to 1, to 40 to 1, which latter was about the current odds against him till the very day that his trial with Hindostan got wind, and then up he jumped to 6 or 7 to 1; but his actually pulling up lame in the first gallop he took at Michleham, sent him back again to nearly 20 to 1. The horse had been pricked in shoeing, removing which, at the expense of a couple of days' work, got him right again; though it is surprising to think how such an animal (even ever so well) should have been kept a favorite to the day; for certainly anything less like a Derby horse was never seen. The other hopeful animal, Captain Arthur, which made such a noise, and like his sire *swaggered* for a short period, was elevated through having been tried with Jurymen, then said to be the best trial horse in England—why it would be difficult to guess—for a more uncertain stinking jade never ran. However, the bold Captain soon went to his proper position, the rear. The only horse in the race, with the exception of the winner, that the stable was the nearest right about, was Messrs. Ridsdale and Gully's Little Rover. I have no doubt, at that day, this horse was ripe and fit as he ever can be made to run. That he was a fair honest little animal no one can disavow; but he wants the necessary qualification to make him a *race-horse*—speed; and I much doubt whether he has not seen his best day. I do not allude to his race at Doncaster, for every one knows the horse long previously was amiss; but had The Mummer been the same horse that he was when he and the Rover met at

Ascot at two years old, the result would have again been as it then was: but the poor Mummer's pretensions to the Derby had been all *mummery* for a long time; and for the work he had done he would have been much better in the stable than having been disgraced by the place he was in for the Derby. *If* this horse can ever be got right, he will have a better day: but from what I saw of him at Newmarket in the Houghton, I should doubt if his legs will stand preparation. There is one more animal which pretended to the favour of the public for the Derby that merits notice, if only for the ingenuity and cleverness with which the Yorkshiremen converted him into a flyer. Brunswick is the beast I allude to: a greater impostor never ran; a more wretched, weak brute never held the name of a race-horse; and, instead of winning a Derby, it will be good news for me to hear of his winning a maiden plate.

The Oaks this year was a capital race for the betters round. The winner in the previous autumn (when she ran with Mouche and Cetus), known as the Leeway filly, was backed for a little; but going amiss almost directly afterwards, went out of the market altogether, and was hardly named, except in squaring books, till the very day of running, and was a most unexpected "*slice of luck*" to both master and trainer. The running of Merman and Donzelli, Mr. Payne's two horses, made people think that he had ample reason for backing his Brown Duchess thing, - so as to force her up to only at one time 2 to 1 agst her; but "a plague" on all private measurements! and the event proved how futile all

such moonshine is in the majority of cases. Had not Crouch's honest bit of stuff, Jenny Vertpré, been sacrificed to make running for a brute that was not worth a leg of her, she would on that day have told a better tale. That was the effect of another *private* bit of knowledge! But the Oaks running is seldom true, from the uncertainty of mares at the time of year the race is run; and this season the ground was in so heavy a state as to materially vary the race.

While at Epsom, I have to notice the first appearance of His late Majesty's favorite horse The Colonel, since the renovation of his legs, which was effected by the very superior professional skill and judgment in the use of the actual cautery by William Goodwin, jun. Esq. Veterinary Surgeon to His Majesty, and who always expressed himself confident of success, although opposed to the opinion of many who gave themselves credit for some knowledge and experience in such matters. How the work was performed has been best proved by the races which The Colonel has since run at all weights and distances.

There is one matter belonging to Epsom which still loudly calls for reform; and that is the disgraceful state of the course. The conditions of the Derby are for the next year's subscription that the race shall "be run on the New Course, *if ready!*" but whether it be expected the alteration in the shape of the ground is to take place of itself or not, I really do not know: but I hear of no arrangements or preparations being made. It is true there was notice put forth a few weeks ago, that it was desired

that those persons who had subscribed towards the undertaking should now "fork out:" but that, I fear, is *all*. If, however, neither money nor spirit can be found among so many, whose evident interest it is to get rid of the dangerous nuisance which has been suffered so long to disgrace a course where the Stake of the greatest interest in the kingdom is yearly run, surely a few pounds may be expended to the greatest advantage in levelling and making good the ground beyond the winning-post where the horses pull up, which has long been in a state dangerous alike to man and horse, from having been entirely cut up with wheel-tracks sufficient to lame or throw down all the horses in a race. Surely it only requires the notice of Mr. Maberly to have it rectified. The Clerk of the Course (*if there is any*) must mend his bad ways.

Ascot this year languished in accordance with the lamented illness of its Royal Patron; and although there was no lack in quantity, the quality and interest were sadly deficient: a gloom hung over the meeting which nothing could dispel; and patronised as these races had been, and compared with the previous year, how could it be otherwise? But, alas! as our Immortal Bard has expressed it—

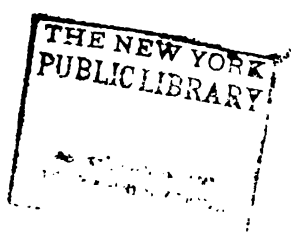
"The Sceptre, Learning, Physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust."

Liverpool, although of only two or three years' growth, has already, through the resources it possesses, and the spirit with which they are dispensed, attained the vigour of its neighbour, Chester, now boasting its rival courses and meetings. The two Cups

alone are great races, and the public money given will always ensure plenty of horses. It is very gratifying to see an old sportsman *redivivus* in the person of Lord Derby. His Lordship has for some years, with his Milo blood, cut a sad figure on the Turf—although so good a friend to, and patron of, the sport, as to continue most of his subscriptions to the old Stakes at Chester and the Lancashire Meetings. Having, however, this year recruited his stable with Lord Worcester's Felt, his Lordship has been a gallant winner—having with this horse carried off both the Great Tradesmen's Cups at Chester and Liverpool, and a Cup or two elsewhere. I wish he had had another nag or two in his stable like Felt. Sir Thomas Stanley had quite his share of good fortune with another Maid of Lorn colt (her produce have been all winners), having carried off—thanks to Birmingham having been amiss all the spring—nearly all the Produce Stakes in which he was engaged.

The Newmarket July Meeting only brought out Zany in greater public force than his previous race in the spring had induced people to give him credit for. Never has the July been won more easily; though on that day Oxygen was not as good as she has since been in the autumn.

Bath has quite outstripped Cheltenham in interest, although it is a question whether the division of the Somersetshire Stakes at the former place into two classes, as was this year practised, is an improvement or not. Cheltenham has certainly not advanced of late years; and the intended defection of the Bibury Club next year (which is to be





BRITISH GAMES PEOPLE

removed to Stockbridge) will compel the caterers to make increased exertions to prevent any farther retrograde movement. The truth is, the public-money is wanting. At Bath they add a *One hundred pounds* to their great Handicap; at Cheltenham, *nothing!*

From want of management, too, one half of the provincial meetings are spoiled in the cooking, even where there is no lack of money. This applies most strongly to Brighton. Money is here given with a liberal hand; and though the wretched way in which the business is conducted has of late reduced the Meeting to a mere list of Plates, still the place itself is so fashionable, and the time of year so convenient, that it is always attended by the very best of company, and plenty of betting also. With an active Clerk of the Course, who would only take the trouble to apply to Gentlemen for their subscriptions to either Produce or other Stakes, much might be accomplished: but, conducted as it was this year, the town is not likely to be benefited by any increase of patronage. Even Lewes was able, through a little perseverance, to beat them, and get up a Three-Year-Old Stake. I should hope "Reform" will reach Brighton before the next Meeting, and at least make some small approach, if to only the level of what it has been years back.

As a pleasing contrast to this, we have only to look to another part of the county of Sussex for all that can be required at a provincial Meeting. Goodwood has been raised, through the splendid liberality of the Duke of Richmond, to the top of the tree; and everything has been done by His

Grace's munificence to ensure sport. This year almost a new course had been formed, several hundred workmen having been engaged for months in filling up and levelling the hollows and hills in the old course; and a really handsome and most commodious new Stand has been erected at a great expense. Nor is this all. His Grace has made some important regulations; the particulars of which, however, and the review of the racing there, I must postpone to my next.

THE YOUNG FORESTER.

(To be continued.)

BRITISH GAME FOWLS.

*Engraved by ROMNEY from a Painting
by MARSHALL, JUN.*

THE Cock, a rich Birchin duck-wing, was bred by a Gentleman, an old cocker, at Tottenham, who had the breed for a number of years, known by the name of the "Shawls."

After fighting many battles, and winning a Welch main of sixteen cocks, he has been kept as a brood cock, and scarcely ever bred a loser. The produce are remarkable for soundness of feather and blood-like appearance, and in fact possess every property requisite for a game-cock.

The duck-wing Hen is his own sister; and the wheaten hen has been crossed with another strain of the same breeders.

The picture is beautifully painted by this very promising young artist, and has excited so much interest among Cockers, that subscriptions have been entered into for its purchase, and a main of cocks is to be shortly fought at Newmarket for its possession.

BETTINGS.

SIR, Tattersall's, Nov. 22, 1830.

A Moderate attendance and little doing until nearly five o'clock. Caleb with difficulty maintains the leading position, his party becoming exceedingly shy: nothing less than 15 to 1 would have been taken, and even at that price refused to go on. Hæmus, Brother to Varna, was brought up with much force, being supported by one of the most influential men of the Room, and, from the freedom with which the odds were taken bids fair to become a good favorite. Bohemian receded two or three points, the stable considering Hæmus likely to prove the best horse of the two, a Mr. D—n offering 18 to 1, and no takers. Lord Jersey's lot had a host of friends, the leading star of the room backing Blunder with great spirit, and between him and Cobweb there was scarcely a point, both horses having a strong party. Filagree was likewise in more demand, three or four good judges freely taking the odds. A Mr. C—s offered to take 600 to 100 one of the three won; and looking at the strength of the stable, even at this distant period, it would be dangerous to be heavy against them. Colwick is steadily on the advance, a Mr. W—d taking 17 to 1, the party sanguine. Bras-de-Fer was out of favour, the doubts respecting his not going to Epsom gathering strength, and at the close 20 to 1 was offered. Pastille was highly fancied, a Captain M. taking 26 ponies to 1 four times over; he is a highly promising colt, but rather too large. Several of the outside ones were freely backed, a Mr. C—d taking 6000 to 100 about Mr. Petre's Rattler, and would have gone on. Lord Mountcharles's Champion was likewise backed, but not with the same spirit, the party refusing to go on.

There was more doing upon the OAKS, Circassian having plenty of friends, and is decidedly on the advance. A Colonel R. made large offers at diminished odds against each

of the favorites, but it had very little effect. In fact, all betting upon this race is at a stand still, it being considered certain that one of the three must win.

The St. LEGER is dulness itself. The bets offered were 11 to 1 agst Colwick and Bras-de-Fer, and 50 to 1 agst Circassian winning this and the Oaks: in short the speculators evinced unusual caution.

November 25th.

The betting to-day was flat. Caleb and Bohemian were in less favour, and receded. Bras-de-Fer (said to have changed masters) got up, and became first favorite. The following was the average closing prices. Z. B.

DERBY.

15 to 1 agst Bras-de-Fer (taken).
 16 to 1 agst Caleb.
 16 to 1 agst Colwick.
 16 to 1 agst Cobweb.
 17 to 1 agst Blunder (taken).
 20 to 1 agst Bohemian (taken).
 21 to 1 agst Hæmus (taken).
 25 to 1 agst Pastille (freely taken).
 25 to 1 agst Filagree (taken).
 25 to 1 agst Varennes.
 30 to 1 agst Cressida (taken).
 30 to 1 agst Brother to Recruit.
 30 to 1 agst Antiope (taken).
 30 to 1 agst Selictar.
 1000 to 15 agst Rattler (taken).
 1000 to 15 agst Mervinia (taken).
 1000 to 15 agst Varlet.
 1000 to 15 agst Mortimer.
 1000 to 15 agst c. by Dunainane.
 5½ to 1 agst Lord Jersey's lot.
 10 to 1 agst Colwick and Bras-de-Fer.
 14 to 1 agst Recruit and Varennes.
 8 to 1 Caleb and Colwick.

OAKS.

5 to 1 agst Oxygen.
 5½ to 1 agst Circassian (taken).
 11 to 1 agst Delight.
 20 to 1 agst Dahlia.
 20 to 1 agst Espagnolle.
 20 to 1 agst Miss Catton.
 20 to 1 agst Dulcinea.
 25 to 1 agst Euryone.

ST. LEGER.

15 to 1 agst Zany.
 16 to 1 agst Circassian.
 18 to 1 agst Colwick.
 18 to 1 agst Chorister.
 25 to 1 agst Bras-de-Fer.
 25 to 1 agst Frederica.
 25 to 1 agst The Saddler.
 25 to 1 agst Clarence.
 25 to 1 agst Caleb.
 50 to 1 agst Rattler.

ORIGIN, PROGRESS, AND PRESENT STATE OF ARCHERY.

“At marks full *forty score* they used to prick and rove.”—DRAYTON.

THERE are few amusements identified with the pastimes of sylvan enjoyment which can boast of greater antiquity in their origin, or are more conducive to health and pleasing associations in their pursuit, than that of **ARCHERY**.

In the earliest periods of time—whether in the pages of holy writ, or in the varied events of historical record—we find the use of the *bow* not unknown to mankind, either as a weapon of hostility among nations, or an instrument of satisfying individual hunger. A brief sketch of the antiquity of the bow, and a recital of some of the most curious anecdotes which have marked the progress and skill of archery in modern times, has often occurred to us as materials that would form an article of entertaining interest for the readers of the *Sporting Magazine*—an opinion which urges itself more cogently on our conviction, from the known paucity of information on the subject which English literature is capable of imparting. A recent perusal of such fugitive sources as are extant in our national archives has suggested a desire to furnish such an article: its imperfections may probably tempt some of our intelligent contributors to supply the chasm.

Archery is of so great antiquity, that at what time and by whom first practised is very uncertain; and whether the instruments thereof were the contrivance of necessity on some sudden emergency, or the discovery owing to

the pure effects of chance, is equally doubtful. The heathens attributed the invention of the bow to several persons. Pliny says Scythes, the son of Jupiter, found it out; others consider Perseus, the son of Perseus, as the inventor; but Diodorus Siculus, and the majority, give the honour of the discovery to the god Apollo, who wore a crown of laurel because he excelled every one in shooting and playing on the lyre. The statue of Apollo Belvidere is supposed by antiquaries to have had a bow in the hand which is extended; and the Mythology says, Apollo slew the serpent Python with arrows. Certain it is, that no instrument has so generally obtained throughout the earth as the bow; few nations, indeed, but have, at some period or other, used it. This general prevalence makes it doubtful whether more persons than one may not justly lay claim to the invention as their own: we find it in the remotest parts of Asia, and the most northern of Europe; in Africa it is also common. The first discoverers found the bow and arrows among the Americans: and if the invention is denied to more persons than one, the same query arises which is made to the peopling of this quarter of the globe; for all authors agree that the ancients knew no such place as America.

If, therefore, we wish to fix upon an inventor for the noble science of Archery, we can do it in no other way than coincide

with the heathens, and attribute the merit of it to Apollo. At all events the invention is ingenious ; and the contriver, let him be who he may, deserved the thanks of millions.

It is not improbable, moreover, that Nimrod knew the use of the bow, considering he was a great hunter and a man of war. We are certain that the later patriarchs were not ignorant of it (*vide Gen.*) : " and God was with the lad Ishmael, and he grew, and dwelt in the wilderness, and became an archer." The Grecians, too, were well acquainted with these weapons, and their bow (says Montfaucon) was shaped after the letter Σ . Ovid relates that Procris, the wife of Cephalus, in a jealous humour, watching her husband when he went hunting, hid herself in a thicket, and he, perceiving a rustling, imagined some wild beast had taken covert there : bending his unerring bow, he, too late, found that he had killed his wife ! Hercules came with his wife Dejanira to the bank of the river Evenus, where Nessus the Centaur plied with a ferry-boat, which not being large enough to hold both at once, he took over Dejanira, and when arrived at the opposite bank he attempted to carry her away by force ; but Hercules, immediately perceiving it, killed him with an arrow. At the siege of Troy the bow and arrow were in common use : the poets say that a Centaur was brought into the army, who shot his arrows with such force as to pierce through two or three ranks. Philoctes, the son of Pœan, was the companion of Hercules, who, at his death, gave him his arrows, which Philoctes carried to the siege of Troy, without

which Calcas the Soothsayer foretold the city could not be taken. Achilles, it is also well known, was slain with an arrow shot at him by Paris, son of King Priam, when he was going to marry Polyxena in the temple of Apollo.

Though we find very little mention of the bow in the Roman armies, yet they often employed auxiliary archers in their wars. Domitian, Commodus, and Theodosius were uncommonly dexterous in the use of the bow. There were masters at Rome to teach the art, among whom was T. Flavius Expeditus, whose image Spon has given from a sepulchral bas relief, where he is called Doctor Sagittarum. Leo ordained that all the youth of Rome should be compelled to use shooting, more or less, and always bear their bow and quiver about with them till they were eleven years old. He also adds : " We strictly command you to make proclamation to all men under our dominion, which be either in war or peace ; to all cities and towns ; and, finally, to all manner of men—that every free man have bow and arrows of his own, and every house have a bow and forty arrows for every occasion ; and that they exercise themselves in holts, hills, dales, woods, and plains, to inure them to all the chances of war."

The common weapons of the Indians are bows and arrows. Columbus found them among the Caribs and West Indians. In his second voyage, he met with a canoe with four men and one woman, who, perceiving they could not baffle their pursuers, put themselves in a posture of defence, and the female shot an arrow with such force and dexterity, that it actually

went through a strong target ; but the Spaniards, in attempting to board them, upset the canoe, so that they betook themselves to swimming ; and one of them, it is said, used his bow in the water as well as if he had been on dry land. Guadaloupe, at the first discovery, was inhabited by women only : these Amazons opposed the landing of the Spaniards with their bows and arrows. Several of the Indian nations used to shoot with poisoned arrows ; but to the honour of Indian humanity, the use of such horrible weapons was chiefly confined to the cannibal part of them. Sir Walter Raleigh met with some of these in his voyage up the country of Guiana ; and Cavendish had one of his men killed with a poisoned arrow at Sierra Leone.

The Brazilians, when discovered by Cabral, a Portuguese captain, used bows, which they shot so dexterously as very seldom to miss their aim ; their arrows were pointed with fish-bone that would penetrate the thickest boards. In Drake's voyage the Brazilian bows are described as of an ell in length. Vasco da Gama, another Portuguese, found bows and arrows in the East India Isles ; they were also used in Calcutta, which he experienced to the loss of a number of his men.

We find no mention of the bow among the Britons ; and the Romans making but little use of it, such instruments were not common till the coming of the Saxons, who (according to Versetegan) first brought them into general use in this land ; and they, in all probability, had their knowledge from their ancestors

the Scythians, who were excellent archers.

Cauden thus speaks of this fascinating art :—" Amongst all the English artillery, archery challengeth the pre-eminency as peculiar to our nation, as the sarissa was to the Macedonians ; the gesa to the old Gauls ; the framaea to Germans ; the machera to the Greeks : first shewed to the English by the Danes ; brought in by the Normans, and continued by their successors, to the great glory of England in achieving victories."

The bow, however, was not confined to martial purposes alone ; it was also used in Sporting—for birding there was a particular kind of arrow called a bird-bolt. We read that Godfrey of Boulogne broached three swallows upon his arrow at one shot when he commanded in the Holy Land, which being a thing very remarkable, he took the three birds for his coat of arms.

William the Conqueror (who had a considerable number of bowmen in his army at the battle of Hastings) was an admirable archer, and was so strong that none but himself could bend the bow he used. In several of our historians there is this curious poetic charter relating to archery :—

I William, King,
In the third year of my reign,
Give to thee, Norman hunter,
To me that art dear,
The Hop and the Hoptown,
And all the bounds up and down,
Under the earth to Hell,
Above the earth to Heaven,
From me and mine
To thee and thine,
As good and as fair
As ever mine were.

To witness that this is sooth,
 I bite the wax with my tooth,
 Before Jugge, Maud, and Margery,
 And my youngest son Henry ;
 For a bow and a broad arrow
 When I come to hunt upon Yarrow.

In the ages of chivalry, the use of the bow was considered as an essential part of the education of a young man who wished to make a figure in life. The heroes of romance are, therefore, usually praised for their skill in archery ; and Chaucer, with propriety, says of Sir Thopas, " He was a good archere."

The fatal accident by which William II. lost his life by an arrow while hunting in the New Forest, is too familiar to the reader to require recital.

Richard Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, was, as his name implies, a mighty archer : it is said his arms were so long that he could touch his knees without stooping. This Nobleman rendered himself famous by his exploits in Ireland ; after reducing that country for Henry II. he died in 1177.

Richard I., when besieging the castle of Chaluze, approached too near the walls, and was killed by an arrow from a cross-bow, on the 8th of March 1199. It is during the reign of this Monarch that we first find mention made of Robert Fitz-ooth, Earl of Huntington, vulgarly called *Robin Hood*, who, as tradition goes, was the best marksman and stoutest archer of his time. The intestine troubles of England were very great at that time, and the country every where infested with outlaws and banditti ; amongst whom none were so famous as this sylvan hero and his followers, whom Stow, in his "An-

nals," styles *Renowned Thieves*. The personal courage of this celebrated outlaw, his skill in archery, his humanity, and especially his levelling principle of taking from the rich and giving to the poor, have ever since rendered him the favorite of the common people. Sir Edward Coke, speaking of Robin Hood, says, that men of his lawless profession were, from him, called *Roberdsmen* : he says, that this notable thief gave not only a name to these kind of men, but mentions a bay on the Yorkshire coast, called " Robin Hood's Bay." The true name of Robin Hood, it appears, was Robert Fitz-ooth : the addition of *Fitz*, common to many Norman names, was afterwards often omitted, or dropped. The two last letters *th* being turned into *d*, he was called by the common people *Ood* or *Hood*.

It is evident he was a man of quality, as is manifested in his pedigree in Dr. Stukeley's *Paleographia Britannica* : John Scot, tenth Earl of Huntington, dying in 1237, without issue, R. Fitz-ooth was, by the female line, next heir to that title, as descended from Gilbert de Gaunt, Earl of Kyme and Lindsey. The title lying dormant during the last ten years of his life, there could be nothing unreasonable or extraordinary in his pretensions to that honour. The arms of Robin Hood were *gules, two bends engrailed or*. In an old collection of ballads, intitled *Robin Hood's Garland*, he is said to have been born at Loxley in Staffordshire ; and in a shooting match, made by the King and Queen, being chosen by the latter for her archer, she calls him

Loxley—a custom very common in those days to call persons of eminence by the name of the town where they were born. On this occasion, we are told, that Robin Hood was dressed in scarlet, and his men in green; and that they all wore black hats and white feathers. It does not appear that our hero possessed any estate; perhaps, he or his father might have been deprived of that on some political account, attainders and confiscations being very frequent in those days of Norman tyranny and feudal oppression.

The mention of Robin Hood brings to recollection that very entertaining passage in one of Sir Walter Scott's delightful romances, where Prince John was present at the competition of archery between the best archers of Leicester and Staffordshire, and where Robin Hood, or *Locksley* (as he is there called), and Hubert, a forester, displayed their wonderful skill at the long-bow. The contention of these renowned marksmen is so felicitously narrated, that the introduction of it here will not fail to be regarded by the reader as singularly appropriate. The archers, having previously determined by lot their order of precedence, were to shoot each three shafts in succession.

One by one the archers stepping yeomanlike and bravely. Of twenty-four arrows shot in succession ten were fixed in the target, and the others ranged so near it, that, considering the distance of the mark, it was accounted good archery. Of the ten shafts which hit the target, two within the inner ring were shot by Hu-

bert, a forester in the service of Malvoisin, who was accordingly pronounced victorious.

"Now, Locksley," said Prince John to the devoted yeoman, with a bitter smile, "wilt thou try conclusions with Hubert, or wilt thou yield up bow, baldrick, and quiver to the Provost of the sports?"

"Sith it may be no better," said Locksley, "I am content to try my fortune; on condition, that when I have shot two shafts at yonder mark of Hubert's, he shall be bound to shoot one at that which I shall propose."

"That is but fair," answered Prince John, "and it shall not be refused thee. If thou dost beat this braggart, Hubert, I will fill the bugle with silver pennies for thee."

"A man can but do his best," answered Hubert; "but my great-grandsire drew a good long bow at Hastings, and I trust not to dishonour his memory."

The former target was now removed, and a fresh one of the same size placed in its room. Hubert, who, as victor in the first trial of skill, had the right to shoot first, took his aim with great deliberation, long measuring the distance with his eye, while he held in his hand his bended bow with the arrow placed on the string. At length he made a step forward, and raising the bow at the full stretch of his left arm, till the centre, or grasping-place, was nigh level with his face, he drew the bow-string to his ear. The arrow whistled through the air and lighted within the inner ring of the target, but not exactly in the centre.

"You have not allowed for the wind, Hubert," said his anta-

gonist, bending his bow, "or that had been a better shot."

So saying, and without shewing the least anxiety to pause upon his aim, Locksley stepped to the appointed station, and shot his arrow as carelessly in appearance as if he had not even looked at the mark. He was speaking almost at the instant that the shaft left the bow-string, yet it alighted in the target two inches nearer to the white spot which marked the centre than that of Hubert.

"By the light of Heaven!" said Prince John to Hubert, "an thou suffer that runagate knave to overcome thee, thou art worthy of the gallows."

Hubert had but one set speech for all occasions—"An your Highness were to hang me," he said, "a man can do but his best. Nevertheless, my grandsire drew a good bow."

"The foul fiend on thy grandsire and all his generation," interrupted John; "shoot, knave, and shoot thy best, or it shall be the worst for thee!"

Thusexhorted, Hubert resumed his place, and not neglecting the caution which he had received from his adversary, he made the necessary allowance for a very light air of wind which had just arisen, and shot so successfully that his arrow alighted in the very centre of the target.

"A Hubert! a Hubert!" shouted the populace, more interested in a known person than a stranger. "In the clout! in the clout! a Hubert for ever!"

"Thou can'st not mend that shot, Locksley," said the Prince with an insulting smile.

"I will notch his shaft for him, however," replied Locksley.

And, letting fly his arrow with

a little more precaution than before, it lighted right upon that of his competitor, which it split to shivers. The people who stood around were so astonished at his wonderful dexterity, that they could not even give vent to their surprise in their usual clamour. "This must be the devil, and no man of flesh and blood!" whispered the yeomen to each other: "such archery was never seen since a bow was first bent in Britain."

"And now," said Locksley, "I crave your Grace's permission to plant such a mark as is used in the North-country; and welcome every brave yeoman who shall try a shot at it to win a smile from the bonny lass he loves best."

He then turned to leave the lists. "Let your guards attend me," he said, "if you please: I go but to cut a rod from the next willow-bush."

Prince John made a signal that some attendants should follow him in case of his escape; but the cry of shame! shame! which burst from the multitude, induced him to alter his ungenerous purpose.

Locksley returned almost instantly with a willow wand about six feet in length, perfectly straight, and rather thicker than a man's thumb. He began to peal this with great composure, observing at the same time that to ask a good woodsman to shoot at a target so broad as had hitherto been used, was to put shame upon his skill. "For his own part," he said, "and in the land where he was bred, men would as soon take for their mark King Arthur's round table, which held sixty Knights around it. A child of seven years old," he said, "might

hit it with a headless shaft; but," added he, walking deliberately to the other end of the lists, and sticking the willow wand upright in the ground, "he that hits that rod at five-score yards, I call him an archer fit to bear both bow and quiver before a King, an it were the stout King Richard himself."

"My grandsire," said Hubert, "drew a good bow at the battle of Hastings, and never shot at such a mark in his life, and neither will I. If this yeoman can cleave that rod, I give him the bucklers; or rather, I yield to the devil that is in his jerkin, and not to any human skill: a man can do but his best, and I will not shoot where I am sure to miss. I might as well shoot at the edge of our parson's whittle, or at a wheat straw, or at a sun-beam, as at a twinkling white streak which I can hardly see."

"Cowardly dog!" said Prince John. "Sirrah Locksley, do thou shoot; but if thou hittest such a mark, I will say thou art the first man ever did so. Howe'er it be, thou shalt not crow over us with a mere show of superior skill."

"I will do my best, as Hubert says," answered Locksley; "no man can do more."

So saying, he again bent his bow, but on the present occasion looked with attention to his weapon, and changed the string, which he thought was no longer truly round, having been a little frayed by the two former shots. He then took his aim with some deliberation, and the multitude awaited the event in breathless silence. The archer vindicated their opinion of his skill: his arrow split the willow rod against which it was aimed. A jubilee

of acclamations followed; and even Prince John, in admiration of Locksley's skill, lost his dislike to his person. "These twenty nobles," he said, "which, with the bugle, thou hast fairly won, are thine own: we will make them fifty, if thou wilt take livery and service with us as a yeoman of our body guard, and be near to our person. For never did so strong a hand bend a bow, or so true an eye direct a shaft."

"Pardon me, noble Prince," said Locksley; "but I have vowed, that, if ever I take service, it should be with your royal brother, King Richard. These twenty nobles I leave to Hubert, who has this day drawn as brave a bow as his grandsire did at Hastings. Had his modesty not refused the trial, he would have hit the wand as well as I."

Charlton, in his "History of Whitby Abbey," recites, "That in the days of Abbot Richard, this freebooter, when closely pursued by the civil or military power, found it necessary to leave his usual haunts, and, retreating across the moors that surrounded Whitby, came to the sea coast, where he always had in readiness some small fishing vessels; and in these putting off to sea, he looked upon himself as quite secure, and held the whole power of the English nation at defiance. The chief place of his resort at these times, and where his boats were generally laid up, was about six miles from Whitby, and is still called *Robin Hood's Bay*."

Tradition further informs us, that in one of these peregrinations, Robin, attended by his Lieutenant, John Little, went to

dine (possibly without invitation) with Abbot Richard, who having heard them often famed for their great dexterity in shooting with the long-bow, begged them after dinner to shew him a specimen thereof; when, to oblige the Abbot, they went up to the top of the Abbey, whence each of them shot an arrow, which fell not far from Whitby Laths, but on the contrary side of the lane. In memory of this transaction, a pillar was set up by the Abbot in the place where each of the arrows fell, which were standing in 1779; the respective pillars still retaining the name of the owner of each arrow. Their distance from Whitby Abbey is more than a measured mile, which seems very far for the flight of an arrow; but when we consider the advantage a shooter must have from an elevation so great as the top of the Abbey, situated on a high cliff, the fact will not appear so very extraordinary.

Hubert, Archbishop of Canterbury and Chief Justiciary of England, we are told, issued several proclamations for the suppressing of outlaws; and even set a price on the head of this hero. Several stratagems were ineffectually employed to apprehend him. Force he repelled by force; nor was he less artful than his enemies. At length being closely pursued, many of his followers slain, and the rest dispersed, he took refuge in the Priory of Kirklees, about twelve miles from Leeds, the Prioress at that time being his near relation. Old age, disappointment, and fatigue, brought on disease: a monk was called in to open a vein, who, either through ignorance or design, performed his part so ill

that the bleeding could not be stopped. Believing he should not recover, and wishing to point out the place where his remains might be deposited, Robin Hood called for his bow, and discharging two arrows, the first fell in the river Calder; the second falling in the park, marked the place of his future sepulture. He died on the 24th of December 1247, as appears by an epitaph which was once legible on his tomb in Kirklees Park; where, though the tomb remains, yet the inscription has been long obliterated.

In the churchyard of Hathersage, a village in Derbyshire, were deposited the remains of John Little, the servant and companion of Robin Hood. The grave is distinguished by a large stone placed at the head, and another at the feet, on each of which are yet some vestiges of the letters I. L.

Of the renowned archer William Tell, who was wantonly ordered by Gesler, the Governor of the Swiss Cantons, to shoot an arrow at an apple placed on the head of his own son, at the distance of one hundred and twenty paces, which he triumphantly achieved, and who subsequently attacked and vanquished Gesler, who fell by an arrow from the same hand; we need say no more to bring these recorded facts to the familiar recollection of the reader.

In the history of our own country we find numerous instances also of the brilliant successes accomplished by archery. Edward III., in the fifteenth year of his reign, issued an order to the Sheriffs of most of the English counties, for providing 500 white bows and 500 bundles of arrows

for the then intended war against France in 1341. Similar orders were repeated in the following years; with this difference only, that the Sheriff of Gloucester was directed to furnish 500 painted bows, as well as the same number of white. The famous battle of Cressy was fought four years afterwards, in which the English are said to have had 4000 archers, who were opposed to 15,000 Genoese cross-bowmen. These having their bow-strings moistened with rain, their arrows fell short from want of the usual elasticity. The English having guarded against this inconvenience, gained a complete victory. The battle of Poitiers was fought ten years after, and gained also by the superiority of the English archers.

Sometimes, we find, the archers gained very signal victories without the least assistance from the men at arms; particularly the decisive victory over the Scots at Hamilton in 1402. In that sanguinary conflict the men at arms were mere spectators of the valour and triumph of the archers.

Philip de Comines acknowledges what our own writers assert, that the English archers excelled those of every other nation; and Sir John Fortescue says again and again, "that the might of the realme of England standyth upon archers."

In 1403 was the battle of Shrewsbury—the best fought and the most desperate that England had ever seen: the archers on both sides did terrible execution. It was here that the Prince of

Wales, afterwards Henry V., was wounded in the face by an arrow. The King, on returning to England from this victory, and sensible of the great use and importance of his archers, directed the Sheriffs of counties to collect six wing-feathers from every goose, for the purpose of improving arrows, which were to be paid for by the King. It appears that these six feathers should consist of the second, third, and fourth of each wing.

In the fifth year of Edward IV. a law was passed, enacting that every Englishman, and Irishman dwelling with Englishmen, should have an English bow made of his own height, which was directed to be made of yew*, wych, hazel, ash, or awborne, or any other reasonable tree, according to their power. This Act also directed that butts should be made in every township, which the inhabitants were obliged to shoot up and down every feast-day, under a penalty of a halfpenny. Hence the names of several places at the present day, which have obvious reference to the former exercise of archery sports; as Newington Butts, Brentford Butts, &c.—*Butts*, it may not be inappropriate to remark, are made from long plats of turf, pressed close down, and are about eight feet wide, inclining narrower towards the top; the base is between three and four feet thick; the height at the middle about seven feet. The top is generally finished according to the fancy of the archer—either pyramidal, circular, or in the shape of an urn.

* When the bow was used as a weapon of war, the English yew was mostly so bad, even at a period when it was cultivated for the purpose, that every merchant trading abroad was compelled by Act of Parliament to import a stipulated number of staves.

Roberts, in his *English Bowman*, recommends turf cut from commons as possessing the roots of heath, and is therefore preferable to any other, because it knits the sods firmly together, and makes them more durable.

Richard III., by his attention to archery, was able to send one thousand bowmen to the Duke of Bretagne; and he availed himself of the same troops at the battle of Bosworth.

Henry VII. directed a large body of archers to be sent to Brittany, and that they should be reviewed before they embarked. In the nineteenth year of his reign, the same King forbade the use of the cross-bow, "because the long-bow had been much used in this realme, whereby honour and victory had been gotten against outward enemies, and the realme greatly defended." It was this King who instituted a band of archers to guard the Royal Person, under the title of *Yeomen of the Guard*, a band which still exists, though, instead of bows, they are now armed with swords and halberts. Still, however, to keep up the memory of their predecessors' skill, they annually practise shooting with bows and arrows. Henry VII. in his youth, was particularly partial to the exercise of archery; and we find he frequently amused himself with the bow after he had obtained the Crown, as we read of in the account of his expenditure. Both the sons of this Monarch followed the example of their Royal Parent, and were excellent archers, especially the eldest, Prince Arthur, who used often to visit the Society of London Bowmen at Mile-End, where

they usually met, and practised with them. From his expertness in handling the bow, every good shooter was called by his name. The Captain also of the fraternity was honored with the title of *Prince Arthur*, and the other archers were styled his *Knights*. After the death of Prince Arthur, his brother Henry continued to honour the meeting at Mile-End with his presence. He was exceedingly fond of archery; and, if an old authority may be credited, at the time of his coming to the Crown, "he shotte as strong and as greate a lengthe as any of his garde."

Henry VIII., in the third year of his reign, directed that every father should provide a bow and two arrows for his son when he shall be seven years old. It was subsequently enacted, in the reign of the same Monarch, that every one, except Clergy and Judges, should be obliged to shoot at butts. In a splendid shooting match at Windsor before this King, when the exercise was nearly over, his Majesty observing one of his guard, named Barlow, preparing to shoot, said to him, "Beat them all, Barlow, and thou shalt be Duke of Archers." Barlow drew his bow, executed the King's command, and received the promised reward, being created *Duke of Shoreditch*, that being the place of his residence. Several others of the most expert marksmen were honored with titles; as, *Earl of Pancridge* (Pancras), *Marquis of Clerkenwell*, &c. The same Monarch and Queen Catherine, on one occasion, went from Greenwich to Shooter's-Hill, on May-day, where they were received by

two hundred archers clad in green, with a Captain personating Robin Hood, who first shewed the King the skill of his archers in shooting; after which the ladies were conducted into the wood, and feasted with venison and wine, in arbours and bowers curiously decorated.

Edward VI., though not so conspicuous as his father or his uncle, was nevertheless an encourager of archery, and frequently amused himself with the bow.

In the reign of Elizabeth, on the 17th September 1583, the London archers, to the number of three thousand, with each a long bow and four arrows, marched to a place near Shoreditch, called *Hodgson's Fields*, where a tent was pitched for the chief citizens. Proclamation was made by sound of trumpet, that every man should stand at least forty feet from each side of the butts (these butts were distant from each other 148 yards). This exercise lasted two days. On the evening of the second day the victors were led off the field, mounted on horses, and attended by two hundred persons, with each a lighted torch in his hand. The dresses of this assembly would, at the present day, be thought singular. The archers were distinguished by green ribands and sashes; most part of the company had hats and jerkins of black velvet, doublets of satin and taffety; and upwards of nine hundred persons, each of whom wore a chain of gold.

Charles I. appears, from the dedication of a Treatise on the subject, to have been an archer. In the eighth year of his reign he issued a commission to the Chancellor, Lord Mayor, and several

of the Privy Council, to prevent the fields near London being so inclosed as to interrupt the necessary and profitable exercise of shooting; as also to lower the mounds where they prevented the view from one mark to another. This Prince likewise issued two proclamations, in 1681 and 1689, for the promotion of archery; the last of which recommends the use of the bow and pike together.

On the 21st March 1661, four hundred archers marched with flying colours to Hyde Park, where several of them with cross-bows shot near twenty score yards; and some of them—to the amazement of the spectators—hit the mark at that great distance. There were likewise, on this occasion, three showers of whistling arrows. So splendid, in short, was the appearance, and so pleasing the exercise, that three regiments of foot laid down their arms to join the spectators.

In this reign, one John King, of Hipperholm, near Halifax in Yorkshire, was esteemed the best archer of his time in England. He was, in consequence of his skill, sent for to the Court of Charles I. and won great wagers. Being declared the victor at a public shooting match at Manchester during Cromwell's administration, some of the gentry caused him to be carried upon men's shoulders, crying "A King! a King!" Great numbers of republicans being present were alarmed, and cried out as eagerly, "Treason! treason! a plot! a plot!" This renowned archer died in 1675.

After the Restoration, archery became again the favorite and popular amusement. Charles II.

took such delight in it, that he even knighted an individual* for excelling an excellent shot; and his Royal Consort, Catherine of Portugal, was probably much pleased with the pastime of archery; for in compliment to her, in 1676, by the contributions of Sir Edward Hungerford and others, a silver badge for the Marshal of the fraternity of bowmen was made, weighing twenty-five ounces, and representing an archer drawing the long bow, with the following inscription: *Reginæ Catharinæ Sagittarii*. The supporters were two bowmen, with the arms of England and Portugal.

On the 14th July 1681, the London Archers, to the number of one thousand, under the command of Mr. Edwards and Mr. Henry Warren, marched to Hampton Court to shoot for several pieces of plate—viz. two silver cups and three dozen of silver spoons. The target was placed upon a butt erected on purpose upon the lawn before the palace. The King was pleased to honour them with his presence on the occasion; His Majesty stayed nearly two hours, and permitted as many of the archers as pleased to kiss his hand—a mark of the pleasure he took in viewing their exercise.

On the death of Charles archery again began to decline, and was confined in its practice to a few counties only, till about fifty years ago, when it was revived with increased splendour throughout every part of England, as ap-

pears by the number of Societies at that time instituted.

To Sir Ashton Lever, perhaps, may be ascribed the revival of the science: it is certain that the Society of Toxophilites owes its origin to him. Among the other institutions which rose under different titles, may also be named the Hatfield Archers, under the patronage of Lady Salisbury:—the Royal British Bowmen, which Society shot for the prizes given by His late Majesty, when Prince of Wales, on the 3d of September 1790; the Ladies' Prize, a gold medallion, was won by Lady Cunliff; and the Gentlemen's, a silver bugle horn, was gained by R. Hesketh, Esq.:—the Caledonian, or Edinburgh Archers (the most numerous of any Society, being above 900 in number), at whose grand match, in 1789, Lord Aylesford attended, and the fame of his dexterity was blown so high that the Caledonian band dreaded the issue of the encounter. Mr. Gray, however, a Writer to the Signet—who was an incomparable shot—won the prize. The Royal Company of Archers, in the month of August 1790, shot on the banks of the Tweed for the ancient arrow belonging to the Town of Peebles, when Lord Elibank gained the prize. The Bowmen of Chevy Chase is a Society formed in Northumberland; the patron of which is the Duke of the county, who presents them with a silver arrow. There are other and numerous Societies now existing,

* Sir William Wood. The following couplet formed a part of the inscription on Sir William's tomb-stone:—

“Long did he live, the honour of the bow,
And his long life to that alone did owe.”

which continue their annual and monthly meetings: such as the Royal Kentish Bowmen, Robin Hood's Bowmen, John O'Gaunt's Bowmen, Hainault Foresters, &c. &c.

The different kinds of prizes that are shot for are—silver arrows, silver bugles, silver cups, gold medals, silver medals, besides bows and arrows. Three arrows form the complement for a prize. In archery a *pair* of arrows is *three*.

Roger Ascham, who wrote the first treatise upon English Archery in 1544, says, that of all other pastimes "archery is moste fitte and agreeable with learning and learned men;" and he mentions that several Bishops of his own time practised themselves much in archery. As a bodily exercise, too, archery was so much approved of by Bishop Latimer, that he is said to have actually preached a sermon in favour of it before Edward VI.

As an amusement archery has these advantages over all others as a field diversion, that it is not only approved of by our ablest physicians, but it is also strongly recommended by them as one of the most healthy exercises for either male or female that can be pursued. It strengthens and braces the bodily frame, without that laborious exertion common to many games, every nerve and sinew being regularly brought into play without the risk of ex-

posure to those alternate heats and colds incident to many diversions, as cricket, tennis, &c. Another advantage—and no mean one—attending the sports of archery is, that it is equally open to the fair sex, by whom we are pleased to find it has now for many years been a favorite recreation, particularly among the Nobility: it is the only field-diversion, in short, that a lady can enjoy, without incurring the imputation of being thought masculine. Madame Bola, formerly a celebrated opera dancer, on being taught the use of the bow, declared that of all attitudes she ever studied (and the remark of one whose life was dedicated to the studying of attitudes is entitled to some respect), she considered the position of shooting with the long bow the most noble; and certainly the figure of either man or woman cannot be displayed to greater advantage than in the act of drawing the bow at an elevation.

Pursuing this amusement we may, at pleasure, encounter the sharp air of the mountain, or inhale the milder breeze of the valley—roving (or shooting at various lengths, to the extent even of the utmost powers of the bow and of our own strength) over the most beautiful parts of the country, and in the most delightful season of the year—advantages which no other diversion can afford—when

"Fair-handed *Spring* unbosoms ev'ry grace;
Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot,
Full of fresh verdure and unnumber'd flowers,
The negligence of Nature, wide and wild;
Where, undisguis'd by mimic art, she spreads
Unbounded beauty to the roving eye."

THE ROAD, &c.

BY DRIVER.



SIR,
THAT to see coaching in perfection a man ought not to pass beyond the limits of a hundred miles from London, has long been an admitted axiom; but even within that compass much diversity is to be found in the way of coaches, horses, guards, and coachmen.

What similarity is there between a heavy Dover drag—consisting of two bodies, and a “patent safety” into the bargain, driven by a nautical sort of hero in a frieze coat, with a “sow-wester” looking hat, the guard’s seat occupied by an outlandish monster, possessed of what is called a very correct *IDEA* of the French language, for the purpose of pillaging the poor devils of Messieurs who fall into his clutches—and a prime bang-up University Whip, with the benefit of a College education (at least if drinking in College constitutes one), a smattering of Latin, a superabundance of slang, four fast trotters, and a light day-coach!

Notwithstanding the improvements that have and are still taking place in our public conveyances—and which, unless superseded by steam-carriages, bid fair to supersede posting—I think stage coachmen are rather on the wane in the scale of respectability. Very few years have elapsed since it was the fashion to patronize them; and instances are not wanting of persons in the higher walks of life imitating, nay even associating with, them. This, however, is a sort of thing which very soon finds its own

level. Although exceptions, and brilliant ones too, are not wanting—for instance, the Hon. Lincoln Stanhope, or in more remote times, Mr. Ball Hughes, then Mr. Hughes Ball—yet still, generally speaking, coach-driving, unlike hunting or shooting, will not admit of a Gentleman’s performing the work of a servant, without imbibing in a greater or less degree the manners and appearance of one. Their ways, which are peculiar and catching, slide imperceptibly upon one; and many a gentlemanlike young man has found himself attired “*à la cocher*” before he has acquired the sublime art of killing a fly on the flank of his near-side leader.

The difference between an amateur and an operative coachman was well exemplified in the case of poor Harry Stevenson, late proprietor and driver of *The Age* on the Brighton Road. Not only was he a Gentleman by birth and education, but his appearance and manner bespoke him one: and yet, though he was intimate with several of the first Noblemen and Gentlemen in England, the Colonel of a crack Hussar regiment read a lecture to the Officers for having invited “a coachman” to dine at the mess.

I knew poor Stevenson well, and have often sat by him, admiring his driving, and pitying the unfortunate line of life he had chosen. Though he certainly was losing it by degrees, I do not know of any other road where he could so long have commanded a certain respect, as he did on the Brighton one. So far from the other coachmen endeavouring to annoy, or con-

sidering him as an intruder, they seemed to vie with each other who should behave the most civilly ; and I will be bound to say that there were more hats touched to Stevenson in one day than to any individual, except Royalty, that ever travelled that road.

The annals of coaching afford no similar instance to that of poor Stevenson ; nor was there ever a stage coach turned out in the same style : but ere another aspirant for similar fame makes his *debut*, let him consider well the awful deficiency which at the close of three years was exhibited against *The Age* !

Stockdale, on the Tonbridge Road, was a good whip. He was also a literary character, and beguiled the road with cockney slang and quotations from Pope ! He drove to London and back six days a week—the Sunday, he said, he spent at home studying the Greek Testament, and translating *Οι, οι, τυφλοι οδηγοί*, into “wo, wo, ye blind leaders !”

Fox-hunters are mostly outside passengers on stage coaches ; and where the journey begins and ends between the times of rising and going to bed, I always avail myself of a seat there, generally trying for the box—partly to have the benefit of the coachman’s apron or great coat for my legs, and partly because one’s conversational powers are not put in requisition, very monosyllabic sorts of answers generally sufficing their observations.

The London ones to be sure are not all so accommodating, and some give evident symptoms of the “Schoolmaster.” I met with one very choice spirit last

summer, who drives the Leeds Union from the George and Blue Boar (or *blue breeches* as some wag called it) to Eaton Socon in Bedfordshire. He was a patron, if not a member of the Zoological Society, had a slight knowledge of botany, and when, as he entered the town of Biggleswade, his leaders came slap down and broke their knees all to pieces, he observed that they had made a terrible “fore paw” (*faux paw*). The London coachmen at all events are civil (at least if you pay them well), and do not consider themselves quite your equals : moreover some of them have a good deal of sharp peculiar humour about them. Not so your country-performer, who is in general a very slow hand, pokes you in the ribs when he wants to say any thing—perhaps nearly ejecting you from the box by a knowing jerk of the elbow, and his want of wit is supplied by grossness.

I had a fine specimen of a Yorkshire guard on the Leeds Union. He goes all the way through with the coach, which performs the journey in twenty-four hours. His dimensions are very considerable ; his weight I should think about eighteen stone ; and I need scarcely add he is not very agile. However, the coach never stopped to change horses but he managed to lower himself down from his seat to get what he called a snack, which was anything he could lay his “fore paws” on ; and he invariably issued from the inns with his huge bacon jaws busily engaged in the act of mastication.

The weather having been unsettled and threatening, I had taken an inside place ; but about

six o'clock in the morning issued from my den to inhale a little fresh air, and found myself stuck up behind beside the man of large dimensions. It was somewhere between Doncaster and Pontefract, and he was spinning what the sailors call a "dapper yarn" respecting the merits of a large umbrella which covered the whole of the back part of the coach.

I could not catch much of his discourse, but at length he lowered the sail, and with the assistance of another passenger began to strap it to the coach. "There's ne hoil, man," said he, "there's ne hoil," as in vain his assistant attempted to push the tongue of the buckle through the huge leather strap that belonged to it. At length they hit the hoil (hole), and the monster sank exhausted into his seat. Presently the coach pulled up at a sort of half-way house, which he entered, and, arter keeping us waiting some few minutes, he sallied forth with his mouth and hands crammed full of cold beef, which he munched with the greatest apparent satisfaction. "That's excellent beef!" said he, as he gulped down the last mouthful; "it only wants a little bit more salt to be capital: if my 'Jack-a-legs' had nabbut been a bit sharper I could ha' eat another pund on't." Then rising himself up, he called across the coach, evidently suffering from the greatness of the exertion: "Oy say, Smith, droive nigh Plum Tree: dinna droive gain it, ye knaw, but droive nigh te'it!"—"Yes, Smith," said the coachman; for, wonderful to relate, they were both distinguished by that singular name! However, nothing

happened for some time, and the request had almost escaped my recollection; when suddenly, about eight miles farther on, at a sharp turn in the road, Smith the guard made a desperate attack with both hands upon a plum-tree, an overhanging branch of which, loaded with small half-ripe fruit, he succeeded in tearing off, to his evident heart and stomach-felt satisfaction, for his whole soul seemed centred in that tree. Fond as I am at all times of anything humorous or original, I confess my Southern appetite was quite surfeited by witnessing the gastric feats of this Northern guard.

The Yorkshire dialect is known all the world over, but there are some words in common use which have not travelled beyond the confines of the county. Who would ever have thought of "tike" being the appellation of either "a horse, a mare, or a man?" Thus they say, "I'm ganning on tike back to hunt with tike Harewood's hounds:" meaning that the speaker is going to hunt with the Earl of Harewood's hounds: and then there are canny tikes, and bonny tikes, and tecastril tikes, *cum multis aliis*, which I take shame unto myself (as the Emperor of Morocco would say) that I cannot interpret.

I visited Lord (or Tike I suppose I must call him) Harewood's hounds, and, thanks to the post-boy who drove me amid a pelting shower of rain close to his very windows, I also visited his park. Without reference to the cooling shower which was falling, I think it was the coolest thing I ever saw done; and I fully calculated upon one of the Mr.

Lascelles, who were standing at the door, ordering us to retrace our steps. Should this meet his eye, I trust he will hold me exculpated, when I say that I was perfectly ignorant of the locality of the mansion, leaving it entirely to the driver to go the right way from the kennel to the high road, and that I should be extremely sorry to be a trespasser on private property.

The Noble Earl's kennel is, like himself, well worth seeing, and the word "good" is equally applicable to both. It stands on the side of a hill, in the immediate neighbourhood of the out-offices. The pack consists of fifty-five couple of nice middle sized hounds, seventeen and a half couple of which were the entry for this season. His Lordship had just left the kennel when I got there; however, I found Bamford the huntsman, a neat, well-made, civil fellow, who called over the hounds, and shewed me everything worth seeing. There are some very nice bitches among the lot; but I forget all their names except Cheerful and Jollity, the sight of which will drive the blue devils away from any man. Comus, Absolute, Lifter, and Bondsman, all stallion hounds, are good, and Warlike (another) is excellent. His Lordship pays them a daily visit, and they shew evident symptoms of the "eye of the master." They commenced cub hunting early in September in some woody country belonging to the Hunt.

Harrogate is only a stone's throw from Harewood; and though it is not a place one ever hears of in the South, I assure

you a night may be spent in a worse.

I went to the Crown, the landlord of which (Mr. Thackaway) most obligingly turned his best Spanish pointer out of his quarters to give me his bed. Unexampled civility!!! The company consisted of all sorts—the halt, the lame, the blind, the dumb, the deaf—in short it was a species of "infirmity fair," where very few bodily complaints were not to be met with. Nevertheless the cripples ate and drank, and drank and ate five times each day, and six times on a Sunday. I think it was a Friday night I passed there, and a card stuck on the mantel piece of the feeding-room announced that "The Queen requested the pleasure of the Crown's company to a ball," an invitation which several of the tigers accepted, leaving the menagerie comparatively quiet.

An officious black curly-pated little waiter, named William or George, was very desirous of putting me into a yellow post-chaise, with *straw* in the bottom, to be conveyed to the festive scene, not of course from any interested motive, but merely from a laudable desire to amuse a stranger. The man, I understand, is a character; but I am not an admirer of waiter's wit, having an idea that it is mostly very stale, independently of which I always bear in mind the old copy-head, that "Too much familiarity breeds contempt."

I heard of two very good things which this man said *unintentionally*; though mind, one was to the late Sir William Gerrard (uncle to the present Baronet), who having no roof to his mouth had

great difficulty in articulating. He rang his bell one day, and his own servants being out, the waiter answered, and the worthy Baronet, said, "order me a po chag." Presently the man returned with a poached egg on a plate. "G—d d—n, Sir, order me a po chag, I told you." The waiter went out, and brought in a boiled one, with an egg cup and spoon; upon which Sir William bristled up, and swore he would horsewhip him, when luckily his own valet entered the room, and found his master wanted a post-chaise!!!

The other happened to a learned and saintly Judge, still, I believe, upon the Bench. He had retired into one corner of the public day-room to indite an epistle, and seeing the waiter bustling about, he called him in his usual grave and mysterious manner: "Waiter," said he in an under tone, "pray is there a *w* in Harrogate?" — "*I don't know, my Lord,*" said William, with a shake of his head, and putting on one of his slyest looks, "*master is very particular, but I dare say I can manage it for you!!!*"

There was a sort of practical joke played off upon a Lady and Gentleman at dinner on the day on which I was there, which some people attributed to this hero. Among various useless articles which composed the stock in trade of some travelling pedlars, who held a bazaar upon the Green in front of the Crown, were some pincushions made in the shape of game-cocks, feathered and all quite natural. The plates at dinner are always turned down, and the person's name who is to occupy the seat written upon the bottom of them.

Well, what should appear when these parties turned up theirs—but two game-cocks!!!

The Lady did not know what to make of it at first, or how to take it; but the Gentleman was mightily pleased, and pocketing it till tea-time, he went about from party to party shewing his cock to all the ladies, and attributing the joke to some of them. I hear that he afterwards passed there by the name of "Cock Thompson."

Being anxious to get to York, and hearing that a coach started every morning at half-past seven from another inn close by, I sauntered out to take a place. All the *elite* of low Harrogate had turned out to see two kicking mares put to the royal mail, and calculate the risk that His Majesty's liege subjects travelling thereby were likely to run that night. It is really astonishing how some coach-proprietors trifle with people's lives.

I found the York coachman in the yard, and having communicated my desire, he most politely informed me "that he should be very happy of my company." Accordingly I left my "downy bed at break of day," and, as it was somewhat inclined to be moist, trundled inside a dirty coach drawn by four "tike horses," known by the several appellations of Rumbleguts and Bumblekite, Staggering Bob and Davey. I was well planted, however, having a pretty teacher from a boarding-school in York alongside of me, and an old market-woman from Wetherby in front; and I heard coachey's "let em gang, Tom," to the second team of horses before I was well settled in my seat.

The market-woman left us at Wetherby, and a very agreeable soul took her place, in the shape of a man, who, lest he might be called upon to talk, had armed himself with divers Greek and Latin books, which he held upside down before his face, till at last he fell asleep, in which he was every now and then disturbed by the sound of the book as it dropped into the bottom of the coach.

We did the twenty miles in four hours, rather a feat I believe; and arriving at York I went to the Tavern, a very good house, where I found my old friend T—, late Master of the — hounds.

"We will take a ride," said he, "and have a look at the York and Ainsty," after I had discussed my breakfast; and the porter volunteered to procure us a couple of "excellent hacks." About three o'clock two animals made their appearance: one was an old mare in foal, the other a half broke colt, with a tremendous hard and sharp in his mouth. They were both ornamented with a leathern convenience called a "crupper," a very favorite appendage in those parts.

At first we were inclined to send them back from where they came; but observing Lord Dundas getting into a shocking old rickety blue glass-coach, we determined to mount; and as the carriage-horses' heads were turned in the direction we wanted to go, by keeping close to it we thought we might pass off as belonging to his party: but, most provoking, instead of crossing the Ouse, his Lordship jingled straight forward, leaving us to fight the battle as we could. Nevertheless we got to the kennel, which

is only a mile or so out of York, on the south road, fronting the well known Knavesmire.

It stands at the back of the huntsman and servants' house, and, considering all things, is a very fair establishment—nothing very grand, as you may suppose, when I tell you they have only thirty-eight couple of hounds, including the entry (six couple and a half) and a hound with a permanent cough, which will never be worth an acorn, and would be enough to disgrace a first-rate establishment.

The kennel huntsman (who had just been brimstoning all the hounds and kennel, and stunk like Old Harry) chaperoned us, and was loud in the praise of his pack. "What is your huntsman's name?" said I. "Why they *did* call him Jackson, but they call him John Wilson *now*," answered he. "And what do they call the kennel huntsman *now*?" said I, wishing to know his own; but he did not know the meaning of the term, and said "they had only one huntsman, and that was the aforesaid John Wilson."

They have some very nice hounds, and I understand shew a good deal of sport to the residents in York, hunting three days a week, and taking from sixteen to eighteen couple out each day. Last season they killed their twenty brace of foxes notwithstanding the long frost. There is a hound called Splendour (white with a black head), got by Sir Tatton Sykes's Splendour, a very fine stallion, a two-year old hunter; also a light dun and white one called Luby, got by the Duke of Beaufort's Lexicon; and three brothers,

Woodman, Workman, and Wisdom (they are fond of W's in Yorkshire), out of a bitch of their own called Witchcraft (W again), by Sir T. Sykes's Wisdom (there you are again), which would do credit to any pack. But here comes dinner, to which I will do credit; so good bye for the present.—Yours, &c.

DRIVER.

Brighton, Nov. 5, 1830.

• • We are obliged to this Correspondent for his favour, and shall be most happy to hear from him again on those subjects which he handles so admirably.

BOXIANA.

(Communicated by NIM SOUTH.)

SIR,
THE disastrous events on the Continent, particularly in France, have had the effect of driving many foreigners to this country, and among the number our friend Charles d'Estournel, an inquisitive and loquacious Frenchman.

Charles is a Parisian; a title (unlike our "cockney") held in veneration in the Departments. Moreover he is an agreeable and facetious fellow; and although oppressed with cares enough to break two English hearts, the buoyancy of the Frenchman rises superior to all wo.

The following letter, describing his first visit to England, possesses much originality, as I dare say you will think. After informing me of his safe arrival, &c. armed with a large packet of *bon-bons* and sugar-plums, also the manner in which he had been choused, he proceeds—

In England (says he) you have *vare large familles, très grand je croire*; but there be von *famille* in particulier vich does my admiration excite: it is de *famille* of von Monsieur Box.

I made his *connaissance* on board de *paquebot* as I did me come to England, ven I saw de *Capitaine toujours* looking at von small thing, and I did me inquire vat it should be, and he said he was "box-de-compass."

A little vile after I did me get upon a place on one side of the *paquebot*, but I had not rested there *long temps* before the *Capitaine* halloo'd out, "Hoy, Sare, you must not sit there, you be on de paddle-box."—"Eh bien! box again!" said I, as I jumped me down; "but this is not at all like box-the-compass." *Pars encore* I heard von sailor say to another, "Oy say, Tome, hast got backey-box in pocket?" but Tome had not no got it, therefore I did not it view.

Ven we did us arrive at Dover I vould me carry mine leetle *malle* with me, *parceque* I had mined *argent* in it: but no sooner had I me stepped onto de Quay but up walked von police gentlemen, and said "I must, Sare, see vot you have got inside your box."

I vas me mystified at "box again," but I let him *visa* the contents, and then I vent to Monsieur Wright's, de Ship Hotel, and said I vould me take some dinner, and a place to London by de first diligence.

"Vill you step into this box, Sare," said the *garçon*, "and you shall have dinner *toute suite*: in de mean time I sall book you a seat—perhaps you vould prefer de box-seat?"

"Nothing but *box*," said I: "box-the-compass, paddle-box, backey-box, dinner-box, and box-seat: this Box famille is vare numerous; I shall certainly see the end of it."

Vare vell, I had dined, and the *voiture* did arrive to Monsieur Wright's door, and I did me mount, and de cocher, who vas vare fat man, looked at me, and said, "Had not you better put on your box-coat, think you, Sare? you will find it vare cold without." So I put on my box-coat, and took out my *tabac*, and offered the cocher some. "Thank ye, Sare," said he, "allow me to offer some out of my box"—at the same time presenting me von *tabatière* made of yellow vood.

"That be vare handsome vood," said I, returning his *tabac*. "Yes, it be box-vood," said the coachman. "*Eh bien!* box again!" said I; "but this is not at all like box-the-compass, or paddle-box, or little-box, or dinner-box, or box-seat!"

Ven ve arrived at Canterbury, a Lady she vould her go London, and the cocher said, "Vot luggage has de Lady?"—"Only von band-box," said the domestic.

Near the road we saw von vare fine *maison*, and the cocher says to me, "that ere house, Sare, is my Lor Guildford's shooting-box." I vas me mystified again, for de shooting-box vas no more like de band-box than de snuff-box vas like de paddle-box, or box-the-compass; but I did not me say anything. Farether on ve saw many peoples in a field, and I demanded vat it should be? "Oh it's only a boxing-match, I dare say," said de cocher: and ve saw two men at work à l'*Anglais* striking each

other in de mouth. Again ve saw another grand *maison*: "That ere house is Sir Henry Hoxendon's hunting-box," said de cocher; and ve saw Mr. Hoxendon's box-hounds coming home from my Lor Guildford's shooting-box, vere they had been hunting von box-fox!

Ven ve got us to Rochester there vas grand commotion in de hotel, for de Madame of de house vas much angry with de *domestique*, and I heard her say, "If you give me any more of your sauce-box, I vill give you von box on de ear;" and she gave her a strike on von side of de head: and the cocher said to another man, "give that ere bay mare a day's rest to-morrow, and put her into de loose-box." Here vere tree of the Box famille—sauce-box, box-on-the-ear, and loose-box, all together, and I vas much mystified, but still I me said noting.

Ven I arrived in London I vent to Mivart's. I vould me write a history of this numerous Box famille to Paris; but before I had finished my letter de *garçon* he entered the *apartement* and said, "Sare, de letter-box shuts at five."

I then me vent to Covent Garden to de *spectacle*, and demanded *une place* in the *premier loge*: but the vile dogs vould not me comprehend, but kept laughing. At last von dam vellow said, "perhaps de gentleman vonts de boxes?" I did me think they vere ridiculing, and so I said, "dem vellows, you deserve von sauce-box for dis box-on-the-ears."

You are *toujours* box in Angleterre—letter-box, loose-box, hunting-box, boxing-match, band-

box, shooting-box, box-wood, snuff-box, box-seat, dinner-box, box-coat, money-box, backey-box, paddle-box, and box-de-compass. I shall me never see the end of this numerous Box familie. And just as I said de last vord, up stepped von *beau garçon*, and said, "Pray, Sare, be you de box-keeper?"—"No, Sare, pray be you?" said I.

THE MAR DYKE.

SIR,
MY attention has been recently called to an article in your Magazine for October 1829, "on the comparative merits of English and Irish hunters," (vol. xxiv. N.S. p. 387,) where a Correspondent under the signature of Fox, says—"I lately commissioned a friend to make a bet that I would produce a little thorough-bred Irish horse, not fourteen hands three inches, that should carry my weight, eleven stone, over the Mar Dyke in Essex, which I believe has never been attempted. There is a story that one of the Mr. Russells did it; but a relation of his told me it was only a report."—Now, Sir the leap was actually performed, by Mr. Golden Curtis, about eleven years ago, with a brown stallion sixteen hands high, nearly thorough-bred, and very powerful, at that part of the Dyke which separates the parishes of South Ockendon and Stifford, measuring twenty-five feet over between the banks.

I am, Sir, &c.

GEORGE HICKSON.

Orsett, near Romford,
November 1830.

THE HORSEMAN'S MANUAL.

By R. S. SURTEES.

THE title of this little work is judiciously chosen, and will ensure it a more general perusal than had it issued under its explanatory one alone—viz. "A Treatise on Soundness, the Law of Warranty, and generally on the Laws relating to Horses."

The name of Surtees is not unknown either in the Literary or the Sporting World; but whether our author is the brother or the son of the Historian of Durham, or of the fox-hunter of the same county, remains to be told, though, from the style of his writing, and his dedication to that celebrated sportsman, Mr. Ralph Lambton, we should be inclined to say he has a dash of both in his composition.

The subject which he has chosen, though one of general interest, has not as yet had any light thrown upon it, not any at least by which a non-professional reader can profit; and Mr. Surtees has the honour of presenting a new work to the public, and also (what no lawyer ever did before) of presenting it in a language adapted to every capacity, divested of all legal jargon and technical and ambiguous terms. Nor is this all. He has handled his subject in a masterly manner. Where legal authority has been forthcoming, he has used it; and its absence he has supplied by the opinions of, and quotations from, the writings of scientific men, producing a happy combination of legal and veterinary knowledge bearing upon the subject of soundness in horses —the basis of a warranty.

He commences by stating that there are two kinds of warranty applicable to the sale of horses: one, a general warranty, extending to all faults known and unknown to the seller; the other, a qualified warranty, extending equally to all faults known and unknown to the seller, except certain ones specifically mentioned and excepted. He then proceeds to give the form necessary to be observed in order to constitute a valid bargain; after which (p. 19) he quaintly enough says, that—

“To enumerate the various ails and injuries to which horses are liable, and which constitute unsoundness, would far exceed the limits of a work of this nature.

“Most of them are notoriously so to the commonest observer; and many, on which a doubt may exist, will be found described, together with their relative causes, appearances, and consequences, in the pages of a Taplin, a White, or a Lawrence.”

Nevertheless he goes on to mention some half hundred cases which require a *specific notice*, upon which we can only observe that a horse is either a very frail animal, or Mr. S.'s pen a very fertile one.

Page 24, respecting Coughs, is important to know; as also the subject immediately following—viz. Crib-biting. The law on that great bone of contention, “Roaring,” is clearly laid down, and the contradictory opinions that still prevail on that point are accounted for by the fact that one Judge decided both ways. We quote the author's words.

“Roaring is a point upon which one Judge has delivered two

opinions—the latter upsetting the former, and establishing it to constitute unsoundness. The first opinion was given in an action, *Bassel against Collis*, in 1810, where a roarer had been sold with a warranty of soundness; and Lord Ellenborough, before whom it was tried, said, ‘It has been held by very high authority that roaring is not necessarily unsoundness; and I entirely concur in that opinion. If the horse emits a loud noise, which is offensive to the ear, merely from a bad habit which he has contracted, or from any cause which does not interfere with his general health and muscular powers, he is still to be considered a sound horse: on the other hand, if the roaring proceeds from any disease or organic infirmity which renders him incapable of performing the usual functions of a horse, then it does constitute unsoundness. The plaintiff has not done enough in shewing that this horse was a roarer: to prove a breach of the warranty, he must go on to shew that the roaring was symptomatic of disease.’

“The plaintiff in this action did not recover; but in a subsequent case, of *The Hon. Mr. Onslow against Eames*, tried in 1817, when Mr. Onslow came before the Court he profited by the hint thrown out by his Lordship, and accordingly brought Mr. Field, the veterinary surgeon, to prove the real origin, or cause, of roaring.

“Mr. Field, in his evidence, stated it ‘to be occasioned by the circumstance of the neck of the windpipe being too narrow for accelerated respiration; and that the disorder is frequently pro-

duced by sore throat or other topical inflammation; and that the disorder was of such a nature as to incommode a horse very much when pressed to his speed.'

"Mr. Marryatt, who was Counsel for Eames, relied upon the old story of a very high authority having decided that roaring did not constitute unsoundness; and I dare say (from the previous judgment given by the same Judge, in *Basset* against *Collis*, as was trying the present cause) felt confident of a verdict for his client.

"But Lord Ellenborough said, 'If a horse be affected by any malady which renders him less serviceable for a permanency, I have no doubt that it is unsoundness: I do not go by the noise, but by the disorder.'

"And from that time down to the present day roaring has been admitted to be a species of unsoundness.

"Being on this subject, I will just add Mr. Mavor's opinion on roaring, and also on the subject of high blowers, contained in an answer to the following question:—'What is the difference between a roarer and a high blower; and do you consider them to constitute unsoundness?'—'The difference between a roarer and a high blower exists only in variety of the same disease: the latter arising from disease of the larynx or its appendages; and the former more frequently is the effect of general inflammation in the organs of respiration. Either I hold to constitute unsoundness.'"

The story of the hunter that would drink at every watering-place is droll enough, as are several others which will be found

scattered through the book; and had we as much spare room as we could wish, we would give the amusing account of Copeing; but at this season of the year, when our pages are fully occupied with sporting matter, we are reluctantly compelled to be somewhat concise in our observations.

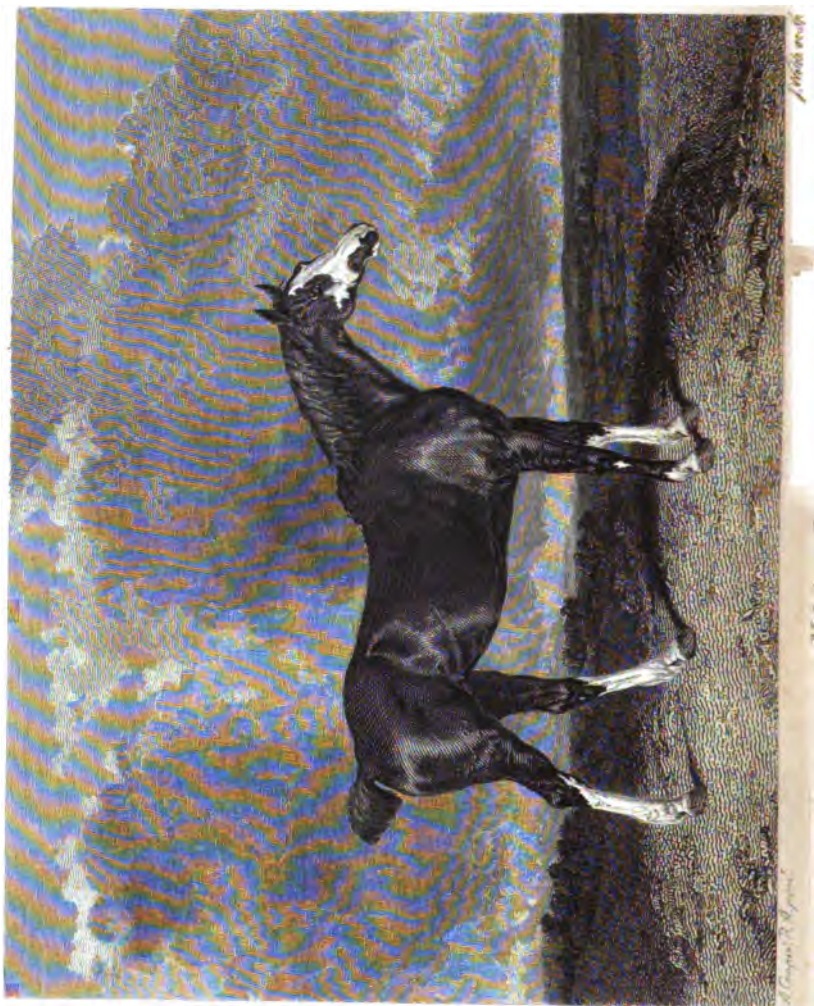
As impartial critics we must say that this book ought to be in the possession of every person who possesses, or ever expects to possess, one of those most useful of all animals—a horse: that it carries its own merit with it, which we have no doubt will soon place the author (as Hood says in his introduction to this year's *Comic Annual*) in the best of all literary positions—that of having a copy *right* and not a copy *left*.

Our author sums up as follows:

"In conclusion, I may state, that these pages were not written for the benefit of persons who consider all sorts of knavery and deception in horse-dealing not only allowable but commendable; but they were written for the protection of inexperienced men, who daily fall into the snares of the artful and designing: and though, from the paucity of established authorities, I have not been able to enter so fully upon the subject as it requires; yet if what I have written should tend to guard the unwary against fraud, my purpose is fully answered.

"So now, like my superiors on the Bench, having gone through what evidence there is, I shall sum up with the opinion of Lord Ellenborough—'That any infirmity which renders a horse less fit for present service, or any malady which renders him less serviceable

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MISS TINKER

for a permanency, are unsoundness:’ and the dicta of Lord Loughborough—‘That no length of time elapsed after a sale will alter the nature of a contract originally false:’—

“And finish by saying (though contrary to my own interest), that I advise no man to go to law who can avoid it; yet sooner than be made the dupe of designing blacklegs, I would run the risk; and the result of my own experience has been, that (rather than appear as a defendant in a Court of Justice) a horse-dealer will submit to almost any terms, unless indeed he feels himself fortified with the *mens conscia recti*.”

One word more and we have done. As a work of authority we venture to predict it will rank high. It is written in an agreeable strain, combining instruction with amusement; and the price is a mere trifle in comparison with the value of the information contained in it.

WAKE TO THE HUNTING.

BY BISHOP HEBER.

Wake! wake! wake to the hunting!
Wake ye! wake! the morning is nigh!
Chilly the breezes blow
Up from the sea below,
Chilly the twilight creeps over the sky!
Mark how fast the stars are fading!
Mark how wide the dawn is spreading!
Many a fallow-deer
Feeds in the forest near,
Now is no time on the heather to lie!
Rise! rise! look on the ocean!
Rise ye! rise! and look on the sky!
Softly the vapours sweep
Over the level deep,
Softly the mists on the waterfall lie!
In the clouds red tints are glowing,
On the hill the black-cock's crowing;
And through the welkin red
See where he lifts his head,
(Forth to the hunting!) the sun's riding high.

VOL. II.—SECOND SERIES.—No. 8.

MISS TURNER.

Engraved by WEBB from a Painting by
A. COOPER, Esq. R. A.

THIS mare, now about ten or eleven years old, was bred in Wales by a relative of the late Ned Turner the pugilist.

She was first brought to London by Ned, and described by him as having been got by a stallion in the neighbourhood, of some pretensions as a trotter, out of a thorough-bred mares (names unknown).

Her match with the American horse Rattler in April 1829, is detailed in the *Sporting Magazine*, vol. xxiv. N.S. p. 60. All the particulars are there given with accuracy. The mare certainly accomplished the distance (ten miles) some seconds under thirty-two minutes. The horse, who must have covered the ground in little more than thirty minutes, won only by a few hundred yards; and had the distance been a couple of miles more the result might have been different.

In a trial, where the time was taken with the greatest accuracy, this celebrated mare trotted over three miles in eight minutes and forty-seven seconds.

JARVEYANA.

SIR,
Limmer's Hotel.
HERE's a dog and cat day for you! What the devil shall I do? rain pouring in torrents, newspapers all spelt, and nobody here except old Parson Hanmer, flattening his nose as usual against a cracked pane in the window!

Across the end of George-

N

street the first hackney-coach appears in view. The line, which generally begins at Tetsall's, is reduced to an eighth of its usual length.

What food for a contemplative mind like mine does a Jarvey-stand afford! Let us take the first, No. 123.—The driver (to begin at his lower end) has a "visp in his heel," a pair of old leather overalls, half concealing the blushing softness of his scarlet plush smalls, late the property of Lord Aylesbury's fat porter. His benjamin came from Nonmouth-street, and, true to its name, is of "many colours." His castor is covered with an "hoil-skin:" instead of a band he sports his "vipe," *alias* his pocket-handkerchief, around it. He is seated on a huge pile of faded finery in the shape of a once scarlet and gold hammercloth, the embroidered arms and coronet on which bespeak it to have been once the property of an Earl; though the arms on the Jarvey exhibit no pretensions to Nobility—a plain unquartered shield—three stuck pigs running—with a bull calf "couchant" for a crest. The motto (unless my Dolland deceives me) is *Quid rides*, raising a presumption that the vehicle formerly belonged to the celebrated Mr. Quid, the retired tobacconist. Be that as it may, let us examine the steeds. The near-side chesnut is a perfect Rosinante—a mere bag of bones. That off-side pointing leg denotes the shaken shoulder, or the injured coffin bone; while his knees attest his religious propensities. The brown has more flesh upon his bones than his companion;

perhaps he has not been so long at work: he is a Cupid* though, I perceive, and the tight strap round his throat bespeaks him a wind-sucker also. But hark, the timber-toe'd caitiff at the door calls "Coach;" and Jarvey, with divers jerks and blows, puts his crazy equipage in motion. Mr. B— steps in; he is going to Vite's (White's). Again Jarvey plies the whip, with "*go along, ye runaway beggars,*" to two devils that can hardly crawl.

Ah! we have something better here. A green chariot, with a drab lining (No. 300), the Jarvey with a calf-skin waistcoat, and a cat-skin collar to his coat. Fur collars will certainly go out of fashion after this. The *tout ensemble* is, however, destroyed by a hay-band round his hat.

I'll lay my life that white horse is a German; if he would but move we should see. He is a good-shaped one too, good shoulder, good fore hand, good altogether: I dare say he has been a hunter, poor devil! He too is a daisy-cutter†. The near-side animal is unworthy the name of a horse; he looks as if he had been got by a Billy-goat out of a Solon goose: among other perfections I see he is a Duke§. And now that old Lady with the pug-dog wants a Jarvey. What an old fool! She is splashed up to the hocks already, and could not be much worse were she to trudge to Jerusalem.

But the "vite vont go," despite of coachey's salutes over the loins and vithers. "Hit im ore the raw, Jack," says Tom the next Jarvey in rotation, who now succeeds to the vacant

* Blind.

† Broken backed.

‡ Broken knee'd.

§ Got the itch.

place. "No," says Jack, "I keeps that for the ills (hills)."

Tom's Jarvey reminds me of former days. It belonged to X-Sheriff Parkins, and is the identical one in which he used to go about gathering subscriptions for the X-Bishop of Clogher's X-coachman Byrne. The two horses have one sound leg between them: the bay's fore-ones are more like the knotty stump of a blackthorn tree than anything else; and the dun looks for all the world as if it were a Captain*. It's nearly *done* at all events! Ah, Tom's off, he does not like the "vet," he says. What an effeminate dog! almost as bad as the young Scottish Chieftain, who shocked his father by rolling the snow into a pillow for his head, instead of reposing upon it as it had fallen!

Next comes a cab—ignoble quarry certainly, but "need's must when the devil drives;" and this chap is somewhat nearly allied to his Black Majesty, being Mr. Savage the boxer, with whiskers equalled only by Mr. O'Gorman Mahon, the patriotic M.P. for Clare. He has got a thoroughbred in—who knows? perhaps a second Godolphin!—a splent on each fore-leg, a ring-bone on the near hind pastern, and broken hocks from kicking. Let him pass, and make way for this elegant low hung landau, drawn by a pair of Flemish mourning coach-horses, with their tails tied up like a young Lady's top-knot. Rare animals for a "black job!" as Lord Portsmouth would say. Yet stay, who gets in?—John Brown, Marquis of Sligo, by all that is fat! "Vere to, Sir?" says the vaterman. "To

Mr. *Singing Long's*, 41, Harley Street."—"You harn't got an odd half-crown for the vaterman, are you, Sir?"—"No, Sir; pray why are you called the waterman?"—"Vy! because I hopens the ackney-coach doors." So off drives the Noble Marquis to get his back rubbed by a quack this wet weather.

What has happened now? Five drunken sailors had a shilling fare, and the Jarvey bullying them for the other sixpence. "There you go," says he, "mack-arel five a shilling." His horses are dead beat. Jarvey vips, but he takes nothing by his motion, as the lawyers say. A crosy coming by pulls up to see the sport. "Vy don't you it im (hit him) over the vithers?" says he.—"I ave, but it's not of no use," says Jarvey. "Then it im over the raw."—"But he harn't got von as ow," replies Jarvey.—"Then *es*-tablish von," says his friend, driving off.

JIGGUMTORY.

PODOPHTHORA.—PART V.

By BRACY CLARK, F.L.S. &c.

RESOLVED not to be numbered among those who neglect the indefatigable labours of Mr. Clark, we have once more acceded to his desire of a renewed notice. In pursuance, however, of our similar bounden duty to other writers, who have equal claims, barring the peculiarity of Mr. C.'s case, according to his own shewing, it is proper for us to acknowledge that we have already exceeded the usual bounds of precedent, by allowing a notice to each separate Part of his work. Any great extent of

* Glandered.

remark or quotation will not on this occasion be expected from us, considering the length to which we have already proceeded. *Premièrement*, we congratulate the author on the almost total absence of the *old leaven* in the present Part; the which, if we do not disgrace it as the leaven of "malice and wickedness," we must yet, craving pardon, designate as that of sheer and intrepid folly—as a sort of *felo de se* in the great and important article of professional and literary reputation. Granting this reasoning to be just, Mr. C. himself, not others whom he accuses, has been the grand delinquent. It is undeniable that there is much useful matter in the present as well as in the other Parts; but the author has re-committed an error very usual with him—that of self-attribution of discovery and doctrine, in a great number of instances, when the same may be found spread over the pages of such a number of preceding writers, both French and English. If he has overlooked and forgotten the learned labours of Mr. Freeman especially, the veterinary public and ourselves have not. Says our confident and indefatigable author (p. 4), "a thousand years have passed over without the true principles of the art being at all discovered." *Eh bien!* he is then destined by a glorious fate to be the discoverer, the veritable and renowned Columbus of this rich continent of veterinary science. *Nous verrons en bon temps.*

His long continued experiments on the foot of several selected horses, both in the stable and abroad, merit attention. At p. 6, he boldly advances, that "not

one ray of light has ever yet emanated from the Newmarket School." We are not, indeed, prepared to go that length, but in some respects we will venture to say of that great School—lighten their darkness, we beseech thee, oh Common Sense! In the note to p. 6 he is certainly well grounded in the objection to our common racing plates. More cover (why does he object to that term?) and more weight, the disadvantage of which would amount to nothing, are certainly desirable, not only where the turf is "deep and spongy," but equally where flinty and hard. We refer the reader to pages 16, 18, *et seq.* There is much of truth in the observations, at the same time much which must be classed with the unavoidable evil of the system. In the note, p. 15, poor old daddy *La Fosse* comes in for his share of vituperation. We acknowledge our own title to share, and have since marvelled how we could possibly overlook a point of such prime importance as the additional stress necessarily laid upon the back sinews. With Professor Coleman, indeed, that could form no object of contemplation, since he had already joined the ranks of those sage theorists and scientifics who had systematically robbed tendons and ligaments of their mobility, and even, we conjecture, catgut of its elasticity. But our Professor at his *debut* was neither veterinarian nor horseman; nevertheless a very clever and plausible *debutant*, and a right good thing he has made of it.

We submit to our practical readers the following quotation:—

"Nor should it be forgotten, that the nails, when driven into the sub-

stance of the wall, distend it, like wedges driven into wood—for it is obvious, that they will always remove a portion of horn from its situation equal in size to the bulk of the nail, the impression of which will be partly lost by condensation of the horn immediately surrounding it, and partly by the dilatation of its substance; which dilatation will take place chiefly towards the inside of the hoof, the horn being more soft and less resisting than on the outside: it is true, this effect of the nail where the hoof is large, as in feet that have not been much diminished or impaired by shoeing, as in the fresh feet of young horses, will not be much felt; but where the hoof by contraction has got into closer approximation to the coffin bone, or in feet that have been trimmed pretty close, or pared small for neatness, or to prevent cutting, or where the hoof has been broken, and there is a necessity for nailing to the broken part, then it will be severely felt, and produce various degrees of compression and tender feeling.

“There is in these cases no yielding or power of adaptation in the iron to the foot; that if the shoe be irregular or deformed, it will always draw the horn after it; and if the nail, in being driven by the smith, should bend in its passage through the hoof, which it is very liable to, it will have the effect of compressing the foot. On examining horses' hoofs after death, we have frequently observed ribs of horn running in a perpendicular direction, and bulging towards the inside of the hoof, the obvious effects of nails that had been driven too close, or had bent in their passage—an inconvenience which at times cannot be prevented by real skill and care.

“Again, after the hoof has been pared so as to satisfy the smith, we generally see him make the shoe somewhat less; and after it has been nailed on, the projecting horn is rasped, or cut away with the knife. This, it has been said, is done to prevent the foot being too large, to prevent cutting, or for neatness; and most cer-

tainly it will but too frequently bring a compression to the interior more than it ought to be; and as to the cutting, we have been well satisfied it has on most occasions proceeded from the benumbed state of the foot more than from the size of the shoe, of which we shall give some striking proofs hereafter. And as a further abuse, we may observe, that it frequently happens, after the first nail has been driven, that the shoe is violently hammered on the side to bring it into its proper place, and thus compression is conveyed to the foot, and the fine edge of the coffin bone gets damaged—that this evil should also as much as possible be avoided.

“Another circumstance unfavourable in the use of the common shoe is, the constant advance of the hoof forward by its growth, by which the narrower parts of the shoe are carried forwards to the wider parts of the foot, and create a degree of compression at these parts: and at times we even see the shoe buried in the horn of the hoof which hangs over it, exhibiting plainly the compression that attends it, for the narrower parts of the shoe are now opposite the wider parts of the hoof.

“It is also a truth that cannot be denied, that by shoeing the tender feet of the young and growing horse, which are then enlarging to their form with the other parts of the body, not only the evils arise that would occur to a full-grown foot if shod, but there is a partial arrestation of the growth attends it, with frequent disfiguration also; so that whilst their limbs and body are every where increasing in bulk and weight, their feet, placed in bonds of iron, are diminishing in size and fitness to support and move them.

“It is a circumstance certainly of less moment than some of the preceding, although not to be passed over in silence, that the foot, with the shoe placed upon it after the usual custom, is much longer at the toe than the natural foot, creating an unnecessary purchase on the back sinew, which

will tend to embarrass the movements, and strain and fatigue the limb; for if we attend to the natural hoof, it will be found that this wearing extremity of the hoof on the outside of the toe is short and removed, forming an obtuse, broad, blunt surface, that can occasion no impression or strain on the limb: the shoe, it is true, will, when nearly worn out, assume this figure in some degree; but we propose that it should possess it on its first application. This suggestion, however, we leave to be determined by future experience."

In page 20 and 21 the remarks are trite; as also on the once favorite process at Newmarket, "opening the heels." On this practice there is truth, but no novelty. As we have before observed, Mr. C.'s humanity is rational and exemplary, and there is too much and distressing truth in the following lines:—

"But with the horse himself, alas! it is otherwise; his diseases cannot be parted with, and at each remove falling into worse hands, and a more base and distressing service, he is at last prematurely destroyed; and this happens most frequently before his bodily powers, that is if they have been duly supported, are materially impaired, or ought to be so at least, for it is before the half of the natural period of his life is expended."

The sequel to nearly the end of p. 27 merits more attention than we fear it will experience. The following note from p. 29 also results from practical views:

"The horse's hoof appears to receive, or to be impress in its formation with very different characters, as to the relative proportions of the two leading parts in its composition: in some feet the wall and its continuous parts are particularly strong, with a frog not in the same proportion; in others the frog, with its continuous parts, will be found pre-eminently strong and full, assuming as it were a power at the expense of the wall,

which is not stout in proportion.—The frog-stay also, we may remark, in some feet appears large and completed at the third, and in others not till the fourth or fifth year.—Again, the upright or mule-footed horse appears to have a distinct, and almost opposite form and qualities to the low and flat foot, communicating such different properties to the foot, as not only to alter very much its appearance, but greatly to interfere with the regular uniformity of the effects of the shoe. The perfection of the foot of the horse, therefore, would appear to consist in a symmetrically-distributed and duly mingled power of each of the above parts."

Mr. C. tells us of his progress to, not descent into, the hell of a nacker's yard, but is, unexpectedly to us, silent on the horrors of those veritable hells, where, according to a late veterinary periodical, experiments are allowed, inflicting the most lacerating and excruciating tortures upon wretched victims already in the last state of animal misery, from a life moreover of incessant and continual torture. Has then the College given up this abomination and disgrace to the nacker's yards? It is a fit subject of inquiry for those who acknowledge the justice and necessity of Martin's Act. We appeal to the humane and volunteer exertions of Mr. Gompertz, and that truly and needful Society which he superintends; not forgetting the brutal treatment which he not long since experienced from an insolent hiring.

On the disease styled a *founder*, from the French word *fondre*, to melt or liquify, our author appears to be incorrect. The founder was originally intended to signify a *fluxion*: thence Mr. C.'s definition falls to the ground; and as he is so ambitious of con-

tributing to a new terminology, he is in this case called upon for an additional term.

We repeat our wish that proprietors, particularly of quick draught horses, would make trial of Mr. Clark's shoes, notwithstanding that many veterinarians and practical farriers are confident that the expansion or jointed shoe will not succeed. This opinion, indeed, receives some countenance from the fact, that Blundeville and his contemporaries, who introduced the joint shoe from the French School, failed in getting it received in England; and, if our recollection be correct, it has been tried and laid aside within our own memory. Osmer's seated shoe has been more successful. Alas, Osmer!—a surgeon, veterinarian, practical farrier, and a horseman both on the turf and field—he was vilely neglected by those whose duty it was to patronise him, but who (such is the way of the world, great and little) preferred ignorant blacksmiths, advertising pretenders, and bottle conjurers. Our first visit to the metropolis was when Osmer practised in that very house in which we, many years afterwards, consulted on a certain occasion with Moorcroft—and when Bartlet, the successful veterinary compiler, presided in his drug-shop, Bow-street, Covent Garden. We were then, however, much too young to do anything farther than listen to those names.

Finally, we apprehend Mr. Clark has been long flattering himself with notions of unattainable perfection in horse-shoeing, and paying too great attention to

minutiæ which are not practicable, therefore superfluous: and he deceives himself in the supposition, that the best shoeing of the present day will not preserve a good foot in the soundest possible state, allowing that the iron shoe is at best but an indispensable evil—and as to a naturally defective foot, no possible mode of shoeing can ever remedy or cure its defects. We yet willingly concede great merit to one who through such a long course of years has employed his leisure and his ample independence in so useful a public pursuit.

A DORSETIAN SKETCH,

No. II.

YOU have doubtless, Mr. Editor, often heard tell of Dorsetshire. It really is a nice country—inferior to none, and embracing more advantages than many—in which

Fox-hunting, fishing, fowling, *et omne quod exit in ing*, must of course be included. It boasts likewise of an *exclusive* society, suited to all sorts, sizes, and shapes—select, serious, sentimental—worldly, wise, whimsical—merry, mournful, mad—political, pleasing, proud—literary, loyal, LIBERAL!—single, married, neither; by which last I mean those who have not *quite* made up their minds to either. There are, moreover, assemblies* for those who still practise the gaieties of this world, and dance; and associations for those who have renounced its pomps and vanities, and do not—to say nothing of a "RECORD" for those who HAVE

* Weippert will tell you that nothing earthly affords him half so much pleasure as coming to a Blandford hall—because there are so many lovely ladies to look at, and listen to his beautiful music.

pulled out the beam from their own eye! and who profess to see CLEARLY to cast out the mote in others also!! There are hounds for those who hunt; game for those who shoot (provided they get leave); races for those who run; downs for those who ride; sea for those who swim or sail; a county dinner-club for those who can or can not procure a good one at home; and last, (not least in estimation believe me,) Ladies, beautiful, ethereal beings, looking for all the world like *lingering after bliss!*—

"Whom but to see is to admire," to win the hearts of those who may or may not feel disposed (love here being *inevitable*) to lose them—beings, who, unlike the shining Stour, do not "run into the sea at Christchurch"—at least not ALL of them!!!!

And now, Sir—departing from a theme on which I have no doubt you, as I am certain I, should love to linger longer, provided time and the post-bag, which wait for no man, permitted—allow me to furnish you with a slight sketch (as an accompaniment to my last) of a few of our most notorious Nimrods; but, regarding private character as private property, I shall refrain from adding their names. The Dorsetian Sporting Calendar then for the most part is composed of *honorable* characters, whose names are as familiar in "the Park," as any MAN's can be in "the FIELD!" (aye! or in the Senate too, where it is to be regretted there are not a few more of equal calibre in all points):—of Baronets and Baronets' eldest sons, who go their own peculiar pace, which everybody knows who knows any thing is *the* pace:—of gal-

lant Colonels, who, not content with never-fading laurels from the plains of Waterloo, must needs come out with the full intention of carrying home others in their pocket from the spot where reynard falls:—of brave Captains, R.N., C.B., H.P., and all that sort of thing, who are never out of their element by land or water; who fight their country's battles abroad as well as they ride "cross country" at home; who care not the sixtieth part of a degree whether it be a "frigate" or a "four-year-old," the Bay of Biscay or the Vale of Blackmoor; who steer equally well through both, and are never on *the main* when they ought to be in the saddle: no, no, they know their place too well for that, and do their duty be it on deck or decanter:—of men with mustachios (rather a *lapsus lingue* with many at this moment), who muster with "the *Scarlets*" in the country, but who rank with "the *Blues*" in Town:—of M.P.'s, who, though they ride little horses to *look at*, prove in the long run they are big ones to go; and the *pony* is not always (as it used to be at school) behind:—of Masters and Ex-Masters of Hounds, as mentioned in my last, some of whom ride as if necks were never to be broken:—of the scions of the sporting stock; and "prettier lads across country," said a farmer in jack-boots one day to me, "won't be met with anywhere:"—of one, of whom it was said by a celebrated Nimrod (not *the* Nimrod) in a distant county, that he not only *knew* his place in the field, but was always *in* it, *because* he rode to hunt, not hunted to ride:—of some, who have re-

nounced the *militaire* for the Magistrate, the sword for the carving knife; ever ready to "cut and come again," would you be too happy, Mr. Editor, in doing if acquainted with them:—of others, three of whom I regret to say Warwickshire has lately seduced from us, than whom better riders there cannot be, and whose name remember I do not tell you is Sm-th!!! while some are *Rome-ing* in quest of what all acquainted with them most fervently hope they will eventually win and wear—health:—of one, whose "visit for a week" will never be forgotten so long as Knightsbridge and its barracks shall be exempt from final darkness, and whose face is as familiar (and long may it be so!) to every fox as it is to every fox-hunter in the county:—moreover, of many, *many* good fellows, composed of benedicts who were once bachelors, and bachelors, who, it is to be hoped, mean one day or other to evince *their* taste also by becoming benedicts:—and, lastly, of farmers, who I am convinced, after all, are the richest people in the neighbourhood, because they *look* happy, *enjoy* hunting, and halloo a fox *so!* To these must be added the officers of whatever cavalry regiment may be quartered at Dorchester; and all I know is, that if the one at present there (the Scotch Greys) come into the field of fox-hunting in the same spirit as they go into the field of fight, they will at least bear off—if not the *belle*—the brush; and I believe one frequently follows the other—though not in this county either; for, to its

credit be it written, I know of no Lady who feels a wish to follow hounds; while those who do, all I can say is, that it tells very much for their *temerity*, but very little indeed for their *taste!* and such I take it is the prevailing opinion—we regarding women who attempt to RIDE AFTER hounds much in the same light as they would us if engaged on a fine scenting morning sitting cross-legged* at cross-stitch—saving that we should *pity* where they would *contemn*. But I know not what we should do without them, for life would be a dreary waste; and of the two I *REALLY* believe men of Dorsetshire would willingly sacrifice fox-hunting to..... to their society! but hoping to enjoy both for many "a season" yet in store,

I am, Mr. Editor, yours till
NEXT time,

A NATIVE.

P. S. You have probably heard that one of our county M.P.'s is likely to become ere long a Master of a pack of Fox-hounds. Now everybody knows that M.P. means Mr. Portman (he will excuse my being so FRANK with his name); but perhaps everybody does *not* know, that this Gentleman has just made arrangements for taking, next April, the Blackmoor Vale Hounds. His own knowledge of the art of hunting, coupled as he is in close alliance with an illustrious house of sporting celebrity, render him at once competent to the new character he has undertaken; and heartily do we wish him health and every happiness to enjoy it.

5th Nov.—Guy FOX for ever!

* Ladies who adopt short clothing never *should* sit cross-legged—these who wear long never *do!*

A FEW SCATTERED INCIDENTS CONNECTED WITH THE PRIVATE LIFE OF IZAAK WALTON THE PISCATOR.

My rod and my line, my float and my lead,
 My hook and my plummet, my whetstone and knife,
 My basket, my baits, both living and dead,
 My net and my meat, for that is the chief:
 To these add some thread, and hairs green and small,
 With mine angling purse, and then I've got all.

NO man, it will be admitted, has done more towards conferring an imperishable charm to the sports of angling, or has contributed a larger stock of useful information on that interesting portion of Natural History, than "honest Isaak Walton"—a name deservedly hallowed by the fisher for the many delightful associations with which it is connected, and which he has himself most felicitously characterised, when he says that "God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling."

In perusing an entertaining but desultory volume of episcopal biography, just emanated from the fertile pen of the Rev. Lisle Bowles, we have been unexpectedly gratified with some pleasing allusions to the above singular character. We say unexpectedly, because in taking up the life of a Bishop, it was scarcely to be presumed we should fall in with the incidents of an Angler.

It appears, however, that in the genealogy of Dr. Ken (one of the deprived Bishops) we trace the sister of the Dignitary to be Walton's second wife, by whom he had an only son, Izaak, who was Canon Residentiary of Salisbury (where he died unmarried), and a daughter, Anné, married to William Hawkins, D.D. Prebendary of Winchester.

Next to *Episcopacy*, it is well known the *Prayer-Book* was, in the seventeenth century, the most obnoxious to the dominant Puritans. It was first supplanted by the *Presbyterian Directory*; afterwards both the *Directory* and *Prayer-Book* were equally trodden under foot by the tolerant Independents. The ordinance against the use of the *Book of Common Prayer* in those perilous times was as follows:—

"1645. That if any person or persons shall use, or cause to be used, the *Common Prayer-Book*, they, and every person so offending therein, shall, for the first offence, forfeit and pay the sum of five pounds (a large sum in those days); for the second offence, the sum of ten pounds; and for the other offence shall suffer one whole year's imprisonment *without bail or mainprize*."

I am induced (says the biographer) to speak more of this prohibition, because Isaak Walton, to whom Ken in great measure owed the elevation he attained in the church, preserved with the greatest care, in his cottage near Stafford, and afterwards in the Episcopal Palace of the Bishop of Winchester, that *Prayer-Book*, now in the possession of Dr. Hawes, Prebendary of Salisbury. The book is a large octavo, splendidly bound, with this title: "*The Book of*

Common Prayer and Administration of the Sacraments and other Rites and Ceremonies of the Church of England. London: printed by Robert Barker, Printer to the King's Most Excellent Majesty; and by the Assignees of John Bill. 1639. *Cum Privilegio.*"

In the first white leaf of this book there are the following entries: "My father, Izaak Walton, died Dec. 16, 1683. I. W."

In the same hand, "Thomas Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells, deprived. Dyed March 19, 1710."

Next appears, in another hand, the entry—"Dr. William Hawkins, my father, died July 17, 1691. W. H."—This, no doubt, is the hand of W. Hawkins, the biographer of Ken.

In the same hand: "My sister, Anne Hawkins, dyed Aug. 18, 1715; and my uncle, Mr. Izaak Walton, junior, dyed December 29, 1719."—This is the hand also of W. Hawkins: and another entry—"My sister, Anne Hawkins, died Nov. 1723. W. H."

In two blank pages, in the hand-writing of old Izaak himself, are these entries: "My daughter Anne, borne the eleventh of March 1647. My last son, Isaac, borne the 7th of September 1651, at half an hour after two o'clock in the afternoon, being Sunday, and so was baptized in the evening by Mr. Thornton in my house in Clerkenwell. Mr. Henry Davison and Brother Beauchamp were his godfathers, and Mrs. Row, his godmother."

"Rachel died 1640."

"Our daughter Anne, born the 10th of July 1640, died the eleventh of May 1642."

"Anne Walton dyed the 17th of April, about one o'clock in

that night, and was buried in the Virgin Mary's Chapel, in the Cathedral in Worcester, the 20th day." This was Anne, his second wife, the sister of Ken.

The epitaph (as it is in Worcester Cathedral) on his wife in Walton's handwriting appears, with a few interlineations, as evidently composed by himself. It is as follows:—

"*Ex terris* M. D. S. Here lyeth buried, so much as could die, of Anne Walton, the wife of Izaak Walton; who was a woman of remarkable prudence, and of *the* primitive piety; her great and general knowledge being adorned with such true humility, and blest with so much Christian meekness, as made her worthy of a more memorable monument, &c."

The epitaph, as first written, appears with the words "*of* primitive piety," instead of "*the* primitive piety;" the words "*the* primitive" appear as corrections; it seems designedly to imply that *her* piety was that primitive piety which the Reformed Church of England professed, and therefore the correction was important.

The reader will see the reason (says the biographer) of my mentioning the *proscribed* Prayer-Book of that singular and good man, preserved for so many generations, not only from the connection it shews with Ken, but some very interesting circumstances in his future life.

Morley (Bishop of Winchester), who was ejected from his Canonry of Christchurch by Parliamentary Precept in March 1648, was brother-in-law to Izaak Walton. Morley was denounced with Hammond, also Canon of Christchurch, as "malignant and

contumacious," by the visitors; and being at the same time deprived of his living of Mildenhall, near Marlborough—and, in short, of every thing but *his conscience*—had the world before him, utterly destitute, not knowing where to lay his head. When, in his happier days, he associated with Lord Falkland and Cotton (the adopted son of Izaak), and when Walton was a hearer of Dr. Donne, at St. Dunstan's, it is probable, from circumstances, that his acquaintance with that singular and good man Izaak Walton commenced, as his father lived in London.

In the desolation to which, for conscience sake, he was now exposed, where did Morley find refuge? Not in the halls of the great, but at the humble cottage of poor Walton! Here they read their *Prayer-Book* together—that very *Prayer-Book*, the sad memorial of those days of trial, but of affectionate intercourse.

The honest angler, who had left London in 1643, when the storm fell on the communion to which he was so ardently attached; and when, as Wood says, he "found it dangerous for honest men to be there:" in those days of Presbyterian persecution he retired from his shop at the corner of Chancery-lane, and having a cottage near the place where he was born he removed his humble lares—his affectionate and pious wife, the sister of Ken—and retired with his angle to his obscure and peaceable habitation, his own small property, near Stafford. Here, after a placid day spent on the margin of the solitary Trent or Dove, musing on the olden times, he returned at evening to the humble home of love—to the

evening hymn of his wife Kenna—to his infant daughter, afterwards wife of Dr. Hawkins—to his Bible—and to the consolation of his proscribed *Prayer-Book*!

This affectionate party was joined by Morley after he had been expelled from Christchurch. In his "*Lives of Herbert and Hooker*," written under Morley's splendid roof, and published 1670, Walton speaks of the knowledge derived from his friend, with whom he had been acquainted "forty years." And now, with congenial feelings in his day of adversity, Morley passed the year before he left England in the cottage of his pious honest friend Izaak.

Here was the proscribed service of the Church of England performed daily in secrecy by the faithful Minister of Christ and his Church, "now fallen on evil days:" and we can hardly conceive a more affecting group—the simple, placid, apostolic piscator—Kenna, his dutiful, pious, prudent, and beloved wife—the infant child—and the faithful Minister of the Church, dispossessed of all worldly wealth, and here finding shelter, and peace, and prayer.

The biographer of Bishop Ken here introduces an imaginary colloquy between Izaak, and Kenna, and Morley, on the eve of the latter's departure for a foreign land. This, however, has principal reference to the political disquietudes of those times; and is conceived in a very happy turn of piety and true christian fellowship. As it is much too long to be quoted, and perhaps not strictly applicable to the character of these pages—we pass it over to make room for the

following agreeable reflections, which close the dialogue:—

“Let the curtain (says the author) now draw up, and behold the same characters, unchanged, in an illustrious sphere, and with splendid associations. Behold Morley, ‘my Lord of Winton,’ in his Episcopal Palace:—Izaak Walton’s daughter Anne, an infant in the Staffordshire cottage, a young woman of nineteen:—the son, Izaak Walton, jun. returned from Oxford (afterwards Canon of Salisbury):—poor Kenna is buried in peace in Worcester Cathedral:—her brother, the son of the attorney of Furnival’s Inn, late the ‘*poor scholar*’ of Wykeham’s College, has just been elected Fellow:—Old Izaak himself, seeing his children, like Job after his trials, in prosperity and happiness around him, tranquilly through the summer morning is seen angling in the Itchin! His room is furnished with his own books in the palace. Here he lived, a beloved and honoured guest, with mild and lighted countenance, snow-white locks, a thankful but humble heart—with piety as sincere as unostentatious—till he closed his eyes on all the ‘changes and chances’ of his mortal life, at ninety years of age.”

Walton (as before stated) died in 1683; Morley, the year after, aged 87. They are buried in the same Cathedral (Winchester).

Angling (says “honest Izaak,” in one part of that most entertaining of all recreative reading, his *Complete Angler*) is somewhat like poetry; men are born to be so—I mean (says he) with inclinations to it; though both may be heightened by practice and experience: but he that hopes to be a good angler must not only

bring an inquiring, searching, observing wit, but he must bring a large measure of hope and patience, and a love and propensity to the art itself. But having once got and practised it, then doubt not but angling will prove to be so pleasant that it will prove like virtue—a reward itself.

Markham, too, in his *Country Contentments*, has a whole chapter on the *angler’s apparel and inward qualities*. Among others he was to be a general scholar in all the liberal sciences: as a *grammarian*, to be able to write or discourse of *his art* in true and fitting terms; to have *sweetness of speech*, to entice others to delight in so laudable an exercise; and also *strength of argument*, to defend it against envy and slander. With proper hooks, fine tackle, and so much science in store, the angler, it is to be presumed, would stand a fair chance of success: but without additional acquirements he might as well stay at home; for, Mr. Markham continues, respecting his *fortitude*, “then must he be *strong and valiant*, neither to be amazed with storms nor affrighted with thunder; and if he is not *temperate*, but has a *gnawing stomach*, that will not endure much *fasting*, but must observe hours, it troubleth the mind and body, and leseth that delight which only maketh the pastime more pleasing.”

A MONTH’S SOJOURN AMONG THE HARRIERS IN THE NORTH OF LANCASHIRE.

SIR,

ACCORDING to promise in my last, I here give you a further account of the Comistone

and various other packs of harriers that figure in the North of Lancashire, from observations and inquiries made during the last month.

Having little to do in the way of business during the last month, and my hunters being still in the North, I determined to enjoy myself a little, and spend my spare time in visiting the various packs of harriers in the North of Lancashire, with most of the owners of which I am more or less acquainted. Conistone being the nearest place to where my horses were stopping, as well as being the farthest northward, I determined to commence there; and accordingly took up my quarters with my old friend Mr. B., without either previous notice or his invitation; but as I think every true sportsman makes his friend welcome, come when he may, I am one of those who stick very little at ceremony.

I arrived at Conistone on Wednesday the 6th of October, and finding the following day (Thursday) was one of rest for the hounds, I took a walk up to the kennel at Gillington. The building has an uncouth appearance, and in resemblance looks much more like a barn than a dog-kennel. I was just in the nick of time, and had an opportunity of looking over the food, as well as seeing the hounds fed. The meat these dogs are fed upon the day previous to hunting I consider to be very nutritious, as well as most serviceable for dogs to run a hard day: it consists of good biscuits boiled in broth till it has nearly become a pulp, with a moderate quantity of herbs. Bell, the huntsman, though I consider him a clever fellow in the field, and possessed of an

amazingly fine halloo, is far from being a good kennel huntsman, and assumes a self-importance and consequence, to say the least, unbecoming in one of his narrow experience and limited knowledge.

On the following day, Friday, these hounds met at Torver, and after an hour's beating and vexation, we at last had the pleasure to see an old hare get up, well known to the followers of these hounds, having beat them four times during the present season. She was not a large hare, but grey as a badger, and appeared like one that had stood the tug of many a hard run. She took direct for the mountains, where of course no horseman attempted to follow; but from a hill I was enabled to get a good view of the whole; and after two hours' very hard running on the mountains, they brought her back to the valley. Our horses all being as fresh as at the start, for an hour and a half more we had a beautiful run with scarcely a check over a country heavy and killing in the extreme, till puss reached the extensive coverts below Houthwaite, where hares are so plentiful that a fresh one got up every few minutes, and by this means she again baffled us, after a most severe run for nearly four hours.

I was sorry I had not another opportunity of witnessing the performance of these hounds; but the two following days appointed for hunting being extremely wet, the hounds never left the kennel, and by staying longer at Conistone I should have been compelled to have postponed my visit to some other packs which I had a most ardent desire to see. I therefore

turned my attention to the Hawkshead Harriers, and having forwarded my horses the preceding day, I left Conistone with regret on Wednesday the 13th; and, after a few hours' ride, found myself at that good house for man and horse, the White Lion, in Hawkshead.

These hounds were formerly under the management of the late Dr. Hodgson, a most eccentric character and good sportsman, who at his death bequeathed them, with a splendid fortune, to their present owner, B. Hodgson, Esq. of Colthouse.

After putting myself to rights in the stomach department I took a stroll towards the kennel; which is situated a little to the North of the main road leading to Kendal. It is an unsightly building, though evidently utility and compactness within have been considered rather than useless grandeur without. On entering I was surprised to find a complete change of tenantry since I last visited it, some dozen years ago; for, instead of the deep flew'd Talbot-like hounds, its former inhabitants, I now saw a pack of sprightly business-like harriers, with a huntsman at their head named Wilson, who, from the discipline and good order of everything under his care, convinced me that he was no novice at his profession. These hounds were formerly hunted by John Gill, at which time Wilson was the whip, and who was promoted to his present situation when Gill entered the service of Mr. Towers, of Duddon Grove (both of whom I shall have occasion to mention in a future letter). Wilson informed me that they had had but poor doings thus far this

season, as most of their country lies very low, the land wet and cold; and on all such land, from the continued wetness of the summer, the hares suffered severely. But as they met at Belmont on the following day, which lies more in the hills, he said he fully expected the best day he had yet had this season. I returned to my inn highly gratified, and full of expectation for the morrow, which came with a beautiful morning.

When I got to Belmont I found the hounds already there, with a moderate field; amongst whom I noticed Mr. E. Knott, on a beautiful chestnut, nearly all blood; and Mr. Sands, of Graithwaite, on an iron-grey, a very stiff one, not unlike a Suffolk punch, and, as I thought, very likely to stand a long day. Mr. Hodgson having arrived, the hounds were thrown off, and, the scent lying well, we soon found a hare: and I assure those Gentlemen who follow these hounds, I was not a little surprised and disappointed at the noise and confusion made at the time she went away. One person was particularly noisy; but he I found was, like myself, a stranger amongst them—with this difference, that I had the good sense to be quiet. This person very much resembles a little Gentleman, known, I dare say, to most of your Liverpool readers, who may at any time be seen apeing the sportsman, in top-boots and smalls, but who, I believe, never saw more than two packs of hounds running during the whole course of his life. After the noise and confusion had a little subsided, the dogs got pretty well settled

to their scent, when for about fifty minutes we had a very sharp run over as fine a country for harriers as man could wish for, and killed, after running a ring of as near as I could guess about seven miles.

We were not fortunate in finding another hare; and after beating every bush and hedge-row within three miles of Belmont, and the day getting far advanced, Mr. Hodgson expressed a wish to beat towards home; and as his wish is there the law, we were all very soon in marching order.

I must not forget to mention, that the little Gentleman, who cut so conspicuous a figure at the find, cut an equally conspicuous one during the run, by taking the lead at starting, and keeping it during the whole chase, and was finally rewarded by the scut. These hounds met again on the following Friday at Satterthwaite, when we had the most brilliant day I think ever recorded in the annals of hare-hunting; but an account of which I must defer till a future Number, as already I fear I have gone farther than the limits of your pages will admit. Till another month, therefore, allow me to subscribe myself, yours, &c.

RINGWOOD.

HUMDANIEH,
AN ARABIAN STALLION.

Engraved by W. T. FRY from a Painting by J. HOWIE.

THIS horse was brought to England in October last by Lieut. Horne, of the Madras Horse Artillery. He is a beauti-

ful silver grey, of the purest blood, nearly fourteen hands and a half high, with great bone and muscular power, and the finest action in all his paces. He has been trained and tried both on the Bangalou and Hyderabad turf; and Lieutenant Horne considers him the fastest and stoutest Arab at present in Great Britain.

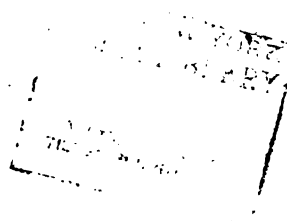
The owner, aware that several first-rate Arabs have of late years been imported, and anxious to match HUMDANIEH against any of them, or against any British race-horse, weight for inches (not being discouraged by the performance of Recruit against *Pyramus*, only first-rate on the *Bengal side*), forwarded a challenge to this effect to the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*, to be inserted in the Number for May; but from a superabundance of other matter it could not appear. By allowing proper time for acceptance, it is now too late this season; but next year an opportunity may occur of proving that the pure blood of the Desert is inferior to none in the world if judiciously matched. In the mean time the following Produce Match is suggested:—

The produce of a mare covered by HUMDANIEH, against the produce of any other mare covered by any other stallion (*both being in Scotland this season*), when two-years-old, at the Musselburgh Meeting 1833, for 200 sovs. h. ft. half a mile; colts, 8st.; fillies, 7st. 11lb.; and to carry 14 oz. for every eighth of an inch, more or less, than fifteen hands; 3lb. to be allowed the produce by the Arabian. No produce, no forfeit; and produce to live ten days or no forfeit. The produce of mares



HUMDANER.

Painted by J. H. B. and Engraved by J. H. B. and J. H. B.



that have bred a winner before this date to carry 3lb. extra.

To accept, and mare and stallions to be named, on or before the 10th of March next; and the produce to be named to the Clerk of the Course on or before the 10th of March 1832.

N. B. The horses' four feet to stand on a horizontal surface to be measured, and weights fixed by the Judges or Stewards of the race, and their decision to be final.

Edinburgh, Nov. 1830.

A DAY'S SPORT WITH THE MOUNTAIN HARRIERS.

SIR,

By inserting the following record of a day's sport of the M. H. you will oblige many
SUBSCRIBERS.

Nov. 10, 1830.

On Monday the 8th of November the Mountain Harriers, had their fixture for Almshouse Barn, near Piddlehinton, where a young hare was found, and, after a lively run of upwards of half an hour, killed. In drawing for a second hare in a piece of turnips in Piddletrenthide parish, the best energies of this gallant little pack were called into action, and the spirits of the field raised to a delightful pitch, by their rousing a noble fallow-deer; which unusual animal in that country had been, on meeting, the subject of conversation, as having been seen in the neighbourhood on the day preceding, though slight hopes had existed as to the chance of finding him. Fortune, however, had this chance to give where it could not be

better bestowed. The deer launched boldly over a tremendous rasper or two, with the pack at his haunches, and then stretched away over the common field of Piddlehinton, crossed the river near Muston House, over the hills by Higher Waterson Cottages to Greyswood, through Yellowham Wood, where a sportsman relinquished his gun at the inspiring scene, and gave the woodcocks a respite to call on his shooting pony to help him to as much of the run as was compatible with his powers. The chase held on without check across the turnpike, and over the heath to Duddel, thence to Kingston House by Higher Bockampton, and through the cottage gardens at Lower Bockampton, where a beautiful scene occurred. The deer, clearing the fence of a willow bed, took the river Frome, the pack gallantly swimming both it and the minor streams, through the water-meadows to Stafford, over the hill to the Brick-kilns, by Mr. Adair Hawkins's at Knighton, and towards Warmwell, at the pace. It was here evident that victory was to be the meed of this incomparable little pack; and they ran into their deer near Charlemont House, where the small but select party, who had all truly enjoyed this most brilliant run, were substantially regaled by its hospitable owner, Mr. Balston, a name associated with the happiest sporting recollections of this part of the world. The distance is nearly ten miles in a straight line, across every variety of country, and the time was one hour and eleven minutes. Another trophy is thus added to the many which this pack has achieved;

and more will be to be recorded, which a single glance from an experienced sportsman at their condition and symmetry would soon lead him to predict.

P. S. The deer, on crossing the new grand cut for lowering Yellowham Hill turnpike-road, de-

scended the deepest, and ascended the steepest part of the tremendous ravine, the pack doing the same. One hound fell into a crevice which had been fretted out by the rains, and must have perished in solitary confinement had it not been released by a man passing shortly afterwards.

NIM SOUTH'S SOUTHERN TOUR.

Proposed Address from the Editor.—Observations on Bag Fox-hunting, in Reply to the Letter of A SUPPORTER OF BRITISH SPORTS—Mr. Beckford's Opinion—Evil partly occasioned by the Conduct of Masters of Hounds keeping their Fixtures secret—Notice to the N. S. U. of an intended Visit—"A Word," in reply to the OLD FOX-HUNTER's "Word on the Old Berkeley"—A Word to the Landowners in the Hunt—Answer to the OLD SUBSCRIBER's "Hint to Sportsmen"—Lord Southampton's New Kennel and the Methodist Chapel—his Caravan for taking Hounds to Covert—Morton's List of Fixtures for Surrey Hounds—Hunting Stables at Croydon—An Agricultural Gentleman's first Visit to Town—First Day with the Surrey Stag-hounds—Captain Bridges' Costume—Tremendous Run on the 28th of October from Warlingham—Mr. Jolliffe's Hounds—Roffey's new Hunter—The Surrey Fox-hounds, admirably conducted by Mr. Haigh—Horne Tooke—Surrey Country—A Day among the Flints—Good Run on the 30th of October—Hunt Coat—Mr. Hebson—Mr. Courtenay's Pony—Mr. Booth's £5 Hunter—Ladies' Fox-hunting.

SIR,

I Congratulate you and your numerous readers upon the return of the hunting season. I am again at my post to resume my Southern Tour. Allow me to suggest to you the propriety of addressing the Sporting World on the present aspect of affairs. Suppose as follows:—

"My Lords and Gentlemen Sportsmen—It is with great satisfaction that I address you on the return of the hunting season. Since the conclusion of the last one, events of great interest and importance have occurred in the Sporting World.

"Our late revered Monarch has been gathered unto his fore-

fathers, and King William the Fourth (whose name we have had the high honour of placing among our list of subscribers) reigns in his stead.

"That exalted sportsman, Charles the Tenth, is no longer King of France: he has again returned to our shores, to become, I hope, a liberal patron of field sports.

"The name of Condé exists but in history. The last of the race, a warrior and a sportsman, has closed his earthly career.

"At home, the head of the house of Anson no longer presides over the management of the Atherstone hounds; the vener-

able Lord Middleton has again taken the field; the Honorable Mr. Moreton has succeeded to the Pole hounds, Captain Sullivan to the Old Berkeley, Captain Freeman to the South Wold, and Mr. Portman to the management of the Blackmoor Vale ones.

"I have heard, with deep regret, of the reduced numbers of your pheasants and your hares, and of the general deficiency of game throughout the kingdom. I lament that the tempestuous weather prior to the commencement of the season should have deprived many of you of this source of amusement; but I trust that, in concert with your gamekeepers, you will devise such means of renovating the breed as will tend to prevent any deficit in the ensuing season.

"*Gentlemen Fishermen*—In the September Number I had the honour of presenting you with a picture of a fishing scene near Teddington, and in the late one I laid before you the portrait of an extraordinary trout (a regular whale in a butter-boat) *cultivated* by B. Barker, Esq. of Smallcombe villa, together with its dimensions and an estimate of its weight; and also an account of another, which was *captivated* by — Parker, Esq. of North Britain. Gentlemen, I congratulate you upon the favorableness of the past season for the exercise of your manly and noble diversion, for which (save for the *cultivation* of young ducks) nothing could be more propitious.

"*Gentlemen Sportsmen in general*—Impressed at all times with the necessity of making the pages of this Magazine a faithful depositary for the records of the *Sporting World*, I have it in command from the proprietor to inform you

that she has spared neither pains nor expense in engaging writers of ability and experience, not only in this kingdom, but also in the Eastern hemisphere; and for my own part, in soliciting the communications of the public, I pledge myself to exercise a sound and impartial discretion in the adoption of those articles which may appear best calculated to instruct and amuse our readers, and maintain unimpaired the exalted character of the *Sporting Magazine*."

I think that will do.

For myself, ere I again enter the broad disk of the *Sporting Atmosphere* on the commencement of a new season, allow me to make some few observations and replies upon those events; and to those remarks, which were engendered during the course, or since the close of the last one.

At page 13 of your last or November Number, is an able and manly letter, signed A *SUPPORTER OF BRITISH SPORTS*, on the subject of Bag Fox-hunting. Let it not be supposed, from any thing that I have already written, or am about to write, that I am an advocate for so unsportsman-like a practice. The scarcity of foxes in the countries in the immediate neighbourhood of London will hardly excite the surprise of any man; nay, so far from their want being matter of astonishment, I confess the wonder to me is that any such escape the fangs of the purloiner, finding, as they do, a ready and a safe market.

With the exception of countries in which no fox-hounds are kept, the hunting of bag foxes cannot be justified; and it always augurs ill of a pack of hounds, the master

of which indulges in such ignoble venery.

"Gentlemen," says Mr. Beckford, "who buy foxes, do great injury to fox-hunting; for they encourage the robbing of neighbouring Hunts, in which case, without doubt, the receiver is as bad as the thief."

Deprecating, as I do most unequivocally, the whole system, I must nevertheless add, that I think the masters of hounds have in a manner drawn the evil upon themselves. Let us inquire in what Hunts these deeds have been committed.—In Mr. Jolliffe's? No.—In the country belonging to the Surrey fox-hounds? No.—In Lord Petre's? No: nor in any country that is hunted openly and liberally, and where a stranger can enjoy a day's sport without all that trouble and disappointment attendant upon the mysterious style adopted by others.

In all the affairs of human life, much of the "give-and-take," or what is called the reciprocity system, must be adopted; and it is not to be wondered at that people who are not allowed to partake of the amusements derived from the object of their care should very soon withdraw their protection. Taking the common case of game for instance: on what farm does the sportsman find so much as the one where the tenant has leave to shoot, and consequently an interest in preserving it from poachers?

The same with foxes; only greater inducement should be held out to preserve them; because gentlemen must remember, that farmers would rather dispense with these same sources of amusement; and unless they can

be induced to identify themselves with the sport, so far from preserving foxes, they will lose no opportunity of destroying them, and encourage rather than prevent the rascally stealers. Nor is it to be inferred, because men hunt bag-foxes, that they are so wedded to the system that they would not readily exchange for the legitimate sport, if it were open to them. But even supposing, for the sake of argument, that a few such spirits should exist, would they not instantly be put down, and scouted by all respectable men?

As to the old hackneyed argument, that, by advertising meets, all Cheapside is drawn to your Hunt, nothing can be more fallacious. What inconvenience do those Gentlemen find that do publish them? If there were no stag-hounds to draw off the "exuberant spirits," such an argument might be urged: but it is notorious to every man who has hunted with the fox-hounds near Town, that they have smaller fields than in any hunting country in England. None but *sportsmen* will go to fox-hounds when stag-hounds are within reach; and from *sportsmen* no danger or mischief is ever to be apprehended.

Notwithstanding my objections to the hole-and-corner system of fox-hunting pursued with some packs, I perfectly agree with your Correspondent, that the mischief of which he complains ought to be put down. I have long had my eye upon one of these establishments, of which I am sorry to say that the horse-dealers are the mere nominal owners; the real ones being Gentlemen whose rank and situation

in life ought to be a guarantee against such practices.

If the SUPPORTER OF BATTEN SPORERS, or any other Gentleman, will favour me with *authentic* information on the subject, they may rely upon my using it with discretion; while the performers in the Hunt need not flatter themselves that their rank or condition shall shield them from an exposure should a sufficient case be made out against them.

As to the N. S. U., as they style themselves, I have the pleasure to inform these Gentlemen that I am just going to visit *their country*; and should I find that they still continue their malpractices, I will present them with a new year's gift, in the shape of a full, true, and particular account of themselves in the next Number of that celebrated periodical called the *Sporting Magazine*.

In his "Word on the Old Berkeley," the OLD FOX-HUNTER is rather inclined to "run his rigs" upon me, as Lord Holland elegantly expressed himself in the House of Lords; and his letter savours more of the "*fortiter in re*," than of the "*suaviter in modo*."

But for the "brusque" manner in which it is worded, I should have suspected the writer of being one of the injured landowners himself; though it requires no greater penetration on my part to discover that he is "sore," than it did acuteness on his to echo to the public in November what I had informed them of in September.

In proof that the land is not in the hands of small proprietors, he mentions some half-dozen great

ones, and goes on to say—"NIM SOUTH, I believe, is a stranger in the neighbourhood, and has gained his information over the mahogany:" as if it were possible for NIM SOUTH, or "Nim" anything else, to know (unless, indeed, landowners would be graciously pleased to devise some method of colouring their estates like counties or hundreds on a map) whose property he rode over, except it were by hearsay, or, as he elegantly says, learned "over the mahogany."

True that I omitted Buckingham out of the list of counties in which they hunt: but I said I was quoting from the *Magazine*; consequently it was a mere oversight, as unworthy for a FOX-HUNTER to notice, as are the observations upon Mr. Bache, Mr. Howard, and Mr. Tattersall, for one to make. That I was a stranger in the county, any one who reads, or will take the trouble to read, the article he complains of, will plainly see; and at p. 365 I expressly state that I never hunted with the hounds but once: and then, because this sapient Gentleman thinks proper to give a flat contradiction to what is at best but mere matter of opinion, he concludes by a self-convincing argument that my information is derived from hear-say.

"So much for *Buckingham!!!*"
—Now one word to the landowners.

It will, I think, be readily ceded that it requires some little residence in a county to acquire anything like a knowledge of the distribution of property; and that a stranger must necessarily be indebted to others for his information on that point. Such was my case. If in charging hostility to

the landed proprietors I committed an error, it was far from intentional. Allied as I am with several of the resident Squirearchy of more than one sporting county, and intimately acquainted with many Gentlemen residing in others, it would ill become me to attribute any thing illiberal to so truly respectable a body.

In what I wrote I believed myself correct; though nothing will afford me greater pleasure than an opportunity of correcting any statement which may tend to cast a reflection on the followers of a sport so noble: but it must be borne in mind, that the names of a few (while they may very properly be placed on the score of exceptions) will not of themselves establish the general position.

"Now trot up" the next article—"A Hint to Sportsmen from AN OLD SUBSCRIBER"—"gently with him, he's not a kicker."

Bearing in mind the nasty old adage about "stirring and stinking," I shall content myself by saying, that my notice respecting the inn in question was not made with a view of injuring the landlord (whom I am not aware that I have ever seen), but of benefiting my brother sportsmen. As, however, I make it a rule to proclaim the good inns (a much more pleasing task, by the way, both to my pen and pocket), it follows that some notice must be taken of the bad ones; else little benefit would accrue to the conscientious landlord. The OLD SUBSCRIBER knows more about the one in question than I do, who have only used the stables; and the excuse he makes is creditable alike to the defender and defended: but I will tell him of a much less troublesome mode

than the one he suggests—*viz.* Let the stable-bill be added to the house-bill (when there is one), and be made out and presented by the landlords themselves instead of the ostlers; whereby one reckoning will do for all, and the innkeepers will have no person to blame but themselves in similar cases of exposure.

Turn we to the nobler pleasures of the chase. Your address notices all the important changes that have occurred in the hunting establishments since I last took the field. The Quorndon hounds have, I hear, taken up their quarters in their new kennel at Leicester; also that a curious dispute, or perhaps something more, is likely to happen in consequence of its being built too near a Methodist Chapel!!!

I forgot to mention an experiment made by the Noble Lord at the head of this pack in the way of travelling hounds. He had a large caravan built, in which to convey them and the huntsman to the meet; and the first day it was tried, "unaccustomed as they were" to riding in carriages, and from the want of sufficient air, they all turned out more dead than alive.

I congratulate Mr. Mure and the Gentlemen of the Suffolk Hunt on their acquisition of country through the liberality of the Marquis of Bristol. Nothing makes a Nobleman or Gentleman more universally popular than a known friendly disposition towards hunting; and where (as in this case) the donor does not partake of the amusement himself the boon is doubly creditable to him; and I hope, before the close of the season, to have auricular evidence of

his increased popularity, and ocular demonstration of the advantages derived to the Hunt.

On the Sunday after my return from Leicestershire, I rode up to town to take the well-known lounge in Tattersall's, and hear what was passing in the world of foxes. I found Lord Anson's stud had been sold the week before, bringing, as they ought, good prices. By the first side was posted the accustomed bill of fare, commencing with—"Sir, annexed are the appointments for the ensuing week of the different packs of hounds in the county of Surrey;" and ending with, "Your very obedient servant, CHARLES MORTON."—There were the Surrey Stag-hounds, with the kennel at Shirley, two miles from Croydon—hour of meeting at a quarter before eleven o'clock, on Saturday, October 23, at the Red Lion, Smitham Bottom, which the outside column denoted was three miles from Croydon: then came H. Jolliffe, Esq.'s fox-hounds, with the kennel at Merstham, seven miles from Croydon—hour of meeting at eleven o'clock; 18, Monday, Chipstead Church, five miles from Croydon; and Saturday, 23, Windmill, Walton, eight miles. Then the Surrey fox-hounds—kennel at Warlingham, six miles from Croydon—hour of meeting half-past ten, with three fixtures, Addington, Godstone, and Crowns Ash Hill: followed by Mr. Meager's harriers—kennel at Pit Place, one mile from Croydon—hour of meeting at ten o'clock, but no meets advertised: and the Sanderstead ditto—kennel three miles from Croydon—hour of meeting at ten also; and three

days appointed for meeting at the kennel.

This mode of advertising is good, and, like ordering a dinner, a man has nothing to do but choose whether he will hunt venison, fox, or hare; and also what distance he thinks it will do him good to ride to the meet.

He who hunts from London must not think anything of the distance from his residence to Croydon, that is a mere sort of make weight; and the day's work must be considered as commenced and ended from the latter. In a former letter I recommended Gentlemen to keep their hunters at Croydon—a practice very generally adopted among the "regulars" of the Surrey Hunts. No man should think of such a thing as doing his day's work with one horse, unless he merely goes to see the hounds throw off.

Distances are very apt to increase, especially with fox-hounds, where the meet may be some miles from the covert; and a man should not allow himself to be seduced too far from home, without knowing that he has got wherewithal to carry him back: besides, it must destroy all pleasure having to calculate the odds whether the rider will carry the horse or the horse carry the rider home.

Talking of distances, reminds me of a good story I heard the other day of a little agricultural friend of mine; and though not a sporting one, you shall have it. He is one of those happy men,

"Whose only care

A few paternal acres bound;"

but, somehow or other (having got his harvest well in), he thought to see London Town, and accordingly got into some coach that

passes near his tenement, and found himself at night housed in the Bull and Mouth. On the morrow, as is customary in all countries, he awoke, and having breakfasted and taken a squint at the map to see which way he ought to go, he set off to visit a relation in the West; and, having walked down St. Martin's-le-Grand, along Newgate and Skinner-streets—as he thought “a pretty considerable d—n'd long way”—he began to fear he had over-shot the mark, and pulled up at a pastry-cook's shop on the top of Snow-hill, and addressing a female at the counter, said, “If you please ma'm, can you tell me if I am anywhere near Port-land Place?” !!!

M'Carthy has given up his stables at Croydon; and another “Morton” has taken them, who formerly kept some in Town. I hear him well spoken of, and that his terms are somewhat lower than his namesake's. I prefer the situation of the latter's stables, and think he does justice to horses, of which he has got several at present—among the numbersome fine ones belonging to Sir Mark Wood. Mr. Richard Tattersall, Captain and Mr. Van, Mr. Davis, Mr. Butler, and several other Gentlemen, have theirs with him also.

Nothing is so foolish, or so mean and pitiful, as stinting a horse of his food; but I assure you this morning's post brought me a letter from an Innkeeper, about twenty miles from Town, within a mile of a crack hunt, offering to take my hunter at a guinea a week! We know what the proof of a pudding consists in; and before plum “pudding time arrives,” I shall have tried

his stables, and will “report progress,” *pro bono publico*.

With your permission we will hark back to Morton's bill of fare.

As I ended the last, so I commenced the present season, by a day with the Surrey Stag-hounds—the meet at Smitham Bottom. These hounds were later than usual in commencing operations, owing to most of the deer having the rut. The 23d of October was their first day—and, bating the want of rain, a delightful one it was. Smitham Bottom is also a favorable meet for the carriage sportsmen (who are frequently desperate hard drivers after stag-hounds); and on this morning many of the fair damsels in the neighbourhood enlivened the scene with their presence. I never saw a better mounted field altogether with stag-hounds than there were on this day: however, “from fear of accidents,” we were all capped half-a-crown a piece before starting. Withstag-hounds any costume I believe is appropriate; but Captain Bridges (the well-known tandem-driving Devil-dyke-riding Bridges) certainly does “out Herod Herod” with his—a black jockey (not hunting) cap, a scarlet frock coat lined with yellow, mother-of-pearl buttons with engravings in black upon them, and boots and breeches to correspond.

True to his text, the deer took through the turnpike-gate just below where we met; and the toll-keeper capped every man jack who could not produce a yellow ticket from the one above. Had it been a good scenting day this would have stopped half the field: as it was, hounds and horses trotted on at a most comfortable six-miles-an-hour jog for

the first one, after which, the scent improving, we had some pretty wood-hunting; and, on taking him, we all found ourselves within a mile of the place we started from.

On the 28th, however, these hounds had a tremendous run. We know "the last one is always the best:" but, joking apart, I believe this was something extra—indeed, from all accounts, it was *too good*. The meet was at the Leather-bottle at Warlingham, almost on the boundary between Kent and Surrey; and they turned out a raking Kingston deer, who, having a just abhorrence of roads, &c., led them a dance for nearly four hours across country, finally beating them all, and wishing hounds and horsemen a good night somewhere near Tonbridge Wells. Jonathan returned with a reinforcement, and succeeded in taking him. But the worst part of the story remains to be told—I hear that some horses died; among the number a fine chesnut belonging to Mr. Maberly. This is the worst of stag-hounds—you are either scrambling about the lanes all day, or else get such a routing across country that your horse is not fit to ride again for a month.

I am happy to say I was not there: indeed, if I had, I should have made no bones of pulling up in the middle of it, taking it for granted that they would either beat him or he would beat them. It seems to be agreed on all hands that it was one of the best runs ever known with stag-hounds; and, huntsman-like, Jonathan swears the last part, which he had all to himself, was far the

best. The Surrey Stag-hounds are a very well-appointed establishment—every thing in very good keeping without any ostentation. The whips are young, light, active fellows; and the horses, which I understand they have purchased of Tilbury, are good. Jonathan was riding a very nice bay on the day I was with them.

I have not seen Mr. Jolliffe's hounds, except in kennel, since the season began. They have reduced their number of hunting days to five a fortnight; and, I understand, have shewn some good sport to small fields, particularly on the 30th, from Chaldean Church. I hope to have a day or two with them before I leave this county. It is reported that Mr. Jolliffe offered a very large price for Mademoiselle D'Jeck, the famous elephant (for Roffey the huntsman to ride), but she was not to be bought. The old boy hammers away as usual, I understand, up hill and down: he is always at work, and report says there is no want of foxes.

The Surrey-Fox come next: Master, Mr. Haigh; huntsman, Tom Hill; with two whippers-in. They would more properly be called "the Kent," I think, having a very small tract of country in the former—only, I believe, the Tandridge and part of the Wallington Hundreds. Spending a few days with a friend near Bromley last summer, we took a ride over to Warlingham to see these hounds in kennel. It was a Sunday in the month of August; and, as we approached, we saw a man swaggering about in a new scarlet with a green collar,

tops and cords, who proved to be the first-whip taking the shine out of his garments.

Appearances are most certainly against this establishment. The kennel is formed of the out-premises of a farm, roomy and airy enough, but without many of what are considered the elegances of a kennel. However, it contains the useful in the shape of a very nice pack of hounds. I hear that it is a very ancient established one also, being upwards of half a century old; and that the present huntsman's grandfather originally held the situation he now has. When Colonel Henry Wyndham (the brother of the present owner of fox-hounds in Sussex) gave up his pack, about thirty couple of them were added to the Warlingham establishment, though they afterwards drafted several. Lasher and Launcher, two stallion hounds, both belonged to Colonel W.; and Leader, got by the latter, is one of the best hounds in the pack. There is also some of Mr. Warde's blood in the kennel: a bitch called Stately (pale yellow and white) was given by him; and Victory is also his breed. Rifleman, by Mr. Jolliffe's Rifleman, is perhaps the handsomest hound in the pack. They have a few with a cross of the Duke of Beaufort's blood—Faithful, I believe, is one.

The stables are behind the kennel, and the horses stand *dos-à-dos*. Taking them all in all, and considering the circumstances under which they are placed, this is a very fair establishment, and deserving of a much better country.

When I hear people talk of the Duke of that, or my Lord this, doing the thing in such style, I

admire the men for their taste, but their performances excite no wonder in my mind. If men who are masters of their own time, and blessed with every requisite in the way of money and country, cannot give satisfaction, who in the name of Fortune can, I wonder? I say that the man who will take a bad country with a small subscription, in preference to not hunting at all, shews himself to be quite as good a sportsman; and that the manner in which Mr. Haigh conducts the Surrey Fox-hounds reflects the highest credit upon him. But then your lipping drawling Dandy will say, "Oh, but they are supported by citizens, are they not?" Well, and if they are, what then? *Buonaparte* said, "we were a nation of shopkeepers;" so, if he spoke truth, the Hunts are all alike. But, joking apart, I should like to ask these paper-headed Gentlemen what they would now be if their citizen fathers, or grandfathers, "had not been born before them," as the saying is. Do they think that their witless skulls would ever have enabled them to subscribe to any Hunt, or even to keep a jack-ass, much less a horse? Out upon such affectation! I look at what a man is, and not what he sprang from—as Southey wrote:

"When Adam delv'd and Eve span,
Where was then the Gentleman?"

When Horne Tooke was at Eton, one evening the boys were bragging of their origin. One said his father was a Duke, and another that his mother was a Duchess; in short, they were all revelling in the puerility of pride. Poor Horne Tooke, who possessed more learning, knowledge, and

mind than all of them put together, was apprehensive that he should be kicked out when his origin should be traced, for his father kept a *chicken shop* in the Poultry. So, when they asked him what his father was, he replied, "a great *Turkey merchant*!!!"

Some of the Old Surrey country is wretched, particularly above hill. Every now and then you come upon immense beds of large loose flints, and indeed no part of that district is entirely free from them. No man should think of riding a valuable horse in it, for they are liable to all sorts of accidents. In galloping, the shortest pastern one is in danger of cutting the back sinews; and should he make a mistake at his leap, ten to one but the *virginitas* of the knees is gone; or even in throwing a shoe, unless the rider can carry that foot in his pocket to the nearest smithy, he need not expect to find much hoof left.

The Godstone country below hill is their best. I had a benefit among the flints the first day I met these hounds. Grinstead Green was the fixture; whence we proceeded to some large coverts called Goodham Lodge woods, abounding in flints and foxes. It was a bad scenting day, but, after a deal of bullying, Hill killed his fox. I had an excellent day with them on the 30th October. The meet was the well-known Botley Hill, commemorated by the Muse somewhere in the pages of your Magazine. The coverts near drew blank; so we went below hill, and after a good deal of wood-hunting in the neighbourhood of Squirries (classic ground, the seat of the father of fox-hunters), we passed through

Mr. Briscoe's Park, and drew some coverts about two miles to the west of it. Here we found about two in the afternoon, and, without hanging much, the fox took away for the hills (a favorite retreat), up which we had a breather. He kept along the hill tops for some miles, and seemed inclined to do the thing handsomely, but was headed in some pleasure ground belonging to a house which stands close to the Godstone road, and steered due north; but again turned, and, crossing to the south of Marden Park, made back for the hills; when my horse gave me a hint that he had had enough.

Those Surrey hills are the devil's own certainly, and take far more out of a horse than a twenty minutes' gallop. The first whip, who is somewhat bulky, thought prudent to change his with the other, who had made for the hills at starting. The men are certainly rather too heavy, but they understand their business thoroughly. The second whip is old, and does not take much part in the proceedings. A scarlet frock, with a green collar and plain gilt button, is the Hunt coat; the servants wear caps. The green and red is a funny mixture: some say it was chosen, because, with a great coat over it, a man could drive out of town in his tilbury without it being supposed he was going to hunt, nothing appearing but an olive green collar. Whether it was intended or not I do not know, but it certainly has that advantage.

Mr. Hobson, of Tottenham, is one of the old standards of this Hunt. Notwithstanding the distance, he travels from his own house to the meet almost every

hunting day, and returns home after the day's sport. I understand that he is one of the oldest sportsmen in Surrey. I met him out once or twice last season with Colonel Jolliffe's hounds, when he was pointed out to me as a veteran. "Hobson's choice" in horses is not bad, possessing more strength than speed—a very necessary thing considering the size of his bay window, &c.

I saw a very clever little pony out one day with these hounds, (well known in the Hunt,) ridden by a fine boy, a son of Mr. Courtenay. He was rather too heavy for it; but the manner in which the little animal scrambled through its leaps was extraordinary.

A Lady sometimes patronizes "the Surrey," attended by two or three "Cavaliers," forming rather a droll party. She stuck fast in a hedge one day, and puzzled one of her attendants, an old boy of the name of Booth, how to push her through. Mr. B. was mounted on a magnificent hunter, for which he gave a *whole five pounds*, and in the plenitude of his wit challenged the whole field to set him. He went home before we found, unfortunately for the Coroner. I do not like to see women out with fox-hounds. A man does not like riding before them, or leaving them in the lurch; and even if they do "go along," the whole field is kept in alarm lest an accident should happen. With harriers it is all very well; because, whether you jump a fence, or take five minutes to pull it down, makes but little difference in the general way; but it is quite *une autre chose* with fox-hounds.

When I was young and *debonnaire*, Mrs. Nim South and

I indulged a good deal in hare-hunting; but in these hard times it is as much as a man can do to mount himself: therefore she stays at home and mends my pens for me to write for the *Magazine*. And now, Mr. Editor, a long life to you, and many of them!

Yours, &c.

NIM SOUTH.

Sutton, Nov. 10, 1830.

OF THE VICIOUS HABITS AND PROPENSITIES OF HORSES.

BY T. R. YARE.

(Concluded from Sept. Number, p. 351.)

SIR,
THOSE who attentively consider the habits of the horse when in a state of nature must, I am sure, be convinced that he is by no means naturally vicious. Vice is absolutely inconsistent with the existence of a gregarious animal: any trick or habit which would interfere with the comforts and well-being of the rest of his companions would destroy that bond of union which keeps them together. I am borne out in this assertion by what we hear of the horses found in a wild state in South America, in various parts of Hungary, in Russia, and in Tartary. Captain Head, in an entertaining account of his journey through the Pampas, has made some observations on the habits of the animal equally amusing and instructive, and from which any thinking man may at least form some idea of a proper mode of treatment to his horse. The Captain observes that the horses wander about in herds varying in number, and, though belonging to individual proprietors, yet as wild and untamed, or more so, than any other descrip-

tion of South American property. In travelling, it is usual, when horses are wanted, to catch them with the lasso: the saddle is put on, and they are mounted without farther breaking. The only resistance the animal ever makes is by an unaccountable plunge all fours, but he is never known to kick or bite, nor practise any other of the tricks denominated vice in this country.

Now among the various horses taken at random in this manner from the vast roving numbers, it is but fair to suppose that at least some one might be found to possess the vices of our enlightened stables; yet, strange to say, that is not the case. The fair deduction therefore to be drawn is, that the vices of the horse are those of education, and utterly unknown to him in a state of nature.

In this view I am confirmed by what I have heard of the practices of the great cavalry studs in Germany. The light Austrian cavalry is always mounted from immense herds, which, belonging to the Emperor, are allowed to wander at liberty through the extensive wastes and woods with which that country abounds. When a regiment requires fresh drafts, the riding-master and a certain number of non-commissioned officers are sent from the regiment, who drive the large herds of wild horses into an inclosure, when a choice is made of such as are considered of fit age and size for regimental purposes. The rest are then set at liberty, or sold to the country-people; and the troopers commence their journey home, sometimes a distance of some hundred miles, driving before them a herd of horses like sheep—crossing rivers

and traversing a wide expanse of country—until they reach the head-quarters of the regiment. The horses are then put under the necessary tuition. No blows are allowed, kindness and caressing being the chief means used. And what is the consequence? In six weeks the horse is mounted and doing duty with his rider, who, being generally of a merciful disposition (for the German dragoons are to a man kind to their horses), an affection springs up between them, and the kindness of the rider meets with corresponding docility in his charger.

Those who remember the horses of the Old German Legion when in this country must have observed the superior command the men had over their chargers—a command obtained and preserved by kindness and attention to their wants and habits, and by those means only.

An old cavalry officer, who I accidentally became acquainted with some time back, made an observation which seemed to me to bear strongly on this point. "You may depend on it," said he, "that kindness is the only thing to gain command over the horse. In my experience in large cavalry stables, I have always fancied that I could read the character of the rider in that of his horse; and I have always observed, that the good-tempered soldier, who was attentive and fond of his horse, never rode a bad-tempered animal; whilst the bad-tempered man is generally mounted on a very devil."

Now there must be something more than mere chance in this? Yet is it not singular, that, with all these facts staring us in the face, there should exist men who

do not hesitate to say that fear is the only ground-work of good discipline, and that safety is utterly incompatible with a comfortable state of feeling in the animal beset by fear. Nor is this error confined to the ignorant groom alone; it is not unfrequently found to pervade the minds of those who from their education ought to know better. Hence have arisen those torturing applications—straps, bands, and other pieces of horse-furniture—purporting to be a preventive or a cure for some particular vice; but, as I have before stated, the punishment they inflict spoils the temper, and never can impart that docility to the unconscious animal so essential and necessary.

It is extremely unfortunate for the horse that those, who from their education and habits are better calculated to promote his kind treatment and throw a light upon the theoretical management of the stable, should be from that very circumstance prevented from attending to the application of the means they propose: for it is hardly to be expected that the Gentleman or man of science will give up the society of his associates and the fascinations of the drawing-room to attend in the stable; and hence arises the dominion of the groom, of some of whom it would be difficult to say which was the more predominant, the fool or the knave. Ignorance is always obstinate: the "School-master" has not yet penetrated the stable; and he who would expect a groom to follow a reasonable course of treatment in opposition to his preconceived notions, must lay his account with

having his instructions disregarded, and his positive commands wilfully misunderstood or neglected.

The education of modern grooms will seldom be found to extend farther than the method (often singularly ill performed) of keeping the horse, harness, &c. clean, and a knowledge of riding and driving. If we require of them something more than this, their farther education will be found to consist in a perfect knowledge of those items and hieroglyphics which constitute "the Book;" the meaning of which most gentlemen "have fair cause to know," which comes with great regularity, and often announces an expenditure equally surprising and vexatious, particularly when from home.

If grooms are ignorant of scientific attainments, I am sorry to say I have found some who *call themselves* veterinary surgeons, equally at a loss in that knowledge without which their science appears to me worse than useless: I mean the common routine of stable management, and the habits of the domestic horse. As one instance, among many others, I will relate a fact which strongly exemplifies both sorts of ignorance combined in the person of a *Running Doctor** of an eminent veterinary surgeon of the present day, who stands high in his profession, but whose choice of an assistant did but little credit to his penetration.

Having to attend a Gentleman's stable on business, in which was a horse extremely ill, I found this *Running Doctor*—who was a counterpart of one of the Old School

* A man employed by veterinary surgeons to drench, bleed, blister, and clyster horses, insert towels, apply poultices, &c. &c.

of horse doctors—as obstinate as a mule, and knew just about as much of symptoms of disease as he did of longitude. His rubicund nose and sallow countenance led me to believe he was a staunch votary of “Hodges full proof,” and for which I soon ascertained he had been voting that morning; but the stench of his clothes took off the odour of the juniper. He was sent to bleed, give a drink and clyster to this horse. The symptoms I found to consist in a pulse scarcely perceptible, and such an extreme lowness and depression of strength, that the patient could with difficulty support himself on his legs; and upon looking into his mouth I found the horse was dying from rupture.

I remonstrated with the man on the absurdity of bleeding a horse under such circumstances, and recommended him to require the attendance of his master before he proceeded to operate, as the horse was in a most dangerous state (though in my own estimation he was as dead as if a house had fallen upon him, for the whole *Materia Medica* could not save him). However he declined my advice in so ungracious a manner that I saw my interference was useless, and would only get me into hot water, without benefitting the horse. “My orders,” said he, “are to take two quarts of blood from him, give this drink and clyster, and I shall do it.” As he could not turn me out of the stable, I determined to wait and observe his proceedings. He commenced with bleeding, which he performed in the most awkward possible manner. After striking the fleam five times with Herculean force, he suc-

ceeded in producing about a quarter of a pint of blood in a quarter of an hour. “D—n his eyes,” said he, “he won’t bleed,” and having so said, he tied up the vein, and without waiting for the horse to recover from his exhaustion, proceeded to administer the draught, which he effected with great “*tenderness and feeling*,” working the horn about in the poor animal’s head like a carpenter boring a hole through a nine-inch deal! As may be imagined the horse got worse, and, the next day, “to the great surprise of the veterinarian,” died.

Before these operations were commenced I called the groom on one side, and explained to him the dangerous state the horse was in; but he, presuming I suppose that I knew more about a crib-biter than a sick horse, and having a very high opinion of Old Vulcan, disregarded what I said; so I at length left them in disgust. The next morning curiosity prompted me to call at the stable, and the groom, with a most rueful face, told me it was all up; that the horse was dead, and he expected the cart for him every minute. It shortly arrived, and I prevailed on the groom to have the horse opened, which was accordingly done; and when the operator saw the state in which the horse was, he suddenly exclaimed, “He has bursted hisskirt;” and sure enough he had, for the orifice was between four and five inches in diameter.

Comment on the treatment of this horse is quite superfluous: it was the result of the very *plus ultra* of ignorance, and only to be equalled by the atrocious brutality with which the remedies were administered by this Run-

ning Horse Galen, who was the active instrument of so much unnecessary torment.

If the Old School of horse doctors knew nothing else, they were generally well acquainted with all the minutiae and details of the stable; and though they were ignorant of the characteristic and generic habits of the horse, they were perfectly cognisant of those evils which were the result of education and bad management in the groom. The veterinary surgeons of the present day seem to have overlooked this "desideratum." In their thirst for the scientific investigation into the anatomy of the dead animal, they have treated the knowledge of the habits of the living body with contempt; and have rather sought to discover the proximate cause that killed the patient, than the remote one which gave rise to the disease: and what has been the result?—the propagation of the wildest theories, alike inconsistent with common sense and the natural habits of the animal.

Another great evil is this. Veterinarians, like their brothers engaged in combating the diseases of more sentient animals, often overlook the simple and obvious means of mechanical treatment, or else treat them with ridicule merely on the score of their simplicity, and would think a competent knowledge, or the employment of mechanical means, as beneath the notice of a mind imbued with the more lofty disquisitions into the principles of animal economy. Sir Astley Cooper remarks, that persons who object to a position merely because it is new, or who endeavour to detract from the merit of the man who first gives efficacy to a new idea, by demonstrating its usefulness and

applicability, are foolish, unmanly, envious, and illiberal objectors—they are unworthy of the designation either of professional men or of gentlemen.

In another of this eminent surgeon's lectures he has also observed, that a knowledge of mechanics was no inconsiderable or unimportant branch in the education of a surgeon; that it was no despicable attainment to know how to apply a bandage skilfully; that he was not unfrequently the most successful in his attempts to alleviate disease, who to a knowledge of anatomy combined a competent knowledge of mechanism; and that a surgeon was but imperfect in his profession, who knew not as well how to invent the means, as to employ them when invented by others.

Now with a horse this knowledge is infinitely more necessary than with a human being. The surgeon can command his patient to abstain from this, that, or the other, or to keep a limb in a particular position, and he will be obeyed; that is, if the patient has reason or common sense. But with a horse, though almost a reasoning animal, and possessing a wonderful memory, the case is different: "mechanical means must be used:" and he who thinks that beating, ill treatment, or even caressing, will prevent an animal using a limb, or doing that which nature or custom has rendered usual, had better be employed elsewhere, for he will find himself most egregiously mistaken, and might, as far as concerns his own character as a veterinarian, or the comforts of his patient, amuse himself with whistling jigs or singing psalms to a mile-stone. In fact such a man has no business whatever in a stable.

It was this excessive ignorance of theory in the practical man, and of practice in the theoretical one, that first turned my attention towards that which was wanting in both: and having in early life seen some few cases of crib-biting, which from some circumstances greatly attracted my notice; and moreover, finding that medical means were equally as inefficacious as the mechanical ones then employed, either for the prevention or cure of this distressing practice; I turned the whole of my attention very particularly to them, in order to found the *rationale* of that practice, which since that time, I am happy to say, has been attended with the greatest success.

At first, I was extremely puzzled to account for a practice which seemed to bear strong marks of a disease, and really thought that crib-biting was the effect of disease, and not disease the effect of crib-biting. Time, however, and close observation induced a very different opinion. I had never heard that horses in a wild state were given to this vice. I reflected, that in the immense pastures of America, unfurnished with wood, horses were never known to be affected with it; and, following this course of reasoning, I soon determined that crib-biting was not a disease incidental to horses, or consequence of disease, but arose entirely from bad grooming, imitation, or idleness. Having made up my mind on this point, I commenced my plan of treatment accordingly. Coercion I saw was of no use, as the habit was become a second nature; and nothing but absolute and incessant watching could subdue that which seemed so

necessary to the animal, that all the functions of nature had accommodated themselves to it.

I believe my first essay was made upon a chesnut horse used as a hunter, which the owner parted with in consequence of his mean appearance produced by crib-biting; and so bad was he in consequence of it, that the seller returned me one pound out of twenty for luck, as the saying goes. This horse was so devoted to the habit, that even the act of taking his food was continually interrupted by biting the manger, and thereby inhaling air which he could not naturally exhale, and which, together with his food (though only a quartern of oats at a meal was given), puffing up his stomach, any common observer would conclude that he had eaten a bushel.

On my first attempt on the animal I found him to be extremely timid, and, from always removing his head, and shewing great shyness and symptoms of fear at my approach, I immediately made up my mind to the fact, that, in addition to the miseries entailed upon him by his following this pernicious practice, he had received the most brutal treatment in the stall from his groom.

After attentively observing for some few days the various symptoms of my patient, I commenced my treatment by dividing his feeds into one half the quantity, which I administered seven or eight times a-day, instead of four, as heretofore. This I did, as well from a view of catering for, or creating an appetite, as to prevent waste, to which all crib-biting horses are remarkably prone, wasting almost as much as

they eat. I increased his exercise considerably; and when he returned to the stable, in order to amuse him, and in some measure to throw a slight obstacle to his obtaining a good hold of the manger, I placed in his mouth a smooth snaffle-bit with players, which I attached to the head-stall, leaving it to hang so low in the mouth, that, though he could not possibly get it out, he would find it unusually placed, and employ himself with endeavoring to disengage it. This I left on day and night, thus taking off his attention from the manger, in the slight annoyance to which the bit subjected him.

Though I found this most useful as creating one habit which I could controul, and which served in a great measure to counteract his desire for the crib, yet constant practice made him accustomed to the bit; and he had at last taught himself how to place it in such a way as to relieve himself from the restraint imposed upon him by it, and began again, though without so much apparent relish, to return to his old practices. To this the state of the manger, which was composed of soft deal, greatly conduced, as it afforded to his teeth a firm hold, and had, from constant biting, become ragged and splintery. To prevent this temptation I covered the whole surface of the top of the manger with stout sheet iron, forming a sort of roller, at least four inches in diameter, which being difficult to grasp, and affording by its extreme hardness a strong contrast to the softness of the deal, had the effect of at last completely wearing him out in his attempts; and by constantly affording him plenty of employment,

and attending to his every motion and want, I made myself necessary to the animal; so much so, that, though upon his first entrance into my stable he seemed terrified at my every motion, he now recovered his confidence, and testified his pleasure the moment he saw or heard me. From that time he ceased biting the manger; and his condition, which seemed rather to flag under the discipline I first used to break him of his bad habit, rapidly improved; and he was with difficulty to be recognised at the end of a month for the same poor scare-crow which he appeared when he first entered my stable. At the end of two months I sold him for a considerable sum as a hunter; and he continued for four years after to give every satisfaction to his purchaser, until the gout caused the owner to send him and two more to the hammer, when I lost all trace of him.

After the success of this experiment—which from fear of the ridicule attendant on unsuccessful experiments, made in direct opposition to generally received opinions, I kept secret—I began to fancy I had arrived pretty nearly towards the attainment of a certain preventive to crib-biting, if not a perfect cure. At length I took courage, and mentioned my success to a few of my intimates, some of whom expressed their disbelief in rather strong terms, and seemed to ridicule my ideas, and deride me as much as if I were in search of the Philosopher stone. But my father-in-law (M Jones, before alluded to), to whom I explained my plan rather more fully, seemed to think there was something in it, and advised me to proceed, but was fearful I

should meet with much opposition if I attempted to make my system public.

It happened at this time that a customer of his was possessed of a carriage horse, a most inveterate crib-biter, and on which some wiseacre had applied, as usual, a strap, which had been kept fastened tight round the animal's throat some three or four years, but without the slightest effect either towards the alleviation of the symptoms or prevention of the habit.

Mr. Jones having mentioned the success I had experienced with my own horse, the proprietor, a gentleman of fortune, agreed that I should try my hand with his, on the principle "no cure no pay." If successful I was to have a very liberal remuneration, as he was an excellent horse, and his owner remarkably fond of him (and indeed among all the horses which I have had under my care for crib-biting I never knew a bad one). The horse was accordingly sent to my stable, and an exceedingly fine-grown animal he was, standing upwards of sixteen hands high, and nearly thorough-bred. What added to the difficulty of my enterprise was, his being aged, and the habit had been of long continuance, at least four years.

I commenced, after studying the character of my patient, with my usual method of kind treatment and the use of the bit, aided by feeding him often as before, together with plenty of walking exercise; but, upon putting him into the same stall that my first patient occupied, you may imagine my astonishment at finding that my gentleman made no difference between iron and wood,

but commenced biting and amusing himself with the manger, as though the firmness of the covering, by affording some harder exercise for his teeth, had increased his relish for the propensity.

Here was an end completely put to my theory—viz. that horses would not crib at a foreign body; and I confess I was almost at my wit's-end to discover any other means of breaking him from this habit. However it suddenly struck me that I had heard when a lad, from an old ostler employed by my father, that a piece of hoop-iron placed a few inches from the top of the manger would prevent a horse crib-biting; and I accordingly set to work and put up a piece. To my great delight the animal appeared completely puzzled, and seemed in doubt how to proceed, but after several attempts gave it up as a bad job: and due caution being observed when dressing him, together with good usage and plenty of employment, he completely got the better of his propensity; his condition improved rapidly; and in about three weeks I returned him to his master, who, equally delighted and surprised at his appearance, expressed himself perfectly satisfied with the mode of treatment I had adopted. However he could not persuade his conjuror of a coachman to follow the directions I had given for the future management of the horse—viz. never to dress him with his head to the manger, &c.*—and continuing to pursue the same course which had given rise to this vice, the horse resumed his former bad habits in less than a month after he returned home;

* See *Sporting Magazine*, July Number 1830, page 211.

and his master not liking the expense of sending him back to me a second time, and being unable to attend to him himself, sold him to a coachmaster—thus affording another example of the ruinous effects attendant on bad grooming.

By way of digression I must here be allowed to observe that the remedy used by me with this horse upwards of sixteen years ago, with the above result, and which I adopted from hearsay, is the same mentioned by your correspondent DASHWOOD in the July Number, page 231, as being the invention of Mr. Sewell, of Brighton, who, as I told DASHWOOD, I had no doubt had heard of it through my using it for a horse I was attending at Brighton nearly two years ago. Mr. White, of Iver, who lately purchased of me one of my Anti-Crib Biters, informed me that he also told Mr. R. Tattersall of it some time back.

These and various other methods I pursued for many years with various success. I have had horses who stopped in the first instance, upon the finding a foreign body in place of the usual wood manger; and others who, with every means I could apply, continued incorrigible, pulling down with their teeth whatever was placed before them, and cribbing upon an iron bar as though it had been the softest deal. I have occasionally applied a spring upon the ends of the bar, which would give way with any pressure that the horse might use; yet, with every means I could devise, never-failing watchfulness was absolutely necessary. Morning, noon, and night, the horse required my presence, or that of an assistant, in the stable, to watch his move-

ments, and to foil him in any new means which he might find for gratifying his favorite propensity: nor was it until I had found out my Anti-Crib Biter that I could dispense with this laborious attendance; so that I considered I had made but little or no progress farther than having acquired a knowledge that nothing but an absolute impossibility and the greatest care would prevent or foil some horses, when their cases had become inveterate.

I should here observe, that the object of watching was not for the purpose of personal interference or prevention, as I never suffer them to be spoken to, much less touched; and harsh words I never permit on any occasion; as that would defeat my object—which was to ascertain where he had broken out afresh, and which could only be known by the horse being divested of fear; as in that case, whatever they were disposed to do, whether of consequence or otherwise, they would do in my presence: for where horses are ill-used for cribbing in the day, they generally make up for lost time during the night; for do it they will if not effectually checked.

To prove the cunning of which a horse is capable, I will relate a case, certainly the most difficult to treat that ever came under my notice. A Gentleman possessed of a favorite horse, which, but for his habit of crib-biting, he considered almost invaluable, sent him to me for treatment. At first this case presented no more than the usual symptoms and difficulties, perhaps aggravated by the harsh means taken to break him of this vice by his groom. The horse was apparently sulky and in very

bad condition, and seemed afraid and suspicious of everything and everybody. Added to this, he was given to kicking, biting, or crushing against the stall any one who happened to go near either to feed or tend him, so that he became the terror of his master's stable, and was treated on that ground with brutal severity.

He was handed over to me with abundant cautions from the head groom who had the superintendence of the Gentleman's stud, and who seemed to think that he was fortunate in getting rid of an animal who he no doubt imagined would some day or other (in his freaks) have demolished the small portion of brains possessed by some of his underlings. When placed in my stable, and the usual precautions taken, his ingenuity in finding the means for gratifying his *penchant* seemed to rise in proportion to the difficulties opposed to their indulgence. A snaffle-bit, from the centre of which I placed a piece of sheet-iron, four inches long and one wide, for a player, which was so fixed that he could not get it off his tongue as he could the common players, afforded him plenty of amusement, though not apparently to his satisfaction, as he stamped his foot and shook his head the whole day, I at the same time endeavoring to pacify him. After the third day I placed a swing bar on the top of his manger, and covered it inside and out with stout sheet-iron. He tried to indulge himself; and, finding it very difficult at the top, applied himself with equal ingenuity and perseverance to the bottom and sides: in fact it was a fair trial of wits between us; and it was not until after I had

witnessed and foiled attempts at indulgence absolutely incredible, that I succeeded in preventing him from biting. I literally tired him out? not, however, before he had half killed me with fatigue, having been actually in the stable with him for twelve successive nights and days, during which time I do not think I had as many hours' rest, and then only upon leaving an assistant to watch his motions and inform me of the result. I need not say with what joy I at last saw him absolutely hang back from the manger in disgust; as experience had taught me that this was an infallible symptom of being conquered. His last effort which I saw, I must not forget. He lifted the log with his teeth into the manger by taking hold of the hempen rein about four inches from the log, and endeavored to crib on it; but finding he could not gain his point, he lifted it out again by the same means, when, pausing for a minute, he had another trial with the same effect. I was struck with wonder and amazement at his perseverance in attempting it the second time—an act which, being performed with so much *sang froid*, appeared to me almost equal to human reason. Notwithstanding the bad character I had received with him, I found him very sagacious, and a much better-tempered horse than I anticipated: and it was very gratifying to me, when riding him at exercise, to find those who knew him when poor and vicious express their surprise at his appearance and manner being altered so much for the better in such a short period.

This treatment, though infallible, quite sickened me with watch-

ing; and I accordingly turned the whole of my attention towards the horse himself, being convinced that, as far as crib-biting went, I had tried and discovered every thing which I thought possible could be done with the manger. I tried all sorts of inventions consistent with humanity to the animal. One, though it prevented crib-biting, was equally efficacious against hay and corn-biting; and another was equally fallible in another point: nothing could I find that would allow the horse the natural functions of eating, drinking, and breathing with freedom, that would not likewise allow him to bite the manger. I reflected, that as the horse was a granivorous animal; that the lips were the principal agents in collecting food; that the front teeth or nippers were only employed when grazing; and that corn or hay, given in a manger or rack, was gathered by the lips, without the agency of the teeth: if, therefore, I could invent something which would allow the functions of the lips, and at the same time prevent the *abuse* of the teeth in biting the manger, I felt satisfied that I should attain the object I so much desired and so anxiously sought for.

I accordingly set to work, and procuring some skeletons of the jaws of horses, of various size and ages, and having made myself perfectly master of the anatomy of that part of the subject on which I was about to work, with reference to its mechanical movements in the act of collecting and masticating its food, a light suddenly broke in upon me, and I was at last convinced that I was in the right path: and though I neither cried *ερηρκα*, nor

ran naked through the street, I do not think Archimedes himself was more overjoyed at his discovery.

Having to calculate on the aid of no one but myself, I set doggedly to work, and many were the rough attempts which emanated from my rude factory before I could satisfy myself upon the shape and form of my *καλον*. One was too heavy, another too light; yet still they all answered the purpose, as the principle on which they were formed was the only correct one: nor was it until after time and experience had shewn me what was necessary, and what superfluous in my invention, and I had reduced the form of my ANTI-CRIB-BITER into the simplest and most handy, and uniform shape, consistent with the purpose for which it was invented, that I was satisfied.

Yet even after all this, I forbore to present them to the world until positive experience of their effects, during a long period, and upon all sorts of horses, possessing every possible degree of inveteracy, had convinced me that I had found out a positive and never-failing specific for crib-biting.

Since that time numbers of the Anti-Crib-biter have been made and sold by me; and when the directions which I have given with them have been followed, I am justified in saying they have never been unsuccessful. In addition to all this, the introduction of these Anti-Crib Biters have been attended with effects not foreseen by me at the time of inventing them; such as the preventing the vice of biting, destroying their clothes, or wasting

their corn; and have also been successfully employed as a travelling and setting muzzle for race-horses, by a simple addition which I have made to them, instead of the usual means employed for that purpose, and which are not unfrequently the cause of considerable inconvenience to the animal.

Besides which, it will take away all excuse for ill-treatment of that noble animal on which it is placed, on the ground of prevention of biting the crib. That this is not inconsiderable no one can doubt; as every groom and stableman will agree, that for no vice are blows so liberally distributed as for crib-biting: nor is there any which has caused more suffering to the horse in undergoing the brutal and inhuman practices which have been called *cures* by the ignorant, but which the reasonable man will more properly designate as torments, engendered in ignorance, and executed in the true spirit of brutality. If the Anti-Crib Biter had no other virtue than the prevention of such inhumanity, I should have considered the expense I have incurred, and the time and labour which I have employed on its invention, well bestowed.

Some ignorant copyists have unwarrantably produced a spurious article purporting to be mine, (but from their ignorance of the principle on which it was made, and the practice it was intended to remedy, is nearly useless,) and thereby deprived me not only of that profit which I honestly confess I expected to make by my invention, but, which is much worse, have injured its character, frequently recommending it in cases of wind-sucking, for

which it was never intended. Indeed so mercenary are these parties, that I should not be at all surprised at hearing they have been selling them as a radical cure for "*kickers, blind ones, and bolters.*" Yet Gentlemen need not be told that the purest water is always to be found at the fountain head, and the inventor is always the best judge of the best mode of applying his own invention. It is hardly necessary therefore to say, that he is always most happy to afford to purchasers his best advice, not only for its application, but for the speedy recovery as well as future management of the horse.

I think I have now said enough of crib-biting, and almost fear your readers will be nauseated at the recapitulation of the misery I have detailed of that noble animal—the horse: and though the numerous cases which an experience of a series of years must have brought under my notice, have afforded me both amusement and instruction (of which the detail might not have been unamusing to general readers), I do not know how I could add anything more to this paper (which purports to treat only of crib-biting), without giving the subscribers an opportunity of wishing that my invention was employed on myself as a "setting muzzle." But I know the liberality of the Sporting World too well to entertain a doubt that they will excuse me. The mother's unqualified praise of her first-born is always privileged; and I hope I may be allowed to claim the same indulgence, even though I may have run a little out of the course, in praise of my *first production*.

I will endeavour to furnish you

with my promised article on Wind-sucking, and other vices incidental to Horses, as early as business will permit. In the mean time, allow me to offer you my very best thanks for the attention you have paid to my communication, and to subscribe myself, Sir, yours, &c.

THOS. R. YARE.

November 15, 1830.

VINES ON GLANDERS AND FARCY.

A Practical Treatise on Glanders and Farcy in the Horse: with the most effectual Methods of Treatment and Cure. By RICHARD VINES, Veterinary Surgeon, Teacher of Anatomy and Physiology at the Royal Veterinary College.—Coloured Engravings.

THE first idea with which we were impressed at the sight of this book was, that the author must indeed be a man of a bold and sanguine cast to adventure on a subject under which the press has continued to groan most piteously even for centuries; and, not content with *un coup d'essai*, by way of feeling the pulse of the public, he has the astonishing hardihood to announce two more works on the general subject. But he is, it seems, a young man. We heartily wish him that success which we certainly can have no pretence to warrant. The professed intent of the present treatise is to correct the dangerous errors of the two Professors of the Veterinary College, Coleman and Sewell. First of the first, being on his commencement entirely without knowledge or practice in the office to which he aspired, he de-

termined, we must suppose wisely, to try all experiments and courses, *à la Française*, in which he has continued; and a most unfortunate Professor indeed (barring the Professor *auratus*) he must needs be, if not right at last. As to Mr. Sewell, it has been so long the custom of our veterinary scribes to buffet and browbeat him, that he must doubtless be in the wrong, granting the validity of the old saw, that "what everybody says must be true." We confess, however, we should be very wary ere we could decide against the opinion of Mr. Sewell, from whomsoever he may have derived it, "that (Preliminary Remarks, xviii.) the lungs are the seat and origin of glanders, and the affection of the nostrils secondary." Gibson held that the discharge issued both from the head and lungs. The author has declined, as at variance with his opinions, the introduction of a number of cases, although it was in his power, he says, easily to have so done. Now on this head we are forcibly impressed, that nothing could have had a more favorable effect with his readers, than the evidence of his successful practice, and more especially with glanders—thus far the eternal veterinary opprobrium. We shall just remark, before it escape our memory, that we find in this tractate a spice here and there of that *old leaven* which we noticed elsewhere; not, however, delivered in that obstreperous and potent style of declamation to which we made free to object.

We have no room for quotation, which we leave to our author's readers; to whom we recommend this book, whether

large proprietors of horses or veterinarians, who may wish to increase or refresh their stock of knowledge; and our chief grounds of recommendation are the author's first-rate opportunities, from his situation at the Veterinary College, of acquiring practical knowledge, and his meritorious and strong attachment to his profession.

It remains for us to make such remarks as our perusal of the work has suggested. We cannot always agree, unreservedly, with this author. We are aware that Bracken and some French writers have insisted that the glanders are not infectious; and we ourselves have, in two or three instances, kept a glandered horse in the same stable with sound horses; in one instance during several months, without the slightest appearance of injury. Gibson relates similar facts, accompanied, however, by others of a directly opposite nature and event. The true understanding of the case appears to hinge on the following facts. The discharge in the incipient glanders may not have acquired a virulence sufficient for infection; or sound horses exposed may not be in a state of constitutional susceptibility for impression: but we have no doubt that highly putrid and morbid *miasmata* necessarily possess the power of producing their like—that is, of infection; and the numerous facts of glanders being communicated by infection, and when no epizootic prevailed, have never been, nor can ever be, overturned.

Relative to the identity of glanders and farcy we have ever looked upon the idea as most questionable. They may no doubt

be sometimes associated; since a patient in the farcy may have a purulent running from the nose, particularly in the last stage and in a dangerous case: but such is no common occurrence; and the maladies are obviously distinct, not only in the parts affected, but in the cause and nature of the diseases, and the mode of cure.

We once witnessed a distinctly marked case of farcy (to veteranise the name of the disease) in a human subject, which we cured with difficulty. It had surely no affinity with a purulent nasal gleet.

We purchased a four-year-old handsome blood-like gelding, well master of fourteen stone, in Smithfield, for four guineas. Nothing appeared to ail him but a most profuse discharge from both nostrils; and doubtless the dealer suspected he was glandered. The discharge being of a healthy colour, with no suspicious scent, and the nag in good condition, we did not hesitate, and succeeded in restoring his health. We have also, at various periods, attempted to cure the glanders—in one instance the case most inveterate, and the disease in the highest state of malignity. We never succeeded. Yet, that it is curable in the favorable stages we see no room to question; an opinion which Gibson so long since submitted to the best of all tests—that of facts. The following opinion, given by old daddy Bracken, we esteem to be as sound and useful, as though it had been ruled by the royal counsellor Solomon himself. "The business is to take the distemper (glanders) in its first stage, and nip it in the bud; for, after the matter or running has acquired a malignant and corrosive quality,

whereby the soft spongy bones in the nose have become carious or rotten (which may be known from the ill colour, &c.), it is past remedy, or at least the remedy is worse than the disease." A favorite indeed, or horse of high qualifications, may form exceptions. We had supposed, with others, that a *parliamentary* cure for this disease subsisted in the old records; but this author says nay. The idea of a specific poison in the blood as the cause of glanders is vulgar and farfaring; and the dispute whether or not it be a *specific* disease, is contending about something very nearly allied, if not full brother, to nothing.

As to the strangles, Nature, our best teacher, has left us little to dispute—it is obviously a critical effort to throw off a load from the constitution. Though a few may escape, or possibly the access of the disease being suspected, it might be prevented; neglected, it might become glanders.

At page 19 we were amused by the phrase "that *critical* writer Taplin:" in other words, that most impudent and shameless wholesale pilferer Taplin, fully convicted chapter and verse. He, however, succeeded, and "took the flats in." He had a knack at scribbling humorous nothings, for the amusement of those who are delighted with nothing better: witness his "*Dose for the Doctors.*" We disagree *tolo celo* with M. Rodet in his antiphlogistic treatment of the strangles—powerful counter irritations, setons, blisters, and their varieties. This is French flourishing with the devil to it; and, barring cases of dangerous inflammation, jo-

cosely, though not for the poor patient, enacting the old English *Comedy of Errors*.

We have been musing on the subject of *cantharides* as a remedy in glanders, and perceive an idea floating in the dense and hazy atmosphere of our recollection, that the flies were experimented, perhaps a century since, in the French Schools in this case. We, however, place no implicit faith in such idea. We read Dr. Robertson's book on its publication, and really think that *cantharides* must be an article of some hope in both glanders and farcy. The rust of iron has been recommended. Such small doses as four and five grains of *cantharides* can have little or no effect, we guess, on the body of a horse; far better yet than overdoses, since they must be much worse than useless.

We conclude with reminding the author of several trifling errors of false concord between the Latin and English: e.g.—*cantharides (is)*: and some errors in the Latinity of articles; for one, *Winteræ cortex*, instead of *Winterana*; and if the author had preferred the substantive, it ought to have been *Winteri*—that bark-discoverer having worn breeches, and been of the masculine gender.

SUSSEX CRICKETERS.

SIR,
I HAVE looked forward with some degree of anxiety for the fulfilment of a promised correspondence on the subject of *Crickel and Cricketers*, which the article in your November Number, with the signature of JOHN

STUMP, has in some measure abated; but not with the entire satisfaction I had anticipated. I have no personal knowledge of the writer; and I therefore trust that any remark I may make on his observations will be attributed to its proper source—viz. a thorough and ardent admiration of the noble game in which for a period of thirty years I have been “one of the eleven,” but now yield the bat and ball to those who can with better effect call their display into action.

Mr. STUMP has evinced a knowledge of the game; though he admits his opinions are sanctioned by those he modestly terms “better judges.” He says he is a Surrey man: this is a candid avowal; and, to follow the same good rule, I declare myself a Sussex man: and I beg to ask him whether any of the “better judges” he alludes to assisted him in the picking his eleven, whose names he has detailed? They are, unquestionably, names of great renown in the cricket-field, and it might appear invidious to erase any one of his list and substitute another; for the merits of cricketers may (as in every other case) be differently appreciated by different persons. I would here ask him why Lillywhite, confessedly the best bowler in England, from the truest criterion possible, that less runs are made off his balls than any other man’s—I would ask why he is excluded? In reference to his performances with the bat for the last four years he is far above mediocrity, frequently having two figures annexed to his name, and seldom bowled out; but to say which should make way for

him, I shall ask permission to leave to better judges.

In respect to J. Broadbridge, I have a friendly acquaintance with him. I think Mr. S.’s strictures on his play very just; but “our Jem” is far too good a judge to walk to Brighton to play cricket. In fact this would be a reproach to every one of the well-horsed coaches in the neighbourhood, to the drivers of which “our Jem” is well known: and I am quite certain that any one of his neighbours, who thoroughly respect him, would put the best horse in their team into a whisky, gig, or four-wheel, and rattle him to the scene of action, rather than he should fatigue himself in any superfluous exertion previous to his participation in the noble game, in which he may be said to stand—a *strong word*, Mr. Editor—unrivalled.

The hackneyed apology of trespassing on your time I shall not make; but shall leave to your superior judgment, Sir, the insertion of the following remarks, or the withholding them, as you determine.

The City of Chichester, from which I write, had always the credit allowed of bringing a good eleven into the field; but since the erection of barracks on the Broyle, a beautiful sharp and lively level piece of ground as any in the kingdom, the citizens have not had a practice-ground nearer than Hunston Common or Goodwood Park. This last spot is really delightful, and rendered still more so by the auspicious countenance of the Noble Owner, who, though relinquishing the amusement by his medical advisers forbidding strong exer-

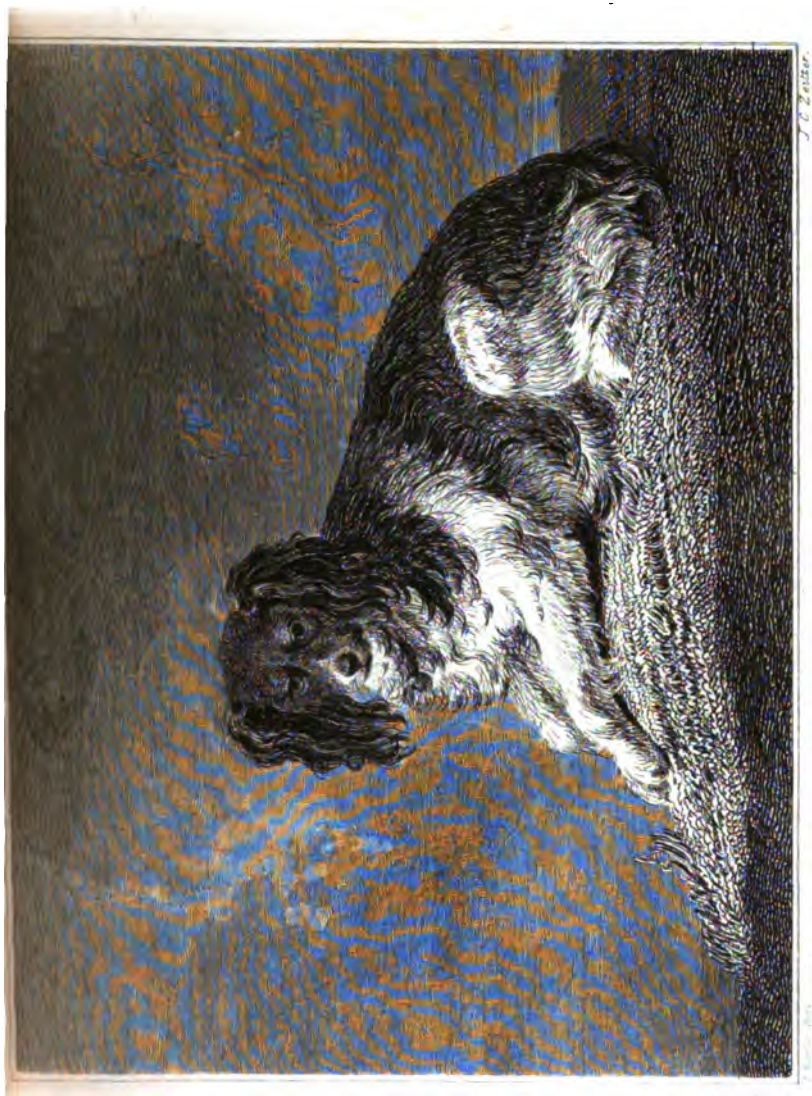
cise, is well pleased as a spectator. Before this, Sir, the Boisdens's, Bonny's, and Bailey's; the Cosens's and Collins's, formed a host of strength, which the annals of the Hambledon Club will bear ample testimony to. Notwithstanding this disadvantage, cricket may be said to flourish here; and the last match of the season in Goodwood Park, between Chichester and Slindon, shewed play which could scarcely be surpassed anywhere. King is an able tactician, and disposes his men in a field with consummate judgment—he must certainly be admitted to be a thorough cricketer in every part of the game; and, as Will Broadbridge observed, “hits a high hop better than any man in England.” Peryer is considered the Chichester phenomenon; he plays in good style, and never tires. Woodman covers the point of the bat in an excellent manner. Newman, Ned Hipkins, Young Clayton, and C. Downer are good practitioners; and I have no hesitation in saying that the latter, whose bowling is rapid and true, with a neat and easy delivery, will bowl himself up to Marylebone as soon as ever he is seen at play by any one of the firm of Messrs. Ward, Budd, and Co. For my own part I am not so strong an advocate for fast bowling as many are. In the first place, your field is distressed by putting an extra man, or perhaps two, behind the wicket; and in the second, when a fast bowler has continued through a whole innings, it generally happens that a considerable number of bye runs are obtained. I must drop the pen for the present, Mr. Editor, and subscribe myself yours, &c.

C. H. CHESTER.

SYLVIA.

Engraved by ZEITTER, from a Painting by T. BARKER.

SYLVIA, the favorite Spanish of PHILO-LEASH, bred between a Sussex and a Blenheim, chiefly resembles the former in the rich brown tints, her tan eye-brows and face, and general proportions. The master pencil of T. Barker and the scientific burin of Mr. Zeitter have done justice to her beauty, and almost caught the intelligence of her countenance: but who can pourtray the entire devotion with which she seems to live but upon her master's look?—who can describe on canvas the anxiety with which in his absence she conveys his glove to his apartment, and watches it until his return?—the feeling, with which (though at other times impatient of a moment's delay) she will lie for hours at the door of the sick chamber, or at that of convalescence will tap in the gentlest manner, and entering exchange her usual joyous bound for stealthy noiseless steps?—the intellect, with which she not only understands and obeys language, independently of signs or tone of voice, but amongst the many usual accomplishments of her kind, at command, and in a loud or soft key, makes an admirable imitation of “How do you do?” in as many syllables, when desired to “talk” in longer sentences, and holds conversation by responses of various lengths?—the sagacity, with which in the densest crowds she adheres to her master's heel, but leaves even him to accompany the bearer of his luggage, of which in a stran-



STYLIA.

Portrait of a dog, from a sketch by J. C. Zeller, 1850.

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ger's possession she will never lose sight?—the *courage*, with which she attacks and detains by the foot (but always with nice discretion) an intruder, and destroys the fiercest vermin?—the *amiableness*, that makes her the plaything and often the pillow of children?—the *memory*, from which years cannot erase friends or places once known?—and though last, not least to a sportsman, the superior *instinct* with which she is one while the queen of the most numerous team of cockers revelling in the woody dells of Cambria, or springing the glorious pheasant from the tamer covert; at another in the wild country she is queesting pussy to her form for the *αελλοποδες κυνες* of her master (to whom the field affords but little sport without her), and next is acting in concert, down charging, &c. with setters at grouse and pointers at partridges?

With *some* SYLVIA may possibly share the above rare qualities; with *many* probably the instinctive power by which (though not let out until an hour after his departure) she has traced her master through crowds to a distant church; and at other times, though long kept up, has quested him over miles of country, to his amusement, but to the horrors of some punctilious brother shot, in respect to the scruples of whose Don and Ponto she had been left behind. Curious too is the *anti-instinctive* judgment (so common amongst all kinds of sporting dogs) with which she takes no notice in a room, or tame about the house, of the same game which when wild she pursues and destroys with so much ardour! To para-

phrase the concluding *ecstasy* of Arrian's beautiful description of his favorite greyhound—written above two thousand years ago—thus is not PHILO-LEASH ashamed to hand down to posterity his favorite SYLVIA, who is at once the most faithful, the most beautiful, the most intelligent, the best *καὶ λερωτάη* of her kind!

PHILO-LEASH.

November 1830.

NEWMARKET
HOUGHTON MEETING.

SIR,
THE day's racing, MONDAY, Nov. 1, began with favorable appearances and a list of nine races. The morning was the finest I remember ever to have seen in November; and the company in consequence gay, numerous, and full of animal spirits, though the betting was flat.

The first was a match between Mr. Thornhill's Emilius filly, her dam Shoveller, and Sam Day's Marchioness (not his wife), for 50 sovs., the Ancaster Mile, the last of the Beacon Course, and the most severe of any, being all the way against the hill. Connolly rode the Shoveller filly, and was a clear winner all the way giving five pounds. Buckle's fine riding was of no use: he might have made as much of a *washermoman* as of poor Sam's Marchioness.

The Criterion Stakes of 30 sovs. each, 20 forfeit, for two-years-old colts and fillies, from the Turn of the Lands in. This invention, and a very good one, originated with Sir Robert Dick, Bart., to give us some little in-

sight into the Derby and Oaks next year; but on the present occasion proved a decided failure, as the horse that won is not, I believe, in them all, and the seven or eight that followed are worth more without those engagements than with them. Twenty paid forfeit, most of them from being so bad as to produce that care-taking spirit "that ten pounds is better saved than ill spent;" or that some were so good that so great a secret could not be imparted to us on such easy terms. They had several false starts, which were but of little consequence if one might judge by the pace afterwards. About sixty yards from home four of them came in advance, as if to make a race, when Robinson called upon the Duke of Rutland's Partisan colt, and won cleverly, though previously to the race he was scarcely mentioned. Forth's Emilius filly, Lord Tavistock's Red Rose, and Lord Orford's Odd Trick colt made all the noise.

Mr. Perren's Queen of Hearts, a *heartless Queen*, was beat very easy by Capt. Rous's Corea, a year younger, at equal weights, for 100 sovs. Connolly rode the winner, Robinson the loser, who had nothing to do but to whip the Queen—a whipping at the cat's tail almost as fast, and quite as useful.

Lord Exeter's Father Longlegs got beat by Lord Tavistock's Taurus, 8st. 7lb. each, for 100 sovs. This is the third time this roaring beast has served him the same at various weights. It is thought, at the end of three more matches, that Lord Exeter will find that this bull can run as well as roar. Robinson rode the winner;

Arnall, Longlegs: and such was the dislike of these horses to each other, that they kept as wide apart as the course would allow, and required all the skill and exertions of these experienced jockeys to keep them within its bounds.

Mr. Thornhill's Merchant, 9st. ran a match, and won easy, against a Mr. H. Scott's Nemesis, by Manfred, his dam Bella Donna, a feather. Before they had run half the course, the feather, as if the wind had taken it, drifted far to leeward, and at half the remainder was "clean gone." The child used every exertion his tender years and abilities would allow, but all to no purpose, unless to make it go out the faster.

Sir M. Wood's Lucetta (Robinson) beat with the greatest ease, at 8st. 8lb., the Duke of Richmond's Wandering Boy, 8st. 3lb. (Boyce): the pace pretty good; but Lucetta had the power, whenever her jockey pleased, to *lose the Wandering Boy*.

Lord Chesterfield's Carthusian, rode by Robinson, at 8st. 7lb., won three lengths from Mr. F. Mills's Villager (S. Day), 8st. 5lb., for 200 sovs. If talking could win a race, or be decided by argument and plausibility, Villager would have won out of sight: or if such a thing had transpired, as "my dear fellow, I have a great regard for you; pray don't back Carthusian, we can beat you in a common canter, and I *knows it*—and *Sam Day knows it*." Some people wondered, and I should wonder myself, was it not from the fear of growing old, whether this was sincere (for the parties meant are good judges); or whether intended to raise the odds upon Villager for some par-

ticular, or perhaps some wise, purpose.

A Handicap Plate of 100l. for four, five, six-years-old, and aged horses, D. I.—Eight were entered; but Cadland, the most interesting point of the game, was drawn, leaving Lucetta the heroine of the scene, in which she particularly distinguished herself. The pace was anything but good; and Lucetta and Buckle had a journey of pleasure, and nothing else, although they were giving weight to everything in the race—13lb. to Galopade, of the same year, which was second; 10lb. to Varna; and a year all but 5lb. to Oppidan, which was behind fifty yards. The two last must have lost their running altogether; as Oppidan is a particularly fine horse, and Varna has won some very good races, and was second for the Oaks last year. There were four drawn, or Lucetta must have moved her lily white feet a little faster.

TUESDAY was a day of poor sport here, whatever it might have been elsewhere. Most of the Nobility and Gentry went to Town to hear the King's Speech; and what, I would ask, is a 50l. Plate compared to the Droits of the Admiralty? We had only two races; the first a match between Lord Chesterfield's Silkworm filly, which won by a head, well rode by Connolly, against Mr. Cooper's Gawkey, a bolting wretch that *cannot* be rode well by anybody; and Arnall, under all the circumstances, ought not to have tried it. The people here seem to rejoice very much at his Lordship's success in MATCHES LATELY; and all those who know or have heard of Lord Chesterfield's amiable disposi-

tion wish them ever to remain a source of happiness to him.

For a 50l. Plate ten started (three drawn). Amongst them were, one two-year-old carrying a feather, six three-year-olds 7st. 5lb., two four-year-olds 8st. 9lb., the last three miles of the Beacon Course—a very severe race for any horse, but particularly so for things so young. It fortunately happened, however, that the pace was very moderate to the Duke's Stand, when a scramble and confusion, as sudden as from an explosion, ensued, and legs and arms, whips and spurs, all got into motion at once as if by steam. Mr. Hunter's grey filly Christina, from genuine goodness, and nothing else, won by a-head, rode by a boy *like a boy*. Pavis rode Schumla like a man, but could only get second. It was altogether a so-so race. The three that paid forfeit, or rather drawn, were certainly more promising, and probably thought too good to be sold for 300gs., one of the conditions of the race; and as there were three of them, probably they could not agree beforehand about claiming for each other. "The winner to be sold if claimed," is at times very disagreeable, and frequently acts severely against betting men. One man lost 200l. by backing Col. Wilson's Rotterdam colt, which was not drawn till the last moment; and *then* from not being able to secure a friendly claimer, or some other fear of losing his horse. Then, I would ask, why enter him? If there is no trickery in this mode of proceeding, it has the appearance of it; and a little combination might make it unfair and extremely hurtful. For instance: supposing

two men enter two of their best horses at the last moment, agreeing to claim for each other, they are sure to have the Stakes; or, if a better than theirs should win it, claim him, with little or no risk of losing either of their own.

WEDNESDAY.—Still short of company and sport, in consequence of proceedings in Parliament. The first race was a match between Sir M. Wood's Hajji Baba, 8st. 7lb., and Mr. Goddard's Sketch-Book, 7st., the former winning by a head, with the odds at 2 to 1 on him—finely rode by Robinson; the loser by Chapple, a West-countryman.

A Fifty Pounds Subscription, weight for age, had seven or eight aspirants: the winner to be sold for 350gs. to any one having a horse in the race—the second to have the preference; but, as Colonel Wilson's Schedam colt and Mr. Forth's Emilius filly ran a dead heat for second, it was "first come first served." Turk, the winner, immediately became the property of Mr. Clark, the owner of Taglioni (quickest in speech), and now, it is said, turned over to Mr. Scott.

In a Match, or rather no match, between Lord Orford's Middleton colt and Colonel Russell's Gavotte filly, the latter won with the odds at 3 to 1 and Robinson upon her, always winning; Arnall and the Middleton always losing.

THURSDAY the company began again to increase and the sports to improve—several spirited engagements entered into—and the Heath began to wear an appearance of bustle and gaiety. The first was a match between Sir M. Wood's Captain Arthur and Lord

Orford's Coventry. In a former race Arthur had given eight pounds, which made Coventry win: on the present occasion they were at equal weights, which made Arthur win. Had Lord Orford been less liberal, and accepted four pounds, it would have been a fine contest. Robinson, a long way from home, "gammoned" that he was in difficulties, which induced Arnall to come up with Coventry, and keep him so; but to his cost he found Captain Arthur as full of running as if he had just started, and his immense stride sent him home an easy winner.

For a Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, five three-year-olds entered. This was such a sweetener on the part of the dispensers of justice, that three only started. Captain Rous's Corea won easy, rode by Connolly; Mr. Udney's colt by Tramp, second; Glamorgan third:—6 to 4 agst the winner; the same against the second. Refugee was drawn of course, being made to give the successful one twelve pounds and Clio eight pounds. These are "lumps" among horses not in the front ranks.

Tranby, finely rode by Wheatley (whose riding is always fine), at 8st. 7lb., beat Mr. Cooke's Harold, 8st. 4lb. (Arnall). The loser had beat the winner on a former occasion, but with something like eight pounds more against Tranby at that time.

A Handicap Stakes of 10 sovs. each, D. I., certainly made with the *least* of judgment or the *most* partiality of anything I ever saw. As a proof, seven out of the eleven paid to a Stakes that was made only the day before running, and 2 to 1 offered on every

side that they named the winner, which proved to be Lord Stradbroke's Galopade (now called by the few grooms and jockey boys who do not well understand the French pronunciation, Gallop-hard), as she jumped off and took the lead nearly fifty yards in advance, which she maintained to the end: Edgar Pavis, a younger brother to Arthur, rode her, and very well indeed—it being always considered difficult for a youngster to make severe play for a long course without doing either *too much or too little*.

FRIDAY, in consequence of continued fine weather, and the proceedings in Parliament being reduced to *all talk*—and a clear *insight* into the differences between *promises and performances*—the Turf had again its usual quantity of frequenters, and as much sport as of late years.

The Nursery Stakes of 25 sovs. each (so called from some of the subscribers being supposed to be in less danger in this probationary retreat, than at large on Newmarket Heath) had six subscribers; some thought by rights it ought to have had twice as many more. Only five started, and all placed—Lord Orford's Naiad, a smart-looking thing, Sister to Merman, half a length first, rode by Connolly, with the betting at 6 to 1 against it; Conciliation second, beating Spaniel a neck; the rest far behind. Five to 1 agst The Spaniel.

Another Stakes of 25 sovs. each had three subscribers: two only, however, came to the post. My Lord Orford having but just before distinguished himself in the Nursery Stakes, wisely determined to let well alone, though handicapped to receive nine pounds

from the winner, and at even weights with the Quail filly, one of the worst in England. Colonel Russell's filly Papillote, her dam Orion's dam, rode by Robinson, won in a canter—Connolly's Quail filly always ready to run out.

Lord Worcester's Grimbald ran a match against Zillah for 100 sovs., T.Y.C., at 8st. 5lb. each. All the words and advice were on the side of Grimbald, but the money and the betting were 2 to 1 on the mare, rode by Arnall, who won quite easy; Robinson on the loser.

Busk, matched by Sir M. Wood—but whether his mare or not does not appear—at 8st. 7lb., against Mr. Thornhill's Merchant, 8st., Ditch Mile, 100 sovs. Much pains had been taken to bring about this match. Connolly, on The Merchant, went in by himself. Sam Day had made great preparations to ride Busk, or rather to perform the character of *Johnny Gilpin*, going farther than he intended, in which he succeeded to admiration; and when the race was over, he was discovered in the crowd much in the state of that woful wight, with the loss of money if nothing else.

Lord Verulam's Albert, 8st. 7lb. beat Mr. Roberts's Cloudesley, 8st. 2lb.; Connolly on the winner, Buckle on the loser; the money 100 sovs., the Two-year-old Course; easy by a length.

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each for three-year-old colts and fillies—the winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded—six subscribers. In the deepest running four of them were head for head, when The Gowry won by a head; Lord Clarendon's Don Cossack filly second, but had a first-like

place to the last few strides; Arnnull on the winner, which was claimed, and now said to belong to Colonel Peel.

The Audley End Stakes, the title taken from the splendid residence of Lord Braybrooke, near Littlebury, once a great and successful sportsman, but now "married and cannot come." The interest about the stakes, however, remains undiminished; it is for horses of all ages, except two-year-olds, had five subscribers of 30 sovs. each, handicap, and four forfeits. Boyce made most destructive running on Oppidan, intending it to favour Cadland, belonging to the same owner, and succeeded so far as to run away his own chance, although second, and the highly-favored Cadland to a stand-still. Albert, the winner, was finely managed by Connolly, always prepared to run with the stout, or wait with the speedy. Albert, as I said before, is one of the finest three-year-old horses in England. This was the fifth engagement run by him, all of which he has won. Cadland, for having done great things and for being two years older, gave two stone all but one pound—a great weight certainly, but what a good five-year-old can or ought to give to one of three. The betting was 2 to 1 only against Cadland, well supported by those friends who with half an eye might have found out that the horse, from some cause or other, really could not gallop. Cadland has several times served them so; but there are still people that experience even is lost upon. Oppidan, decidedly the best horse at the weight, out of the same stable, was disregarded in the betting, and butchered in the race:

it was 4 to 1 agst Coulon, and 3 to 1 agst the winner.

We had eight races on SATURDAY, now the season is out, with but few horses fit to run, and nobody to see them with convenience. They are so numerous as not to be got over in a day, nor even in the week; while at the beginning of the meetings, with fine long days, abundance of horses—with numberless people who did not know what to do with themselves—it was frequently "two races only in a day."

The first race was a Match for 50 sovs., half a mile, between Capt. Rous's Corea, 9st. (Connolly) and Lord Chesterfield's Sarsnet, 6st. 7lb. In spite of the weight the former was a clear winner every yard of the way.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds, four subs.: three ran and one paid. Lord Jersey's Whalebone filly, her dam Hazardess (Pavis), won it by a length—a great favorite and an easy winner—Connolly on the Shoveller filly; Buckle on Almoner, a brother to Abbot, were second and third. It will require fine riding, good training, better management, and the best luck, to make these anything like racers.

Lord Worcester's Carthago, at 8st. 12lb., with the odds of 5 to 4 and the inimitable Robinson upon him, got a decided beating by Lord Chesterfield's Carthusian, 8st. 4lb. The favoritism arose from Carthusian having *always* won at short races; and these appeared as if too long for him: but the Ditch Mile seemed quite out of the question—a little more courage than usual, eight pounds in weight, and Connolly's art of persuasion, however, made him

look quite brave, and not to be denied.

A fine Gold Cup of 200 sovs. value, and 40 sovs. in money, tempted the same two to try it again, with seven others, on the same ground. Three paid forfeit. Carthago won this time (Robinson); Caller second, 5 to 1 against him; Carthusian third, who broke down, it is said winning, as in the last race—the rest pretty well done up. The handicappers made the owner of Tranby (Mr. Ridsdale) either the proprietor of a most wonderful horse, or that he should have no Cup at *their hands*. "Weight and years are nothing, Mr. Ridsdale!"

Lucetta, 8st. 7lb. beat Hindoo, at 8st. 2lb. a Match for 200 sovs. across the Flat. Robinson rode the successful one, and F. Boyce the loser—a very easy race.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards; but ages might as well have been omitted, as a three-year-old gave weight to everything in the race, which was Charlotte West, and won by a head, by as fine riding on the part of G. Edwards as ever was seen; Mr. Rush's Rhoda colt second. Robinson tried with all his might to keep him straight, but could not, or no doubt he had the race in hand. It was a double disgrace to the beast, as he was beat at equal weights by a filly a year younger. Refugee was third. Nine started, and three paid forfeit.

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each—colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb.—the winner to be sold for 100 sovs. Mr. Rush's Phantom filly, her dam Discord (Robinson), won quite in a canter, by three lengths

or more; Lord Jersey's *Butterfly* thing second. Mr. Houldsworth's groom claimed the winner; but as he had nothing in the race, it was optional with Mr. Rush, who exercised his right by refusing to let her go.

Another Stakes of 10 sovs. each, the last of the week, which could only muster three subs. This Colonel Russell won with his Steamer by a length, *quite easy*. And pray tell me where is the Colonel that will not put twenty pounds into his pocket in these times, if he can do it *quite easy*? Lord Clarendon's Centaur filly second; The Gawry third.

This ought to have finished; but Newmarket has so many fascinations—*winning* not the least amongst them; and who ever *lost* that had not a sort of wish to get it back again?—and others who did not like to go away, looking as if they had neither *won* nor *lost*: so from among these, three races were made for the Monday after all the Meetings, a circumstance that has not happened these ten years. It must be allowed, however, that this is a bad finish—something like a bad farce after a good play, with the audience either going or gone before the curtain falls: but being on the spot, I must just notice it.

MONDAY, Lord Tavistock's Taurus, 9st., beat Lord Anson's Zillah, 7st. 5lb., T.Y.C. 100 sovs. This was a great performance, and has at length opened the *eyes*, as he had done the *ears*, of those who thought a roarer could not run. If there are any remaining that want this conviction, let them try it; but, before they do so, it would be well to look over his winnings. Little Wakefield rode

Zillah, and came a good pace, but in the dark, as Robinson followed in his wake, waiting a fit opportunity, and shot by him as if it had been unawares, and went by the post a length first.

Handicap Plate of 50l.—five entered, but three paid, after they had taken time to consider the weights—the Ditch Mile. F. Boyce, on Oppidan, made very strong running, and at one time seemed to have overdone it, but rallied again, and won it by a head; the Rhoda colt second, carrying 12lb. less (between a four and five-year-old)—a fine race.

Mr. H. Scott's Carmine, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. beat Lord Stradbroke's Galopade, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. T.M.M. for 50 sovs. Chapple rode the winner, which was a half length.

OBSERVATOR.

Norfolk, Nov. 9, 1830.

NEWMARKET TOWN PLATE.

SIR,
ALLUSION has been made to the Newmarket Town Plate in your last Magazine, p. 54, I have great pleasure in being enabled to send you the "Articles," copied from the original, of this ancient Royal Gift, derivable from land in the occupation of Mr. Bryant, yielding an annual rent of 14l., from which 4l. 18s. is deducted for rates and taxes. The winner also pays twenty shillings to the "Clerk of the race," in consideration of his keeping the course "plain and free from holes and cart roots;" and twenty shillings, to be distributed to the poor "on both sides of Newmarket," 13s. 4d. of which is given to St. Mary's parish, and 6s. 8d. to All Saints.

ULEG.

ARTICLES ordered by His Majesty to be observed by all Persons that put in Horses to ride for the Plate, the New-Round-Heat, at Newmarket, set out the 16th Day of October (1664), in the 16th Year of our Sovereign Lord King Charles II. Which Plate is to be rid for yearly, the second Thursday in October, for ever:—

Imprimis, That every horse, mare, or gelding that rideth for this prize shall be led out between eleven and twelve of the clock in the forenoon, and shall be ready to start by one of the same day.

Item, Every horse that rideth shall be bridled, saddled, and shod, and his rider shall weigh twelve stone, fourteen pounds to the stone; and every rider that wanteth above one pound and a half after he hath rid the heat, shall win no plate or prize.

Item, Every horse that rides the New Round Course three times over to set out the 16th day of October, in the 17th year of King Charles II., on the outside of the ditch from Newmarket, leaving all the posts and flags the first and last heats on the right hand, and the second on the left hand, starting and ending at the weighing-post, by Cambridge-gap, called Thomond's Post.

Item, Whatsoever horse rideth wittingly, or for advantage, within any of the said flags, shall win no plate or prize, but lose his stakes, and ride no more; but if he be thrust by any horse against his will, then he shall lose only the heat, provided he keeps all the rest of the flags, and come within distance.

Item, It is allowed for any horse to be relieved at the discretion of the owner at the end of each heat, and every horse shall have half an hour's time to rub between each heat.

Item, Whosoever doth stop or stay any of the horses that rideth for this plate or prize, if he be either owner, servant, party, or better, and it appears to be wittingly done, he shall win no plate, prize, or bets.

Item, Every rider that layeth

hold on, or striketh any of the riders, shall win no plate or prize.

Item, If any horse, &c. shall fall by any mischance, so that the rider be dismounted, and if he does his best afterwards to get in within distance, and ride fair (which shall be determined by the judges of the field), he shall only lose the heat.

Item, Any of the judges may weigh any of the riders at the end of any of the heats; and if he be found to have fraudulently cast away any of his weight, and want any more than his pound and half, he shall lose the plate, prize, and stakes.

Item, If any difference shall be about riding for this plate which is not expressed in these articles, it shall be referred to the noblemen and gentlemen which are there present, and being contributors to the said plate, but more especially by the judges, the judges being to be chosen every time the plate or prize is to be run for by the major part of the contributors that are there present.

Item, Every horse that winneth three heats shall win the plate or prize, without running the course.

Item, Every horse that runneth for the plate or prize shall put in three pounds, except it be a contributor's horse, and then he shall put in forty shillings.

Item, Whosoever winneth the plate or prize shall give to the clerk of the course twenty shillings, to be distributed to the poor on both sides of Newmarket, and twenty shillings to the clerk of the race, for which he is to keep the course plain and free from holes and cart roots.

Item, The clerk of the race is to receive the stakes before any horse starts, and is to deliver it to the tenant for the time being, who is to give sufficient security, not only for his rent, but likewise to add such stakes to the ensuing plate or prize the next year.

Item, Every horse, mare, or gelding that rideth for this plate or prize shall likewise deposit twenty shillings for every heat, which the winning horse shall have; and the last horse

of every heat shall pay the second horse's stakes and his own, which stakes are likewise to be deposited into the clerk of the race's hands before the horses start, to pay the winning horse his stakes every heat, and likewise twenty shillings to the second horse, to save his stakes; but if there runneth but two horses, then no stakes to be run for but what is to add to the next year's plate.

Item, No horse that winneth not one of the three heats shall be permitted to come in to run the course.

Item, The plate or prize is to be run for the second Thursday in October, every rider carrying twelve stone weight, at fourteen pounds to the stone, besides bridle and saddle; and if any gentleman that rides shall desire to carry weight in his saddle, he shall have the liberty provided he allows two pounds to the rest for the weight of their saddle.

Item, The clerk of the race is to summon the riders to start again at the end of half an hour, by the signal of drum, trumpet, or any other way, setting up an hour-glass for that purpose.

Item, No man is admitted to ride for this plate or prize that is either serving man or groom.

Item, Those horses that after the running of the three heats shall run the four-mile course, shall lead away, and start within an hour and half, or else to win no plate or prize.

FLYING CHILDERS.

SIR,

IT has been often remarked that the Darley Arabian was one of the few stallions imported into this country, the purity of whose blood might be relied on: WANDERER's letter in your last Number, p. 11, fully confirms this. It is much to be regretted that so few well-bred mares were sent to him. Herewith I forward the *authentic particulars*, with the

respective dates of the racing career of his son Childers, sometimes called the Devonshire or Flying CHILDERS, whose name has been so often mentioned in your pages, and his performances only alluded to in a *general* way.

Yours, &c.

C. S.

Nov. 17, 1830.

FLYING CHILDERS never started but at Newmarket, and there ran only two matches in public; he received, however, three forfeits, viz.—from Speedwell, Stripling, Bobsey, and the Lonsdale mare.

1.—1721, April 26th, the Duke of Devonshire's b. h. Childers by Darley's Arabian out of Betty Leedes by Careless, rising 6 yrs old, beat the Duke of Bolton's Speedwell, 8st. 5lb. each, four miles, 500gs. h. ft.

2.—Oct. 9th, received forfeit from Speedwell, 8st. 5lb. each, four miles, 1000gs. h. ft.

3.—1722, Oct. 22d, beat Lord Drogheda's Chanter by the Akaster Turk, 12 yrs old, 10st. each, six miles, 1000gs.

4.—1723, April 3d, received forfeit from the Duke of Bridgewater's Lonsdale mare and Stripling, 9st. each, four miles, 300gs. h. ft.

5.—Nov. 1st, at 10st., received forfeit from Lord Godolphin's Bobsey (winner of two King's Plates), 8st., four miles, 200gs. h. ft.

FALCONRY.

IN the catalogue of British Sports we find Falconry, or the art of training and flying of hawks for the purpose of catching other birds (the favorite diversion of our ancestors), usually

placed at the head of rural amusements; a superiority to which it is probably entitled, from being a pastime generally followed by the Nobility of former times, not only in this kingdom, but also upon the Continent; a fact not unmixed with regret, when it is added that hawking is now so fallen into disuse that the art of falconry is in danger of being entirely lost.

On looking into ancient authorities we find that persons of the highest rank rarely appeared without their dogs and their hawks. The latter they carried with them when they journeyed from one country to another, and sometimes even when they went to battle; nor would they part with them to procure their own liberty when taken prisoner: for as these birds were considered to be ensigns of Nobility, no action was regarded as more dishonorable to a man of rank than to give up his hawk.

In the *Bayeux Tapestry* Earl Harold is represented in the act of approaching the Duke of Normandy with his hawk upon his hand; and the ancient English illuminators have uniformly distinguished the portrait of King Stephen by giving him a hawk in the like position, which it has been conjectured was with intent to signify that he was nobly, though not royally, born; and the same reasoning applies to Earl Harold.

Occasionally we find that these birds formed part of the train of an Ambassador; and the celebrated Archbishop Becket had hounds and hawks of every kind with him when sent on an embassy by Henry II. to the Court of France.

Peacham, in his *Complete Gentleman*, says—but on what authority is not known—that hawking was first invented and practised by Frederick Barbarossa when he besieged Rome. The first Latin author that speaks of falconry was Julius Firmicus, who lived about the middle of the fourth century: and this art seems to have been fashionable on the Continent some time previously to its being introduced into this country.

In the eighth century Winifred, otherwise Boniface, Archbishop of Mons, who was a native of England, presented to Ethelbert, King of Kent, one hawk and two falcons: and a Mercian King requested the same Prelate to send to him "two falcons that had been trained to kill cranes."

In the succeeding ages this sport was very highly esteemed by the Anglo-Saxon Nobility, and the training and flying of hawks became an essential part of the education of young men of rank. Alfred the Great has been commended for his early proficiency in this amusement; and he is even said to have written a treatise upon hawking.

So general was this pastime in the Saxon times, that the Monks of Abingdon thought it necessary to procure a charter from King Kenulph to restrain the practice, in order to prevent their lands from being trampled on. Edward the Confessor passed the whole of his leisure hours in the sports of hawking and hunting.

According to Froissart, Edward III., when he invaded France, had with him thirty falcons on horseback, who had charge of his hawks; and "every

day he either hunted or went to the river for the purpose of hawking, as his fancy inclined him."

The frequent mention of hawking by the water-side, made by historians and romance-writers of the middle ages, is a circumstance that led to the supposition that the pursuit of water-fowls afforded the most diversion. In the poetical-romance of the *Squire of Low Degree*, the King of Hungary promises his daughter, that, at her return from hunting, she should hawk by the river-side with gos-hawk, gentle-falcon, and other well-tutored birds: so also Chaucer, in the rhyme of Sir Thopaz, says, that he could hunt the wild-deer,

"And ryde on hawkyng by the ryver
With grey gos-hawke in band."

The fair sex were about this period renowned for their partiality to hawking; and, besides, accompanying their male friends when engaged in this sport, they frequently, it seems, practised it by themselves. Johan Sarisburiensis, who wrote in the thirteenth century, asserts that "they even excelled the men in their knowledge and exercise of the art of falconry."

From the *Carta de Foresta* obtained from King John, it would seem that no person, except of the highest rank, was, under the Norman Laws, permitted to breed hawks: but by that charter every free man was privileged to have eyeries of hawks, falcons, eagles, and herons in his own woods.

In the 37th of Edward III. the stealing and concealing of a hawk was made felony by the Legislature; and in the same reign, as appears from the register of Orleton, Bishop of Win-

chester, the Bishop of Ely communicated certain persons for stealing a hawk belonging to himself, that was sitting on its perch in the cloisters of Bermondsey Abbey in Southwark.

Even the very eggs of these birds were protected by Royal edicts; an instance of which occurs in the eleventh year of the reign of Henry VII., when it was decreed, that "any person taking from the nest, or destroying the eggs of a falcon, a gos-hawk, a lauer, or a swan, should suffer imprisonment for a year and a day, and be liable to a fine at the King's pleasure."

Hentzner, who wrote his *Itinerary* in the year 1598, affirms that hawking was then the general sport of the English Nobility: yet so rapidly did this amusement decline, that, before the time of the Civil Wars, it was almost forgotten. This no doubt arose from the introduction and gradual improvement of the gun, which ensured a greater certainty of procuring game, and rendered all the expense of training and maintaining hawks unnecessary.

Of late years, however, there has evidently been an attempt to revive the diversion of hawking by several country Gentlemen; among the foremost of whom stands Sir John Sebright, Bart., who, about two years since, published his *Observations upon Hawking*, giving, among other entertaining particulars, a pleasing description of the mode of breaking and managing the several kinds of hawks used in falconry.

As Sir John, from his long practical knowledge in the art of reclaiming these birds, is no mean authority to quote, we shall pro-

ceed to cite a few of the most interesting facts adverted to by the Hon. Baronet, without particular regard to their order.

In the commencement of the treatise we are informed that the village of Falconswaerd, near Bois-le-duc, in Holland, has for many years furnished falconers to the rest of Europe. I have known (says the author) many falconers in England, and in the services of different Princes on the Continent, but I never met with one of them who was not a native of Falconswaerd.

The two species of birds generally used in falconry are the slight falcon (*Falco gentilis*) and the gos-hawk (*Falco palumbarius*). The former is called a long-winged hawk, or one of the lure; the latter, a short-winged hawk, or one of the fist. All hawks, according to the length of their wings, and to their mode of flight, belong to one or the other of these two classes. The slight falcon may either be taken from the nest (or *cyerie*, as it is called, from the German word for egg), or may be caught when it has attained its full growth. It is then termed a passage-hawk. Slight falcons breed in cliffs in several parts of England, but are more abundant in Scotland and in the northern regions. The old birds, if not destroyed, return every year to the same nest.

A cap of leather, called a *hood*, is to be put on the hawk's head the moment he is taken. It is so constructed as to prevent him from seeing, but allows him to feed, and may be put on or taken off at pleasure; but to hood a hawk (we are told) requires a degree of manual dexterity that is not easily acquired.

Slips of light leather, seven or eight inches long and a quarter of an inch wide, are to be made fast to each of his legs. These are called *jesses*, and are to be fastened to a small swivel fixed to the end of a thong of leather three or four feet long, called a *leash*, so as easily to be detached from the swivel when the hawk is required to fly. The *jesses* always remain on his legs. He is also to be equipped with two light bells, fastened to his legs by two light pieces of soft leather, by the sound of which, when he is lost, we may be assisted in recovering him. A hawk is never to be touched by the hand but when it is absolutely necessary; but he must of course be held during these operations, care being taken not to break his feathers, or to do him any other injury. A block of solid wood, in the form of a truncated cone, one foot in height, eight or nine inches in diameter at the top, and large enough at the base not to be easily overturned, is the resting-place of the hawk. A small staple is driven into the top, and to this he is to be tied, with sufficient length of leash to allow him to go from the block to the ground at pleasure.

The following is the practice adopted by falconers in *partridge-hawking*.

An open country is required for this sport. The falconers must be on horseback, provided with a steady pointer and one or two spaniels under good command. When a partridge is marked down, or pointed by the dog, the hawk is to be unhooded and cast off. He will fly round the falconer, and, if a good bird, mount to a considerable height—

the higher the better. If he ranges to too great a distance, he may be made to incline inwards by the voice of the falconer, and by the lure; but these should be used with discretion: for it is much better that a flight should occasionally be lost from a hawk's ranging too far, than that his pitch should be lowered (as is often the case) by too much luring. This, and the not giving the hawk time to mount before the game is sprung, are very common faults in the management of slight falcons.

It is by no means necessary that the hawk should be very near the birds when they rise. If he be within two or three hundred yards of them it will be near enough, provided that his pitch be high, and that his head be turned towards them.

High ranging pointers are by far the best for this sport; for the birds will often lie to a dog when they will not suffer horsemen to approach them.

When the dog points at a distance the hawk is to be cast off, as it will both prevent the birds from rising and give him time to mount. When the partridge rises the hawk will dart down to it with wonderful velocity, and either take it in the first flight, or force it to take refuge in a bush or hedge. In the latter case the hawk will make his point, that is, rise perpendicularly in the air over the spot where the bird got into covert. The falconer is now to attend solely to his hawk, and leave it to others to assist the dog in springing the bird. The hawk should *wait on* at a moderate distance, but his flight should not be lowered by an injudicious use of the lure.

When the hawk has taken the partridge, the falconer alone is to approach him, at first walking round him at a distance with the greatest circumspection, and drawing near him by degrees, as he seems disposed to bear it. At length, by kneeling down, whistling as at the time of feeding, the arm may be extended gently (for all sudden emotions are to be avoided), and by taking hold of the partridge, which the hawk will certainly not quit, he may be placed on the fist, still grasping his prey in his talons. The hawk is then to be hooded, after having been rewarded with the head of the partridge; or, if not required to fly again, he should be immediately fed.

A great many partridges may be killed by means of the gos-hawk* in the beginning of the season, when the birds are young, and particularly in a dewy morning, as their wings becoming wet from their having been driven into the hedges, they will be easily taken by the dogs.

The females of almost every kind of hawk are considerably larger than the males. In the language of falconry the former are called *falcons*, and the latter *teirrels*. These terms are applied to almost every species of hawk. Sir John Sebright regrets that this language should prevail, as it has led (he says) to many mistakes. The term falcon he considers should be applied, *par excellence*, to the *falco gentilis*—a distinction to which he is well entitled, by reason of his superior qualities as a bird of chase.

* The gos-hawk is a short-winged hawk, and is much larger than the slight falcon, from which it differs as much in its appearance as in its habits and modes of flying. The gos-hawk is termed a hawk of the fist, because it is from the fist, and not from the air, that he flies at his game.

Slight falcons, we are informed, take up their abode every year, from October or November until the Spring, upon Westminster Abbey; and upon other churches in the metropolis: this appears to be well known to the London pigeon-fanciers, from the great havoc they make in their flights.

Hawks are not susceptible of attachment to their keeper; nor do they, like the dog, pursue game for the pleasure of the sport. Hunger is in them the only inducement to action; and in a wild, as in a domestic state, they remain almost motionless when their hunger is satisfied. It is, therefore, by this appetite alone that hawks can be governed—it is the bridle that restrains them, and the spur that urges them to exertion; and it is, therefore, on the right management of this *primum mobile* that the success of the falconer must principally depend. Fresh raw beef is the best food for hawks. The quantity must depend upon the condition and behaviour of each individual bird, and will, of course, vary from day to day; but the average is about one-third of a pound of beef a day for a slight falcon, and for other hawks in proportion.

GERMAN RACES.

THE Schleswic-Holstein races over the Augustenburgh course commenced on Tuesday the 21st of September, and the weather was equally propitious as at the former Meeting; for though the horizon was overcast

in the morning, the sun came out in all its splendour, and dissipated the gloomy anticipations of a very numerous assemblage of spectators.

The first race was for three, four, five, and aged country horses, weight for age, distance 2500 ells, heats: the first horse to receive 50, the second 20, and the third 10 specie dollars.

Miss Rosa, by Pot8o's, 4 yrs	1	1
Mr. A. Jacobsen of Erdberg's iron gr. g. by Wellesley, 5 yrs	2	2
M. Anderssen of Reckenisgaard's b. m. by Pot8o's, 5 yrs	3	3
M. Bonfeldt's ch. g. by Haphazard, 3 yrs	4	4

In the first heat the chesnut led for nearly half the course, when the others came in line, and so kept till the last turn. Here Anderssen's mare and the chesnut fell off; and Miss Rosa took the lead, which she kept to the end, winning the race by two lengths.—Run in 1 m. 39 sec.

In the second heat Wellesley started off, with the others close at his haunches, and so continued till near home, when Miss Rosa came out and won a beautiful race in 1 m. 39 sec.; Wellesley second, and Anderssen's mare third.

The Black Overseer Subscription Stakes, for horses not thorough-bred, 10 specie each, 6 ft. weight 160lb., 49 subs., once round the course, Gentlemen riders, was won by M. von Bachmann's ch. g. 9 yrs, beating M. von Paulsen's b. m. 5 yrs, Baron Brockdorf's bl. m. Lodoiska, 4 yrs, and M. von Holtermann's ch. m. 5 yrs, each horse rode by its owner. On starting the chesnut gelding rushed forward; but when he came to the first turn his rider held him hard to get his

wind, and allowed the chesnut mare to pass him. She was closely followed by Lodoiska and the bay up the hill, the latter a little a-head. At the last turn the chesnut gelding was let out, came up with strong running, passed all his competitors, and won easily by four lengths; the bay mare second, Lodoiska third.—Run in 3 m. 30 sec.

The Cup given by Her Royal Highness the Princess Caroline Amelia of Denmark, for three, four, five, and aged horses, once round and a distance, brought four horses to the post—viz. M. von Cronstern's iron gr. m. Furiosa, 7 yrs; His Serene Highness the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein's b. m. Schumla, by Pot8o's out of Miss Rosa; the Duke's b. g. Houssein-Pacha, by Pot8o's out of the Witch of Endor; and M. Fischer's gr. m. Mirza, by Wellesley, 5 yrs.—Mirza started off at score, and won the race by a length and a half; but her rider having several times crossed the other horses, contrary to established rule, he was declared not entitled to the Cup. It then became a difficulty to decide which of the horses was most impeded by Mirza; and it was finally agreed, that, as Houssein-Pacha was last, he should be drawn, and that the race should be run again by Schumla and Furiosa. The contest between them was severe, both being close together to the distance, when Furiosa let out, and won a fine race by three lengths.—Run in 2 m. 20 sec.

His Serene Highness the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein's dark bay mare Madame Rothschild, 8 yrs, received forfeit from M. Fischer's b. g. Robin, 5 yrs, 40 specie, P. P.

weight for age, once round and a distance.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23.

The sports commenced, as on the first day, with a race by country horses, for a Purse of 20 specie dollars, given by His Serene Highness the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, and a subscription of one specie each; the second horse to receive five specie; distance 2000 ells, heats, weight for age.

Peter Clausen of Erdberg's bl. m. 3 yrs..... 2 1 1

M. Jacobsen of Rumohrsgaard's b. g. 9 yrs..... 1 2 0

Folly Petersen's ch. g. 9 yrs..... 3 3 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Peter Iversen of Ulkebüll's b. m. 3 yrs; Hans Iversen of Erdberg's bl. m. 4 yrs; and Nicolay Iversen of Erdberg's b. m. 6 yrs.—Two drawn.

M. Jacobsen's bay gelding took the lead in the first heat, and kept it till the end, winning by a length and a half, in 1 m. 40 sec.—In the second, he again led over the hill, when the others came up, and kept well together to the last turn. Here Clausen's bl. m. shot by, and won by two lengths. Run in 1 m. 43 sec.—All three horses started for the third heat, and contested every inch of ground to the last turn. Here Petersen's made strong efforts, and had the advantage; but at the distance Clausen's bl. m. passed him, and came in first by a length and a half.—Run in 1 m. 38 sec.

The Christian-August Cup, given by the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein for country horses, weight 135lb. with a subscription of 10 specie each; the first horse also to receive 20 specie; the second two-thirds, and the third one-third out of the remaining Stakes; distance 2000 ells, heats, Gentlemen riders, 14 subs.

His Highness Prince Frederick as the Duke's Madame Rothschild, 8 yrs (rode by the Prince), 1 1

M. Von Paulsen's b. m. 5 yrs ... 2 4 1
M. Von Holtermann's ch. m. 5 yrs, 3 2 2
Baron Brockdorf's bl. m. Lodoiska, 4 yrs 4 3

In the first heat the bay mare took the lead to the hill, when the others came up, Lodoiska in the rear. At the last turn Madame Rothschild let out, passed the whole, and came in first by a length and a half.—Run in 1 m. 40 sec.—In the second, Lodoiska led for half the course, when the chesnut mare and Madame Rothachild came up, and a strong race ensued, which was eventually won by the latter by a length, in 1 m. 50 sec. The bay mare barely saved her distance.—The bay and the chesnut mares then started for the other portions of the Stakes, having come in second in the two preceding heats. The two kept well together, the chesnut leading, till a short distance from home, when the bay by an extraordinary effort passed her opponent, and won by two lengths.—Run in 1 m. 51 sec.

The WHIP, given by Mr. R. Tattersall for these races, was not challenged for.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24.

This day was appropriated to the sale of a draft from the Duke's stud, and to the show of His Serene Highness's stock. The latter consisted of the following

THOROUGH-BRED MARES.

Cosa Rara, by Potto's out of Tippetwitchet.

Momentilla, by Zodiac out of a Young Whisky mare.

Miss Mason, by Androsan out of a Sir Peter mare.

Miss Muley, by Muley, dam by Tetteridge.

Cheanut Mare, by Soothsayer, dam by Quiz.

Helena, by Rubens out of Sprightly by Whisker.

Waltonia, by Walton, dam by High-flyer.

Reality, by Anticipation, dam by Williamson's Ditto.

HALF-BRED MARES.

Fanny.

Harriet.

Aquilina.

Chestnut Hunting Mare.

Miss Rosa.

Besides several other young ones.

STALLIONS.

Moses.

Logic.

Goliath.

(Our correspondent here enumerates the qualities and height of the several horses; and also of Matilda by Herod, Lord Cochran by Herod, of General Diebitsch, of Pandurang-Hary, of Capo d'Istria, Young Moses out of Miss Muley, and Ibrahim-Pacha, by O'Bajan out of Zora; but to give the particulars would occupy too much space, and are only interesting as shewing the exertions made by His Serene Highness to improve the breed of horses in his Duchy.)

The draft for sale comprised eight mares in foal, seven horses in training, four yearling colts, and eleven yearling fillies. They averaged 24½ Fredericks d'or each, which was considered a very low price, particularly as among them were three English-bred, two by Logic, ten by Potbo's, five by Haphazard, three by Herod, and one by O'Bajan.

The colts and fillies excited the greatest admiration of the numerous company assembled, among whom were some excellent judges of horses. The influence which the thorough-bred sires had on the breed of the country was

very conspicuous, and made a strong impression upon those who attended to purchase, particularly as regarded the form and power of the animals. They were considered extremely advantageous for draught horses. The Duke, with his accustomed liberality, and in furtherance of his great object of improving the breed, did not make the least reservation, but allowed them to be knocked down at the different biddings, averaging from 25 to 30, and 35 up to 50 specie dollars.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25.

For the Louisen Cup, given by Her Serene Highness the Duchess of Schleswig-Holstein—three-year-olds to carry 131lb.; four years, 147lb.; five, 155lb.; and aged, 160lb.; distance 2000 ells, heats, Gentlemen riders—there were but two horses entered; viz. M. Von Krogh's gr. g. Fair Forester, by Potbo's out of Pipylina, and M. Von Crostern's b. g. 8 yrs.—As, however, M. Crostern, who rode his own horse, did not come up to the stipulated weight, and the deficit was not allowed to be put upon the horse, Fair Forester was judged entitled to the Cup, by walking over: but this Gentleman, anxious to afford amusement to the Duchess, who was on the course, and not to disappoint the company, offered to run his horse against Fair Forester, at the same time stipulating that he would not pass him. It appears, however, he "reckoned without his host:" for his gelding being very hard in the mouth, it was out of his power to restrain his impetuosity, and he won both heats by a length and a half.

The Claret Stakes, given by Prince Frederick for horses

not thorough-bred, with a subscription, the second horse to receive half the sum subscribed, to carry 155lb., once round the course, heats, Gentlemen riders, seven subscribers.—The stipulation of the race being that the owner *only* was to ride, and no one appearing but the Baron Brockdorf on Lodoiska, the hogshead of Claret and half the subscription were awarded to him. For the other half, Prince Frederick on the Duke's dark b. m. Madame Rothschild, 8 yrs, and M. von Krogh on his five-year-old mare, appeared at the post.—The start was good, and they kept well together to the distance, when Madame Rothschild let out, and won by a length and a half.—Run in 3 m. 10 sec.—The second heat was run precisely the same, and won by the Prince by a length, in 3 m. 21 sec.

The Silver Cup given by the Duke, with a subscription of five specie each, distance 2000 ells, weight for age, was won easily in 1 m. 34 sec. by M. Anderssen of Reckenisgaard's b. m. by Pot8o's, 5 yrs, beating M. Jacobsen of Erdberg's iron-gr. m. by Wellesley.

This race concluded a delightful meeting.

November 9, 1830.

THIRD LETTER FROM FRANCE,

BY CHASSEUR.

De rebus omnibus, et quibusdam aliis.

SIR,

YOUR Letter, dated the 2d of November, has only just reached me, having been directed to my old residence in the Rue de la Paix, where, not finding me, I

conclude it has remained some time in the Post-office. I now lose no time in answering it, and assuring you that I did not fall in the grand "battue" days in July, as you judge from my silence: on the contrary, I am now all alive and kicking, the consequence, perhaps, of being several miles from Paris at the time.

There has been such a complete topsy-turvy here, that I really can scarcely bring myself to think it is the same place—nothing but *militaires*. Your tailor marches in with your new pantaloons under his arm, if not in the uniform, at all events with the air of "an orderly" at a mess-table; while your boot-maker takes the dimensions of your "pavers" with the ramrod of a defunct grenadier; and your hair-dresser recommends you to plaster your pate with "extrait de Swisse"—the veritable marrow of those faithful unfortunates.

Well, whatever advantages France may derive in a political point of view by the dethronement of her legitimate Monarch (though in my opinion the last state of these people will be worse than the first), it is quite clear that a death-blow has been given to the advancement of field sports. This, to be sure, is no loss to a nation, who, of all others under the sun, have the least idea of manly diversion; and my candid opinion is, that, in a sporting point of view, the late occurrences will prove a greater loss to England than to France, by depriving the former of a market for its super-numerary stock: and let me tell you, that two such establishments as the X-King's and the Prince Condé's make a pretty addition to the income of the suppliers.

Charles certainly was rather extravagant in his appointments—everything was by wholesale: 200 shooting coats, 200 pair of gaiters, 300 Joe Manton's, 600 powder flasks, and everything in proportion. Perhaps there never was such a display of accoutrements, the property of one individual before. They were all "George Robins'd;" but the foolish French carried their dislike for the man to his chattels (a sort of love-me-love-my-dog feeling), and things sold very cheap. The hounds went for a mere nothing. The largest purchases made were for Germany (I believe for the King of Saxony). Martin Hawke, or some friend for him, bought a few couple for Tours. There were some of the real otter hounds sold: I do not know who got them; but I heard they went to England. I was not at the horse sale, but make no doubt that many good useful horses were given away almost. By useful ones, I mean the carriage horses—bays, with short tails—English three-parts-bred ones. The hunters I never thought much of. By the way, an old cream-coloured horse with red eyes, in the Versailles stable, a favorite of Napoleon's, I hear has again changed masters, though not passed into the hands of Royalty. I would have bought him had I been there, to prevent so distinguished an animal from being degraded by base servitude, as I fear he will be subjected to. As to horses here in general, you know the old saying, that "Paris is the Paradise of women, the purgatory of husbands, and the hell of horses." Of the latter, a Frenchman's ideas of them and

they know nothing of either one or the other. The liberty part being political (a theme I know you strictly interdict), I will take the other.—*Imprimis*, a Frenchman's idea of a horse consists in his having a good long tail, and carrying it well; his legs cannot be too slight, his mane too flowing, or his feet too small: should he have a white patch on his forehead, all the better. As to speed or bottom, these are matters on which they never trouble themselves; but if he is well on his haunches, and canters smartly round a corner, he is a superb *cheval*, and the owner would not take—no not nothing at all for him. It is quite absurd bringing cocktails here—they are worth far more in England; whereas your weedy blood-stock, able to carry a pair of top-boats, are a sure market, the only question asked being, "is he thoroughbred?"

Frenchmen are rare boys for riding—regular tongs upon horseback. The only real good rider here is a monkey, who canters about the Boulevards every evening, dressed in a scarlet jacket, riding on a rough poodle dog. *He* is something like a sportsman.

In the way of English visitors, Paris is but the ghost of what it was—there actually is not the tithe of what there were eighteen months ago. I am happy to say their absence begins to be felt. I do not mean to say that their company is regretted; for, to do the French all due justice, they have ever been most consistent in their dislike to John Bull. But a certain deficiency in the revenues of the shops elicits the melancholy truth, that "here they spake English," stuck in the windows,

no longer draws the wandering stranger. Their *soirées*, which are getting pretty plentiful, are still marked by that regardlessness of expense in the distribution of light. Refreshments continue the same—soup maigre, or throw open the window, which you please. The society is the most extraordinary in the world. It is now composed of two sets of "Ancien Noblesse," formed by two Revolutions: those of the latter though are many of them sad low dogs. To be sure Nobility here has long been at a discount.

Up two pair of stairs above me in a single room lives an old Marquis, who would exhibit the daylight through my carcase if I did not doff my hat and call him "Monsieur le Marquis" when I speak to him; and yet he is continually borrowing thirty-sous-pieces of me, which, like "Uncle Ben," he always forgets to repay. Just fancy the Marquis of Anglessea borrowing eighteenpence of you!

The English newspapers are desperate humbugs. Their Grubstreet correspondents manufacture all sorts of lies as to what is going on here; and I never take up a paper without almost splitting my sides with laughter at their accounts.

All gambling-houses were abolished at the Revolution, they say. Indeed, if we may credit them, the French made it a sort of "*sine qua non*" that they should be; and yet it was only last night that I carried off 150 of Frescati's five-franc pieces, the rooms at which were crowded to excess. There has been some desperate high play there lately, chiefly however among the French. One or two of the low hells in the

Palais Royal are closed; but as to doing away with them *in toto*, you might as well think of abolishing dancing.

Theodore Hook said to a dandy sort of fellow who came picking his way across Regent-street to speak to him, "Why d—n it, Sir, do you clean your own boots that you come so gingerly?" In Paris we beat you hollow for cleanliness in the lower extremity; for no man has any occasion to dirty the sole of his foot, there being eleven different sorts of public conveyances in which he may travel about Paris, to say nothing of a boat.

The following regulation of the Police respecting *fiacres* would astonish some of your "jarvey-men:"

"D'être toujours habillés proprement, et de l'uniforme prescrit par les réglemens.

"De ne jamais conduire en chemise sans col (what would your guardsmen say?), et en manches retroussées.

"L'Ordoinance du 26 Juin present aux inspecteurs, de s'assurer s'ils ont des chaussettes et des bas, et d'obliger à se raser ceux qui auraient la barbe longue." (How cruel to the Esaus!)

"De ne fumer sur le siège, ni sur place, ni en conduisant, chargés ou non chargés."

Then how much pleasanter it is to get into a *fiacre*, and know that you may drive from one extremity of Paris to the other for the same price (a franc and a half) as you would pay for half or a quarter the distance! And then only consider the attention paid by the Police to one's circumstances, by laying down an express fare in the tariff for taking

people to gaol at Bicêtre, a place a league or two out of the town, the price charged being only four francs ! This is only equalled by the "polite attentions" of Mr. Wontner at Newgate.

I hear you have got some Omnibuses in London, and that the scarlet "cloth" has been disgraced by covering the carcasses of the drivers thereof. The French, however, flatter themselves that you have not been able to discover the secret of the thing under their feet, which, being worked like a bellows, answers the purpose of a horn to announce their approach. A little book, now lying before me, speaking of the "omnibus," says that they are not a new invention ; on the contrary, that they formerly existed in several of the capitals of Europe and in many of the towns in France, and that in 1663 there were then carriages called the *cinq sous* !—Hear what follows, and take warning :—" *Ces voitures ne subsistèrent pas, parceque le défaut d'éclairage pendant la nuit, et la corruption des mœurs d'alors, donnèrent lieu à une foule de désordres.*"

The omnibuses, &c. performed some queer service during the "grand days ;" and, after having barricaded the streets most effectually, some of them were remounted upon wheels, and chosen as expeditious conveyances for chasing the fugitives with the Crown Jewels !!!

Paris is fast losing its character for debauchery. That Augean stable, the *Palais Royal*, formerly one of the greatest sinks of iniquity under the sun, is thoroughly cleansed : no *femmes publiques* ; no assignations in the garden, or raree-shows in the

houses : even poor Josephine and her sisters (well known to many an English buck) have been ousted from their snug *boutique* in the corner ; while the celebrated *Café de la Paix* no longer delights the applauding "*ouvrier*" or the "*jolie grisette*" with its scenic representations. The game is up, and Royalty has usurped the throne of vice.

Exhibitions of the nature I mention are all very well for a man to see once ; few, however, would think them worth a second visit. When I first came here I made the tour of all the sights, and remember one which I dare say very few Englishmen have seen. It is what is called the "*Combat des Animaux*," at the Barrier St. Martin, an establishment nearer approaching to the Spanish bull fights than any other. Influenced by a proper spirit of religion, the exhibition takes place every Sunday, on one of which days I am ashamed to say I was a spectator. A spacious arena, encircled by a building, comprising pit and boxes, forms the scene of action, the entrances to which are guarded by gendarmes. The amusements (to witness which there was a full assembly, and among the number several females) commenced by dog-fights ; and any man who wanted to try the courage of his quadruped had a match found for it out of a numerous lot of mastiffs (some seventy or eighty), all chained in separate kennels in an adjoining yard.

A wolf was then brought out and fastened by a long rope to a ring in the centre of the space, who fought two dogs at a time, beating them both. After him, a fine stag, with branching antlers, made his appearance, and was at-

years I believe, he never once slept without the walls.

I met a gentleman a few days ago who spent a part of the summer at Boulogne, and who informs me that the inhabitants are reaping the fruits of their hostility towards the English. He says it would have been quite deserted, had not the rows here, at Brussels, and elsewhere, driven some people to it. This is as it should be; and I have no doubt another year will let these saucy French see that the same power that made them can also unmake them. They are a devilish ungrateful set, particularly at this place. In fact, I think the bubble of living abroad for economy has fairly burst, and people find, that, with a little management, they can live just as well at home. There are very few things cheaper here than in England. Education perhaps is; but then the question arises, whether it is not more creditable for a country gentleman to live at home, and give his children such an education as will enable them to keep pace with their neighbours, and maintain their proper station in life, than to bring them over here to learn all sorts of conceits, and have all sorts of foolish ideas instilled into their minds; so that, when they return to their country quarters, they are quite above keeping company with home-bred masters and misses, and must cringe and sneak to my Lord that, or Countess of this, merely because they were accustomed to *Nobility* (God help the mark) abroad! Oh, but the women do love titles dearly! Well may we say that their "offence is rank." I wish the old Marquis would pay me the thirty-sous-pieces he owes

me, and I know I would soon close my account with them.

It is almost incredible the number of English women that have married foreigners since the peace. They are all Countesses of course; but it is rather odd that so few Englishmen should have entered the holy state of matrimony with the French women. This is an enigma which *Cocker* can best explain.

And now, Mr. Editor, allow me to inform you (who ought to know it so well) that the only English production which is gaining ground here is the *Sporting Magazine*, it being taken into all the English and most of the French "Salons," or reading rooms, in one of which, or at my friend Baudry, in the Rue du Coq St. Honoré, I eagerly devour its contents, wishing myself in your study, and far away from the "Land of Frogs."

Yours, CHASSEUR.

Paris, Rue de Grenelle, Faubourg
St. Germaine, Nov. 18.

COURSING MEETINGS.

THE ALT CAR.

THIS Meeting took place on Friday the 29th of October. The courses were, contrary to all expectation, in most instances very severe. The weather, though stormy, was fair, and the sport particularly good.

The *Cup* was won by Mr. Heaketh's blk. b. *Heartuhole*, by Highlander, out of Heedless, beating Mr. Knowly's yel. and wh. d. Kangaroo, by Hotspur, and six others.

The *Sifton Stakes* were won by Mr. E. Alison's brin. d. *The Rector*, by Mentor, beating Mr. Unsworth's blk. and wh. d. Ultimo, by Turk, and six others.

The *Crostheth Stakes* were won by Mr. E. Hornby's blk. b. *Hylla*, by Snowdon, dam by Mr. Gurney's Arrow, beating Mr. Heaketh's r. b. Hop, and six others.

The *West Derby Stakes* were won by Mr. E. Alison's blk. and wh. d. *Augustus*, by Mentor, dam Lunaria, by Medlar,

beating Mr. Brockhole's f. and wh. d. Big Ben, and six others.

The *Ditch-In Stakes* were won by Mr. Brockhole's f. d. *Brickdust*, by Hotspur, out of Busy, beating Lord Molyneux's brin. d. Mercury, and six others.

Besides the above, several Matches were run, some of which were very severe.

A Cup will be given in the year 1832, to be run for by Puppies got by Rector, to be *bona fide* the property of Members of the Altcar Club.

THE HIGHCLERE.

For the Cup and Currant Jelly Stand.—Mr. De Burgh's r. b. Nimble beat Mr. Moore's yel. b. Magic; Mr. Shippery's f. b. Silverlocks beat Mr. Etwall's blk. b. Eloise; Mr. Moreton's brin. d. May-fly beat Mr. Astley's fawn and wh. b. Agnes; Mr. West's blk. d. Warwick beat Mr. Evans's blk. b. Escape; Mr. Meyrick's blk. b. Mary beat Mr. Goodlake's blk. and wh. d. Ginger; Mr. Heaketh's brin. b. Highwind beat Mr. Shard's blk. and wh. b. Stella; Mr. De Burgh's bl. d. North-star beat Mr. Bull's blk. d. Buckingham; Lord Carnarvon's blk. and wh. b. Anna beat Mr. Astley's r. d. Anthony.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Nimble	beat	Silverlocks.
May-fly	—	Warwick.
Mary	—	High-wind.
Anna	—	North-star.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Nimble	beat	Mary.
May-fly	agst	Anna—drawn.

Deciding Course for the Cup.—Nimble beat May-fly, and won the Cup; May-fly the Currant Jelly Stand.

Carnarvon Stakes.—Mr. De Burgh's blk. p. b. Needle beat Mr. Shard's r. b. Sandflower; Mr. Shippery's blk. b. Selu beat Mr. Astley's r. b. Amy.

The Stakes divided between Needle and Amy.

Match for 3l.—Mr. Etwall's blk. b. Eloise beat Mr. Astley's f. and wh. b. Agnes.

There were a number of Matches run on the second day: the hares were strong, and the courses *severe* even for Highclere.

THE AMESBURY.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER THE 2D.

For the Cup.—Mr. Etwall's blk. b. Erinny, by Envoy, beat Mr. Astley's blk. and wh. b. Aurora; Mr. Heaketh's blk. d. Hauberk, by Helmet, out of Blossom, beat Mr. Biggs's blk. b. Bellona, by Bawny, out of Blowing; Mr. Heath-

cote's blk. b. Hazelgrove, by Hallow, out of Volage, beat Mr. Lawrence's wh. d. Lizard; Capt. Wyndham's blk. b. Winifred, by Wamba, out of a daughter of Nubys, beat Mr. Brouncker's f. d. Bang-up, by Victor, out of Vanish; Mr. Reid's r. b. Reticule, by Guido, out of Rosa, beat Mr. Lovell's yel. b. Louisa, by Hippolytus, out of Rattlesnake; Mr. Shard's wh. b. Snowdrop beat Mr. Agg's yel. b. Abigail; Mr. Etwall's blk. d. Exploit, by Express, out of Ellen, beat Mr. Bigg's blk. d. Beverley, by Young Rector, out of Mab; Mr. Brouncker's yel. d. Banquo, by Turk, out of Weed, beat Capt. Wyndham's blk. b. Wax-doll, by Hippolytus, out of Fly.

Stonehenge Stakes.—Captain Wyndham's blk. and wh. d. Wansdyke, by Woden, out of Witch, beat Mr. Heathcote's blk. d. Huff; Mr. Biggs's wh. b. Bequest, by Boxer, out of Camilla, beat Mr. Reid's brin. d. Reginald; Mr. Heaketh's f. d. Haphazard, brother to Eurus, beat Mr. Shard's brin. d. Sandal, out of Mr. Prince's Fly; Mr. Astley's r. and wh. b. Amelia beat Mr. Etwall's brin. d. Eurus, by Hercules, out of Effie.

Tedworth Stakes.—Mr. Lawrence's blk. b. Lis, by Essex, out of a Sister to Queen, beat Mr. Heaketh's brin. b. Highwind; Capt. Wyndham's blk. b. Wilhelmina beat Mr. Heathcote's blk. d. Hareach; Mr. Biggs's blk. d. Blackbird, by Ringouze, out of Rattlesnake, beat Mr. Moore's yel. b. Modesty, by Grandison, out of daughter of Camilla; Mr. Etwall's bl. d. Esprit, by Marmion, out of a daughter of Bertram, beat Mr. Astley's yel. d. Anthony, by Volunteer, out of Verity.

Amesbury Stakes, for Puppies.—Mr. Agg's yel. and wh. d. Adjutant, by Invallid, out of Jemima, beat Mr. Biggs's blk. d. Belgian, brother to Beverley; Mr. Astley's blk. b. Andromache beat Mr. Heathcote's blk. b. Hasty, sister to Hazelgrove; Capt. Wyndham's wh. d. White-thorn, by Turk, out of Weed, beat Mr. Lovell's yel. d. Lottery, by Turk, out of Blast; Mr. Reid's r. d. Rainbow beat Mr. Shard's blk. d. Spark, by Hippolytus, out of Rattlesnake—drawn.

Druid Stakes.—Mr. Etwall's blk. b. Eloise, by Grandison, out of daughter of Camilla, beat Mr. Heathcote's f. d. Hakim, by Hannibal, out of Harebell; Captain Wyndham's bl. b. Violet, by Voltigeur, out of Vanity, beat Mr. Moore's yel. b. Maria, sister to Modesty.

Dyke Stakes for Puppies.—Mr. Shard's yel. d. Skilful, by Turk, out of Blast, beat Mr. Astley's yel. b. Amy; Mr. Lawrence's brin. b. Lucy beat Mr. Heathcote's blk. b. Hermagild, by Hallow, out of Hermagild; Mr. Etwall's bl. b. Ennui, by Express, out of Esprit's dam, beat

Mr. Heathcote's blk. b. Hebe; Mr. Lovell's brin. d. Luss, brother to Louisa, beat Mr. Reid's bl. d. Richmond, by Baronet, out of Gripe.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER THE 3D.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Winifred beat Brinnys.
Exploit — Banquo.
Reticule — Hazelgrove.
Snowdrop — Hauberk.

TIES FOR THE STONEHENGE STAKES.

Bequest beat Haphazard.
Amelia — Wansdyke.

TIES FOR THE TEDWORTH STAKES.

Lis beat Wilhelmina.
Blackbird — Esprit.

TIES FOR THE AMESBURY STAKES.

Adjutant beat Andromache.
White-thorn — Rainbow.

Deciding Course for the Druid Stakes.—Mr. Etwall's blk. b. Eloise beat Capt. Wyndham's Violet, and won the Stakes.

TIES FOR THE DYKE STAKES.

Ennui beat Skilful.
Lucy — Luss.

Figheleian Stakes for Puppies.—Mr. Lawrence's wh. b. Lark, by Lamplighter, out of a Streamer bitch, beat Mr. Agg's yel. b. Abigail; Mr. Astley's blk. and wh. b. Aurora beat Mr. Brouncker's f. d. Bang-up.

Milstone Stakes.—Mr. Shard's brin. d. Sandal beat Mr. Astley's r. d. Anthony; Mr. Hesketh's brin. b. High-wind beat Mr. Lawrence's blk. b. Louisa.

The Nine Mile Stakes, for Puppies.—Mr. Lawrence's blk. d. Leo beat Mr. Shard's blk. b. Snail; Mr. Lovell's yel. d. Lazenby, by Turk, out of Blast, beat Mr. Astley's blk. b. Artless.

Match.—Mr. Reid's blk. and wh. b. Rosebud beat Mr. Astley's blk. and wh. d. Alva.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER THE 4TH.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Reticule beat Snowdrop.
Winifred — Exploit.

Deciding Course for the Cup.—Capt. Wyndham's blk. b. Winifred beat Mr. Reid's r. b. Reticule, and won the Cup; Reticule the Sovereigns.

Deciding Course for the Stonehenge Stakes.—Mr. Astley's r. and wh. b. Amelia beat Mr. Biggs's wh. b. Bequest, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the Tedworth Stakes.—Mr. Lawrence's blk. b. Lis beat

Mr. Biggs's blk. d. Blackbird, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the Amesbury Stakes.—Captain Wyndham's wh. d. White-thorn beat Mr. Agg's Adjutant, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the Dyke Stakes.—Mr. Lawrence's brin. b. Lucy beat Mr. Etwall's bl. b. Ennui, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the Figheleian Stakes.—Mr. Lawrence's wh. b. Lark beat Mr. Astley's blk. and wh. b. Aurora, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the Milstone Stakes.—Mr. Shard's brin. d. Sandal beat Mr. Hesketh's brin. b. Highwind, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the Nine Mile Stakes.—Mr. Lawrence's blk. d. Leo beat Mr. Lovell's yel. b. Lazenby, and won the Stakes.

Durrington Stakes.—Mr. Etwall's brin. b. Eurus beat Mr. Moore's yel. d. Mameluke; Mr. Heathcote's blk. d. Huff beat Mr. Lawrence's wh. d. Leveller.

Eurus and Huff divided the Stakes.

Stranger's Stakes, for Puppies.—Mr. Brouncker's f. d. Banquo beat Mr. Heathcote's blk. b. Hasty; Mr. Shard's f. b. Susan beat Mr. Agg's yel. b. Abigail.

The Stakes won by Susan, Banquo being drawn.

Club Stakes, for Puppies.—Mr. Reid's r. d. Rainbow beat Mr. Heathcote's blk. d. Hareach; Mr. Heathcote's blk. b. Hebe beat Mr. Lovell's yel. b. Louisa.

Rainbow and Hebe divided the Stakes.

Matches.—Capt. Wyndham's blk. and wh. d. Wansdyke beat Mr. Bayley's blk. d. Bob; Mr. Shard's yel. b. Sybil beat Mr. Astley's yel. b. Amy; Mr. Heathcote's blk. b. Hermagild beat Mr. Lawrence's blk. b. Locust-off; Mr. Astley's r. d. Anthony beat Mr. Heathcote's f. d. Hakfm.

The meeting was fully attended, the sport on each day excellent, and plenty of hares, which run very strong. In fact, the courses, with few exceptions, were satisfactory, affording decided trials of the merits of the dogs.

THE EPSOM.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER THE 9TH.

AT MICHLEHAM DOWNS.

For the Cup.—Mr. Harvey's blk. b. Legacy beat Mr. Hope's f. b. Hour; Mr. Reeve's bl. d. Rufus beat Mr. Hope's red b. Haidee; Mr. Freeman's bl. d. Frederick beat Mr. Kirby's blk. b. Ken; Mr. Reid's wh. b. Rosa beat Mr. Pollen's red b. Psyche; Mr. Knight's bl. and wh. b. Adelaide beat Mr. Ladbroke's blk. d. Lottery; Mr. Reid's wh. b. Rattlemaek

beat Mr. Knight's blk. d. Hubert; Mr. Ladbroke's blk. b. Lady beat Mr. Freeman's bl. d. Titus; Mr. Ladbroke's blk. d. Leeway beat Mr. Reeve's red and wh. b. Rebecca.

Headley Stakes.—Mr. Knight's blk. and wh. b. Gulnare beat Mr. Perkins's red d. Pelham; Mr. Reid's bz. d. Reginald beat Mr. Pollen's red d. Pluto; Mr. Ladbroke's blk. d. Lushborough beat Mr. Ladbroke's bl. b. Lush; Mr. Harvey's wh. b. Snow beat Mr. Hope's blk. d. Hot-temot.

Union Stakes.—Mr. Ladbroke's blk. d. Linkboy beat Mr. Kirby's red b. Kate; Mr. Reid's bl. b. Rebecca beat Mr. Reeve's bl. d. Romulus; Mr. Hope's red b. Helen beat Mr. Knight's red d. Phoenix; Sir J. Reid's yel. d. Romeo beat Mr. Cahill's red and wh. d. Corsair.

Matches.—Mr. Hope's Heron beat Mr. Ladbroke's Louisa; Mr. Freeman's Fancy agst Mr. Ladbroke's Lucy—undecided; Mr. Freeman's Figaro agst Mr. Reid's Richmond—undecided; Mr. Pollen's Proserpine beat Mr. Kirby's Keen; Sir J. Reid's Rosamond beat Mr. Ladbroke's Logic; Mr. Cahill's Cowslip beat Mr. Hope's Hallstone.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER THE 10TH.

ASHSTEAD COMMON FIELDS.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Frederick beat Rattlesnake.
Adelaide — Lady.
Leeway — Legacy.
Rufus — Rosa.

TIES FOR THE HEADLEY STAKES.

Reginald beat Lushborough.
Snow — Gulnare.

TIES FOR THE UNION STAKES.

Helen beat Rebecca.
Linkboy — Romeo.

Ewell Stakes.—Mr. Pollen's red d. Pluto beat Mr. Floud's blk. d. Vulcan; Mr. Knight's yel. d. Phoenix beat Mr. Ladbroke's bl. b. Lush.

Ashstead Stakes.—Mr. Floud's blk. d. Major beat Mr. Ladbroke's blk. b. Lucy; Mr. Harvey's red b. Venus beat Mr. Kirby's fawn b. Kate.

Matches.—Mr. Reid's Richmond beat Mr. Freeman's Figaro; Mr. Freeman's Titus beat Mr. Kirby's Keen; Mr. Hope's Heron beat Sir J. Reid's Rosamond; Mr. Kirby's Keen beat Mr. Ladbroke's Lottery; Mr. Cahill's Cowslip beat Mr. Floud's Nell; Mr. Cahill's Corsair beat Mr. Knight's Nimble.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER THE 11TH.

EPSOM DOWNS.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Rufus beat Leeway.
Frederick — Adelaide.

Deciding Course for the Cup.—Mr. Freeman's Frederick beat Mr. Reeve's Rufus, and won the Cup; Rufus the Gobel.

Deciding Course for the Headley Stakes.—Mr. Reid's Reginald beat Mr. Harvey's Snow, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the Union Stakes.—Mr. Ladbroke's Linkboy beat Mr. Hope's Helen, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the Ewell Stakes.—Mr. Pollen's Pluto beat Mr. Knight's Phoenix, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Courses for the Ashstead Stakes.—Mr. Floud's Major beat Mr. Harvey's Venus, and won the Stakes.

Woodmanstern Stakes.—Mr. Ladbroke's bl. b. Lush beat Mr. Reeve's blk. b. Rosa; Mr. Reid's wh. b. Rosa beat Mr. Knight's bl. and wh. b. Gulnare.

Deciding Course for the Woodmanstern Stakes.—Mr. Reid's Rosa beat Mr. Ladbroke's Lush, and won the Stakes.

Woodcote Park Stakes.—Mr. Reeve's red and wh. b. Rebecca beat Mr. Knight's blk. b. Hubert; Mr. Ladbroke's blk. d. Lottery beat Mr. Reid's bl. d. Richmond.

Deciding Course for the Woodcote Park Stakes.—Mr. Ladbroke's Lottery beat Mr. Reeve's Rebecca, and won the Stakes.

Matches.—Mr. Kirby's Kate beat Mr. Floud's Nell; Mr. Pollen's Proserpine beat Mr. Hope's Hottentot; Mr. Freeman's Titus beat Mr. Reid's Rattlesnake; Mr. Floud's Vulcan beat Mr. Pollen's Prince; Mr. Reid's Rodney beat Mr. Hope's Heron; Mr. Ladbroke's Lucy beat Mr. Reid's Rebecca; Mr. Reid's Rupert beat Mr. Ladbroke's Lushborough; Mr. Pollen's Psyche beat Mr. Reeve's Rebecca.

Stewards, Capt. Boulton and Mr. Freeman; Judge, Mr. Hutton; Slipper, Mr. Gilbert.

THE WENSLEYDALE.

This Meeting was held on the 28th of October, on the ground of the Right Hon. Lord Bolton, and terminated as under:—

For the Cup.—Mr. Booth's Mouse beat Lord C. Osborne's Myrtle; Mr. Pickard's Spanker beat Mr. Other's Marske; Mr. J. Fisher's General beat Mr. Wray's Tramp; Mr. Wray's Fly beat Mr. W. W. Fisher's Romp; Mr. Croft's Flora beat Mr. C. Other's Rex; Mr. Ware's Smirke beat Mr. Chapman's Dart; Mr. Maclellan's Fly beat Master Powlett's Rattler; Mr. Hutton's Dart beat Mr. Willis's Fly.

FIRST TIES.

Spanker beat Mouse.
General — Mr. Wray's Fly.
Smirke — Flora.
Mr. Maclellan's Fly — Dart.

SECOND TIES.

General beat Spanker.
Mr. Maclellan's Fly — Smirke.

Deciding Course.—Mr. Maclellan's Fly beat Mr. J. Fisher's General, and won the Cup.

John Hutton, Esq. of Marske, and John Booth, Esq. of Killerby, were appointed Stewards for the ensuing year.

THE SWAFFHAM.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER THE 9TH.

FIRST WEST ACRE FIELD.

For the Cup.—Lord C. Townshend's blk. d. Kean beat Mr. Villebois's bl. b. Ida; Mr. J. Gurdon's blk. and wh. d. Sepoy beat the Earl of Stradbroke's red d. Mahomet; Mr. Chute's blk. b. Harmony beat Mr. Dugmore's red d. Driver; Mr. Redhead's blk. d. Lofly beat Mr. Clarke's red and wh. b. Ogle; Mr. Buckworth's blk. b. Briar beat Mr. Hamond's blk. b. Quarles; Mr. De Burgh's red b. Eloise beat Mr. Wilkinson's blk. b. Cozey; Mr. Caldwell's brin. p. d. Roadster beat Mr. Young's brin. d. Vesper; Mr. Gurney's blk. b. Annette beat Mr. Hamond's blk. d. Pilot.

The Ladies Plate.—Mrs. Buckworth's red b. Blush beat Mr. Buckworth's blk. d. Brush; Lord C. Townshend's bl. b. Kite beat Mrs. Gurdon's blk. b. Swallow; Mr. J. Gurdon's brin. p. d. Sheridan beat Mrs. Edwards's red and wh. d. Mercury; Miss Villebois's bl. d. Wonder beat Mrs. J. Marcon's blk. and wh. b. Bess; Mr. De Burgh's red and wh. b. Elegant beat Miss Dalton's wh. d. Duke; Mr. Clarke's blk. and wh. b. Ormerod beat Mrs. Bagge's red d. Wiseacre; Mr. R. Hamond's blk. b. Queen beat Mr. D. Tyssen's brin. p. d. Gester; Mrs. Caldwell's blk. d. Regent beat Mr. Gurney's brin. p. b. Anna.

Westacre Sweepstakes for Bitch Puppies.—Mr. Caldwell's brin. p. b. Reel beat Mr. De Burgh's blk. p. Emerald; Earl of Stradbroke's blk. p. b. Midnight beat Mr. Gurney's wh. p. b. Acca.

Produce Stakes.—Mr. Chute's red p. b. Hebe beat Mr. Buckworth's blk. p. b. Barbara.

Matches.—Earl of Stradbroke's Match beat Mr. Chute's Hero; Mr. R. Hamond's Quicksilver beat Mr. Redhead's Lisper; Lord C. Townshend's Kate beat Mr. J. Gurdon's Snowdrop; Mr. Chute's Hugo beat Mr. Wilkinson's Cambric; Mr. Wilkinson's Capot beat Mr. Dugmore's Daisy; Mr. Clarke's Omega agst Mr. Dugmore's Doubtful—undecided; Earl of Stradbroke's Milliner agst Mr. Caldwell's Risk—no course; Earl of

Stradbroke's Marigold beat Mr. J. Gurdon's Signet.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER THE 10TH.

CLEY FIELD.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Sepoy beat Briar.
Annette — Kean.
Roadster — Lofly.
Eloise — Harmony.

FIRST TIES FOR LADIES' PLATE.

Elegant beat Ormerod.
Sheridan — Wonder.
Regent — Blush.
Queen — Kite.

Produce Stakes.—Mr. Chute's blk. and wh. p. b. Handsome paid the forfeit to Mr. Buckworth's blk. p. b. Bee; Mr. Chute's blk. and wh. p. d. Hanno agst Mr. Buckworth's bl. p. d. Banker—undecided.

Matches.—Mr. De Burgh's Excellent beat Mr. Villebois's Ivanhoe; Mr. Gurney's Abel beat the Earl of Stradbroke's Marquis; Mr. Wilkinson's Colon beat Mr. Caldwell's Risk; Mr. Wilkinson's Clarendon agst Mr. Redhead's Lightfoot—undecided; Mr. Young's Virgin agst Mr. D. Tyssen's George—undecided; Mr. R. Hamond's Quarrel beat Mr. Gurney's Acca; Mr. Wilkinson's Capet beat Mr. Clarke's Ogle; Earl of Stradbroke's Mary beat Mr. Redhead's Lady-Fly; Lord C. Townshend's Knave agst Mr. Clarke's Osmond—undecided; Mr. Chute's Hawk beat Mr. D. Tyssen's Gustavus; Mr. Gurney's Arrow beat Mr. R. Hamond's Quicksilver; Mr. De Burgh's Edward beat Mr. Young's Vicar; Mr. Chute's Harriet beat Mr. Wilkinson's Calliope; Mr. Wilkinson's Cozey beat Mr. J. Gurdon's Swallow; Mr. J. Gurdon's Stately beat Mr. Chute's Helen; Mr. Gurney's Alice beat Earl of Stradbroke's Mimic; Mr. Caldwell's Random beat Mr. J. Gurdon's Symmetry.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER THE 11TH.

NARBOROUGH FIELD.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Annette beat Roadster.
Sepoy — Eloise.

SECOND TIES FOR LADIES' PLATE.

Queen beat Elegant.
Regent — Sheridan.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER THE 12TH.

SECOND WEST-ACRE FIELD.

Deciding Course for the Cup.—Mr. J. Gurdon's blk. and wh. d. Sepoy beat Mr. Gurney's blk. b. Annette, and won the Cup.

Deciding Course for the Ladies' Plate.—Mr. R. Hamond's blk. b. *Queen* beat Mrs. Caldwell's blk. d. *Regent*, and won the *Plate*.

Deciding Course for the Westacre Sweepstakes.—Earl of Stradbroke's blk. p. b. *Midnight* beat Mr. Caldwell's brn. p. b. *Reel*, and won the *Stakes*.

First Turn and the Course.—Mr. Wilkinson's f. d. *Clarence* beat Mr. Caldwell's wh. d. *Recruit*, and won the *Turn*; and *Recruit* won the *Course*.

Matches.—Lord C. Townshend's Kite beat Mr. Bockworth's Bluah; Mr. J. Gordon's Sheridan beat Mr. Villebota's Imp; Mr. Chute's Hamo beat Mr. Wilkinson's Calypso; Mr. Buckworth's Brickdust agst Mr. Clarke's Ogle—undecided; Mr. De Burgh's Edward agst Mr. Caldwell's Ruby—undecided; Mr. Gordon's Stately beat Mr. Chute's Harmony; Earl of Stradbroke's Monarch beat Mr. Chute's Hawk; Mr. Buckworth's Barber beat Mr. Clarke's Ormerod; Lord C. Townshend's Kean agst Mr. Wilkinson's Capet—no course; Mr. Clarke's Ormond beat Lord C. Townshend's Knave; Mr. R. Hamond's Quarrel agst Mr. Caldwell's Randa—undecided; Mr. Gurney's Alice agst Mr. Caldwell's Risk—undecided; Mr. Chute's Harriet beat Mr. De Burgh's Excellent; Earl of Stradbroke's Marquis agst Mr. Chute's Hero—undecided; Mr. J. Gordon's Swallow beat Mr. Clarke's Omega; Mr. Gurney's Arrow beat Mr. Caldwell's Rapid; Mr. Gurney's Abel beat Lord C. Townshend's Kate; Mr. Chute's Hecuba beat Mr. Dugmore's Duster; Mr. Wilkinson's Childers beat Mr. Chute's Hugo.

The sport has this year proved of the first description, the hares running very strong, and the dogs in such excellent condition that every match was well contested. The attendance of company in the several fields was greater than for some years past, and the interest excited by the Ladies' Plate of 25 sovereigns, given in addition to the Old Orford Cup of 50 sovereigns, produced the most spirited exertions in the numerous first and second class matches which closed each day's sport.—The balls on both evenings were attended by the first families in the county.

THE MALTON.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER THE 9TH.

For the Cup.—Mr. Best's red and wh. b. Tibby, by Turk, out of Mr. Loft's Marcia, beat Major Bower's dun p. b. Bangor, by Belzoni, out of Bonini; Mr. Best's red b. Harry, by Hercules, out of Clari, beat Mr. Lowther's f. d. Venture, by Phantom, out of Vesta; Mr. Lowther's blk. b. Pinwire, by Pelter, out of

Violet, beat Sir J. Johnstone's blk. and wh. d. Comet, by Topper, out of Clara; Mr. Lowther's blk. b. Vesta, by Phantom, out of Vesta, beat Mr. Cholmeley's blk. p. b. Rosalie, by Runaway, out of Mr. Livsey's Vesta; Sir J. Johnstone's blk. and wh. p. b. Trinket, by Rover, out of Trictrac, beat Mr. Lowther's f. d. Valiant, by Phantom, out of Vesta; Major Bower's blk. p. d. Birmingham, by Wellington, out of Bobadilla, beat Mr. Best's red d. Schoolboy, by Streamer, out of Mr. Chaplin's Minna; Major Bower's dun p. d. Brunswick, by Belzoni, out of Bonini, beat Sir J. Johnstone's blk. and wh. p. b. Thibe, by Rover, out of Trictrac; Mr. Best's blk. p. b. Martin, by Streamer, out of Myrtle, beat Sir John Johnstone's bl. p. d. Romulus, by Miller, out of Rosebud.

First Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Puppies.—Major Bower's brn. and wh. d. Belisaire beat Sir J. Johnstone's blk. p. b. Rivulet, by Miller, out of Rosebud; Mr. Best's f. and wh. p. b. Margery, by Hercules, out of Mite, beat Mr. Lowther's bl. p. d. Pirate, by Pelter, out of Violet.

Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for All-Aged Dogs.—Mr. Best's red b. Hebe, by Hercules, out of Clari, beat Mr. Cholmeley's red b. Ginger, by Hercules, out of Glory; Mr. Lowther's dun d. Virgil, by Phantom, out of Violet, beat Sir John Johnstone's blk. d. Rapid, by Harwood-Turk, out of Rosebud.

Second Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Puppies.—Mr. Best's bl. p. d. Hafid, by Hercules, out of Regan, beat Sir J. Johnstone's blk. and wh. p. d. Truant, by Rover, out of Trictrac; Major Bower's dun p. d. Bonban, by Belzoni, out of Bonini, beat Mr. Lowther's blk. p. d. President, by Pelter, out of Violet.

Matches.—Mr. Best's Malek beat Mr. Cholmeley's Popsy; Mr. Lowther's Phoenix beat Sir J. Johnstone's Ringlet; Mr. Best's Rosebud beat Mr. Cholmeley's Tarragon.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER THE 10TH.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Tibby	beat Birmingham.
Harry	— Vesta.
Martin	— Brunswick.
Trinket	— Pinwire.

Third Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Puppies.—Mr. Cholmeley's blk. p. b. Rosalie beat Mr. Lowther's bl. p. d. Plrate; Sir J. Johnstone's bl. p. d. Romulus beat Mr. Best's red p. b. Gabrielle.

Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Aged.—Mr. Best's red b. Sprite, by Streamer, out of Regan, beat Mr. Lowther's red d. Whisker; Mr. Lowther's f. d. Valiant

beat Sir J. Johnstone's red b. Woodbine, by Warwick, out of Hazland's Venus.

Fourth Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Puppies.—Sir J. Johnstone's blk. and wh. b. Thisbe beat Major Bower's f. p. d. Bangor; Mr. Lowther's blk. p. d. President beat Mr. Best's red p. b. Hinda, by Hercules, out of Clari.

Matches.—Mr. Cholmeley's Ginger beat Mr. Best's Ruth; Mr. Lowther's Pinwire beat Mr. Sackville Fox's Traveller; Mr. Cholmeley's Popsy beat Mr. Lowther's Phœbus; Mr. Cholmeley's Ginger beat Mr. Best's Ruth.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER THE 11TH.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Martin beat Trinket.

Harpy agst Tibby.

Martin, Harpy, and Tibby remaining the three last, the Cup and Sovereigns were won by them, but not run out.

Deciding Course for the First Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Puppies.—Mr. Best's f. and wh. p. b. Margery beat Major Bower's brin. and wh. d. Bellsaire, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for All-Aged Dogs.—Mr. Best's red b. Hebe beat Mr. Lowther's dun d. Virgil, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the Second Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Puppies.—Major Bower's dun p. d. Bonbon beat Mr. Best's bl. p. d. Haïd, and won the Stakes.

Sweepstakes of three sovs. each, for All-Aged Dogs.—Mr. Lowther's dun. d. Venture beat Sir J. Johnstone's blk. and wh. d. Balloon; Mr. Best's red d. Schoolboy beat Sir J. Johnstone's blk. and wh. b. Jessy.

Sweepstakes of five sovs. for All-Aged.—Sir J. Johnstone's red b. Woodbine beat Mr. Best's red p. b. Hinda; Mr. Lowther's blk. b. Vesta beat Mr. Best's f. d. Malek.

Matches.—Mr. Lowther's Whisker beat Sir J. Johnstone's Truant; Mr. Cholmeley's Tarragon beat Mr. Best's Gabrielle; Sir J. Johnstone's Rivulet beat Mr. Best's Rosebud; Mr. Cholmeley's Popsy beat Mr. Lowther's Phœbus; Sir J. Johnstone's Juggler beat Major Bower's Bertha.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER THE 12TH.

Deciding Course for the Third Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Puppies.—Sir J. Johnstone's bl. p. d. Romulus beat Mr. Cholmeley's blk. p. b. Rosalie, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for Aged.—Mr. Lowther's f. d. Valiant beat Mr. Best's red. b. Sprite, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the Fourth Sweep-

stakes of five sovs. each, for Puppies.—Sir J. Johnstone's blk. and wh. p. b. Thisbe beat Mr. Lowther's blk. p. d. President, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for Sweepstakes of three sovs. each, for All-Aged Dogs.—Mr. Best's red d. Schoolboy beat Mr. Lowther's dun d. Venture, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for All-Aged.—Mr. Lowther's blk. b. Vesta beat Sir J. Johnstone's red b. Woodbine, and won the Stakes.

Matches.—Sir J. Johnstone's Balloon beat Mr. Sackville Fox's Traveller; Major Bower's Birmingham beat Sir J. Johnstone's Juggler; Mr. Cholmeley's Ginger beat Mr. Lowther's Pinwire; Major Bower's Brunswick beat Mr. Lowther's Pirate; Sir J. Johnstone's Comet beat Mr. Cholmeley's Popsy.

THE MORFE.

This Meeting took place on the 9th and 10th of November, and terminated as under:—

The Cup and Goblet, for Puppies.—Mr. Bates's Burgundy beat Mr. W. Malineux's Music; Mr. Dicken's Daphne beat Mr. B. Harries's Jollity; Hen. R. Hill's Bacchus beat Mr. Vickers's Vesper; Mr. Clarke's Comical beat Colonel Hodge's Red Rover; Mr. Stokes's Snowball beat Mr. Bache's Battledore; Sir H. Edwards's Ellen beat Mr. Rose's Rosemary; Mr. Lyster's Lapdog beat Mr. Davenport's Damsel; Mr. H. Hill's Bachelor beat Mr. H. Campbell's Hellebore.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Lapdog beat Burgundy.
Bachelor — Snowball.
Daphne — Ellen.
Bacchus — Comical.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Daphne beat Lapdog.
Bachelor — Bacchus.

Deciding Course for the Cup.—Mr. H. Hill's Bachelor beat Mr. Dicken's Daphne, and won the Cup; Daphne the Goblet. Both winners are by Mr. Bellyse's Merlin.

First Sweepstakes for Aged Dogs.—Mr. Bates's Bessy beat Mr. Bache's Baroness; Sir H. Edwards's Edwin beat Mr. Stokes's Smoker; Mr. H. M. Campbell's Hagar beat Mr. Lyster's Lydia; Mr. Vicken's Virgil beat Mr. Clarke's Claret.

TIES FOR FIRST SWEEPSTAKES.

Hagar beat Bessy.
Edwin — Virgil.

Deciding Course for the First Sweep-

stakes.—Hager beat Edwin, and won the Stakes.

Second Sweepstakes for Aged Dogs.—Mr. Harries's Hero beat Mr. Rose's Ralph; Mr. W. Molineux's Mortimer beat Hon. R. Hill's Baron.

Deciding Course for the Second Sweepstakes.—Mr. W. Molineux's Mortimer beat Mr. Harries's Hero, and won the Stakes.

Puppy Stakes.—Mr. M. Campbell's Zuluka beat Mr. Bates's Bryan; Mr. W. Molineux's Myrtle beat Mr. Davenport's Douglas; Mr. Lyster's Lavish beat Mr. Vickers's Varniah; Mr. H. Campbell's Hossely beat Mr. H. Hill's Brutus.

TIES FOR THE PUPPY STAKES.

Hossely beat Myrtle.
Lavish — Zuluka.

Deciding Course for the Puppy Stakes.—Mr. H. Campbell's Hossely beat Mr. Lyster's Lavish, and won the Stakes.

THE MORAYSHIRE.

This meeting, which took place on the 26th, 27th, and 28th of October, was numerously and most respectably attended. The weather proving fine, and the hares plentiful, the sport was excellent.

Sweepstakes for Puppies under twenty months, 2gs. each, p. p.—Mr. Grant's bl. b. Baby beat Duke of Gordon's yel. b. Violenti; Mr. Craig's b. d. Actæon beat Mr. Gordon's r. b. Actress; Duke of Gordon's wh. b. Vanity beat Mr. Taylor's b. d. Spring; Mr. Davidson's b. d. Lead-the-way beat Mr. Brown's b. d. Midnight.

TIES FOR THE SWEEPSTAKES.

Vanity beat Lead-the-way.
Baby — Actæon.

Deciding Course for the Sweepstakes.—Duke of Gordon's Vanity beat Mr. Grant's Baby, and won the Stakes.

For the Cup, open to Dogs of All Ages.—Duke of Gordon's yel. b. Vester beat Mr. Young's bl. d. Ryno; Mr. Gordon's b. d. Alderman beat Mr. Craig's red d. Violence; Duke of Gordon's br. d. Volunteer beat Mr. Craig's b. d. Oscar; Mr. Gordon's red and wh. b. Alicia beat Mr. Taylor's bl. b. Rose.

TIES FOR THE CUP.

Volunteer beat Alderman.
Vesta — Alicia.

Deciding Course for the Cup.—Duke of Gordon's Volunteer beat His Grace's Vester, and won the Cup.

Matches.—Duke of Gordon's Variety beat Mr. Gordon's Alexander; Mr. Gordon's Actress beat Mr. Craig's Actæon;

Duke of Gordon's Venus beat Mr. Murray's Favorite; Duke of Gordon's Vulcan beat Colonel Anderson's Vanquish; Duke of Gordon's Violenti agst Mr. Gordon's Actress—no course; Duke of Gordon's Virgin beat Mr. Gordon's Alicia; Mr. Brown's Lead-the-way beat Duke of Gordon's Vandyke; Mr. Craig's b. d. beat Mr. Brown's Midnight.

The members were much gratified by witnessing a keenly contested trotting match on the morning of the 28th, between His Grace the Duke of Gordon's famous chesnut hackney and Mr. Brown's bay mare, rode by their owners, two miles east of the town of Elgin. The bay mare took the lead at starting, and continued first till past the Waulkmill Toll Bar, when the chesnut mare passed her, and won by about ten yards. The distance was performed in seven minutes.

THE LANARKSHIRE.

The Biggar, or Upper Ward of Lanarkshire Coursing Club met on the 22d and 23d of October, to award a very handsome Silver Cup, given by the Right Hon. Lord Douglas, to be run for by dogs of all ages, *bona fide* the property of Members entering them; no Member to enter more than one dog. The meeting took place on part of his Lordship's estate on the northern base of Tinto. Hares numerous; most affording good trials, some severe ones. To do honour to the esteemed patronage of Lord Douglas there was a full attendance of Members; and Ladies gracing the field by their presence, heightened in no small degree the interest of the contest. The winner being declared, the Cup was presented. The head gamekeeper then filled it to the brim with wine from the cellars of Douglas Castle; and, the winner having dedicated it to Lord Douglas, as the valued patron of the Club, the Cup went round, accompanied by such volleys of cheering as might well astound the echoes of Tinto.

For the Cup.—Mr. Forrester's brin. d. Spring beat Mr. J. Kenny's b. and wh. d. Driver; Mr. A. Cunningham's r. d. Tickler beat Mr. Dickson's brin. d. Random; Mr. Greenshield's br. d. Hotspur beat Mr. Cunningham's r. b. Needle; Mr. Ker's b. b. Kite beat Mr. Sim's br. and wh. b. Swallow; Mr. Tod's brin. d. Nimrod beat Mr. Kenny's br. and wh. d. Wellington; Major Bertram's b. b. Nimble beat Mr. Mackellan's wh. b. Grace; Mr. J. Dickson's brin. b. Miss Noel beat Mr. Baillie's yel. b. Fair Helen; Mr. W. Cunningham's d. b. Silvia beat Captain Bertram's br. b. Swallow; Mr. A. Graham's yel. b. May beat Mr. Anstruther's brin. d. Puzzle; Sir C. M. Lockhart's b. b. Lassie beat Mr. Edmonstone's b. b. Missile; Sir C.

Ross's wh. d. Random beat Mr. A. Sim's yel. b. Speed; Mr. Wood's br. b. Lassie beat Captain Paterson's brin. d. Hassan; General Pye's wh. d. Lily ran a bye.

FIRST TIES.

Spring beat Tickler.
Hotspur — Kite.
Nimble — Nimrod.
Silvia — Miss Noel.
May — Lassie.
Lassie — Random.

Lily, in the bye, beat Random, the second beaten dog in the first class; the first beaten dog having been taken from the ground by mistake.

SECOND TIES.

Spring beat Hotspur.
Nimble — Silvia.
May — Lassie.

Lily, in the bye, beat Tickler, the first beaten dog in the preceding class.

THIRD TIES.

Nimble beat Spring.
May — Lily.

Deciding Course.—Mr. A. Graham's yel. b. May beat Major Bertram's b. b. Nimble, and won the Cup.

Mr. Brown, of Wenchburgh, tryer.

DEATH OF A FAVORITE HORSE,

Belonging to a Surgeon at Dunmow.

To merit, tho' in lowly state,
Do thou, my Muse, a tribute pay;
Nor scorn with song to celebrate
The virtues of the Doctor's Grey.

And should proud grandeur's eye severe
Glance scornful on this humble lay;
Yet many an eye will drop a tear
Upon the village Doctor's Grey.

For grateful memory loves to trace
How oft, when sickness heavy lay,
Hope beam'd across the patient's face
When came in sight the Doctor's Grey.

Ah! many a time hath fell disease
From couch of sorrow fled away,
And in its place came health and ease,
When once approach'd the Doctor's Grey.

Full many a parent, while her child
Disordered on its pillow lay,
Hath oft the tedious hours beguill'd
By watching for the Doctor's Grey.

How swiftly cours'd he o'er the plain,
As if allowing no delay,
Whene'er was hope of easing pain—
So gen'rous was the Doctor's Grey.

How stately march'd along the road,
With head erect and bosom gay,
The steed, whene'er his master shew'd
To passers by his faithful Grey.

But now, alas! this all is o'er,
The Doctor can with pride display
The beauties of his steed no more,
Since dead is now his faithful Grey.

No more for him his ready hand
Shall cull the sweetest, choicest hay;
No more the happy master stand,
To pat and praise his faithful Grey:

No more for him the verdant fields
Their rich luxuriance display;
No more the oaken manger yields
Its treasures to the Doctor's Grey.

Yet lies it in an honour'd grave,
Companion of a favorite bay,
And many a tear the place shall lave
In memory of the Doctor's Grey.—T.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

The Turf.

IN consequence of the change in His Majesty's Ministry, the Earl of Albemarle has been appointed Master of the Horse, *vice* the Duke of Leeds; and Lord Anson, Master of the Buck Hounds, *vice* Lord Maryborough.

INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

Newmarket Craven Meeting 1831.
—Tuesday: Mr. Thornhill's Steamer,
9st. agst Mr. Henry's Tam o'Shanter,
7st. T.Y.C. 100, h. ft.—Friday:

Mr. Henry's Tam o'Shanter, agst
Mr. Thornhill's Crutch, 8st. 7lb. each,
T.Y.C. 100, h. ft.

Newmarket First Spring Meeting
1831.—Monday: Mr. W. Scott Stone-
hewer's Variation, 8st. 5lb. agst Mr.
J. Mills's Mouche, 8st. 2lb. A.F. 200,
h. ft.

DECISIONS OF THE JOCKEY CLUB.

At Workington Races, Cumberland,
Thursday, July 29, a Sweepstakes of
5 sovs. each, with 50 added, for all
ages, the owner of the second horse to
receive 15 sovs.—heats, twice round, 6

subs.—was won in three heats as follows :—

Mr. Hodgson's ch. c. George the Fourth, by Abjer, dam by Muley, 3 yrs, 6st. 10lb.	5	1	1
Mr. Sewell's b. c. by Frolic, 4 yrs, 8st.	1	4	4
Mr. Simpson's b. m. Young Duchess, 6 yrs, 8st. 11lb.	2	3	2
Mr. H. T. Thompson's b. m. by Teddy the Grinder, aged, 8st. 11lb.	4	2	3
Mr. Williamson's b. c. Push-forward, 3 yrs, 6st. 10lb.	3	5	dr.

Three objections were made to the Plate being paid to Mr. Hodgson :—

1. That Mr. H. and Mr. Williamson were confederates, and therefore not entitled to start two horses in a race for which heats were run.

2. That George the Fourth was more than three years old.

3. That Mr. Hodgson had not paid the stakes and entrance-money, according with the conditions of the race, which fact was admitted in the statement sent to the Stewards of the Jockey Club.

The Stewards of the Jockey Club decided, on the third objection, that Mr. Hodgson was not entitled to the Prize; and that no other horse having won two heats, the race was null and void, and that no person could claim the Sweepstakes and the 50l., or the 15l. for the second horse.

The first two objections being questions of fact, the Stewards of the Jockey Club declined to take them into consideration.

Warwick Guy Stakes.—The Jockey Club have decided that Sir Mark Wood (for Cetus, the second horse) is entitled to the Stakes (1000l.), in consequence of Mr. Mytton, who named Birmingham, not having paid up his arrears. The bets are not affected by this decision.—(See our Racing Calendar, p. 40.)

A representation having been made to the Stewards of the Jockey Club that Mr. Champion's nomination in the Derby Stakes 1831, of a ch. c. by Emilius, dam by Merlin, out of Morel, bought of Mr. Thornhill, is incorrect, there being two mares by Merlin out of Morel, they have decided that the colt so named cannot be allowed to start.

Mansfield Race Course.—On Tuesday, Nov. 16th, His Grace the Duke of Portland (as Lord of the Manor of Mansfield) was waited upon with a plan of the proposed new race-course on Sherwood Forest, Mansfield, for his approval and consent. His Grace, in the most condescending manner, gave his unqualified approbation, and also intimated his intention to patronise the sports. There is every prospect, therefore, of Mansfield Races rising into repute.

Leeds Races.—We feel pleasure in announcing that Mr. T. Coupland, of Holbeck Lodge, has become the proprietor of these Races. From Mr. Coupland's turf celebrity and the liberal scale on which the Stakes are drawn, excellent sport may be confidently expected at Haigh Park next year. One point, which we deem an admirable one on the part of the new proprietor, is, that he will not allow any subscriber to start a horse who is in arrears for any former Stakes. He has also determined that the winner of every race shall receive the amount of the Stakes on the evening of the day the race shall be run.—This is as it should be.

Stud Sales.

On Monday, Nov. 15, the following horses in training, brood-mares, and young stock, with their engagements, a draft from His Majesty's stud, were brought to the hammer at Messrs. Tattersall's. Some of them having made more than ordinary stir in the Sporting World, a great number of Nobility, Gentry, and other influential Members of the Turf, were attracted to the yard.

The Colonel, by Whisker, 5 yrs old, was put up at 2000 ga. but there was no bidder.

Zingane, by Tramp out of Folly by Young Drone, 5 yrs :—Lord Chesterfield, 750 gs.

Hindostan, by Whalebone out of Arbis by Quiz, 5 yrs :—Mr. Thornhill, 410 gs.

Young Orion, by Master Henry out of Orion's dam by Hedley, 3 yrs, engaged in the Claret Stakes at Newmarket :—Lord Chesterfield, 620 gs.

Filly, by Centaur, dam by Dick Andrews out of Deodemonia by Sir Peter, 2 yrs :—45 gs.

Lisbeth, by Phantom out of Elizabeth, 2 yrs.—61 ga.

Brown Yearling Filly, by Waterloo or Smolensko out of Electress, engaged in the Lavant 'Stakes, 50, h. ft. Goodwood 1831 :—Mr. Greville, 71 ga.

Bay Yearling Filly, by Waterloo or Middleton out of Electress's dam :—160 ga.

Chestnut Colt Foal, by Dunsinane, dam by Gohanna (Sister to Romana), grandam by Sir Peter :—Lord Orford, 50 ga.

BROOD MARES.

Electress, by Election out of a Stamford Mare, covered by Whalebone :—130 ga.

Goldwire, by Whalebone, dam by Gohanna (Sharper's dam), covered by Waterloo and Phantom :—140 ga.

HUNTERS.

Mr. Monk's—well known in Oxfordshire and Bedfordshire :—

Pilot, 7 yrs, by Cervantes, dam by Woldsman, 135ga.; Commodore, 7 yrs, master of 17st., 145ga.; Sweeper, 6 yrs, by Old Sportsman, dam by Old Turk, 84ga.; a Bay Gelding, 6 yrs, by Filho da Puta, dam by May Day, 95ga.; a Chestnut Gelding, 6 yrs, by Orion out of a thorough-bred mare, 80ga.; Brown George, by Haphazard out of a celebrated hunting mare by Brown Stout, 150ga.; Silver-legs, 6 yrs, by Gustavus out of a hunting mare, 54ga.; Lady Jane, 6 yrs, by Tramp, 26ga.

Mr. B. Eddison has sold his bay colt Pedestrian, by Tramp, that ran fourth for the last Doncaster St. Leger, to Sir T. Stanley for 600l.

Morel (winner of the Oaks in 1808), by Sorcerer out of Hornby Lass by Buzzard, was sold at the hammer, Nov. 15th, for eleven guineas!

The Chase.

On Saturday, Oct. 30, Lord Petre's hounds threw off at Bradwell. A gallant fox was found in drawing the coverts adjoining Curds Wood, which passed through Bradwell Hall Woods for St. Lawrence's Rows, to Mr. Babbs's at Steeple. Reynard here took a southern direction, through the small covert on the hills at the back of Mr. Joseph Ketcher's, crossing Mr. John Bawtree's farm on the Southminster road, the Cage Farm, and skirting Lord's Wood, over Ratsbro' Farm, occupied by Mr. Wm. Ketcher, edging the marshes by Burnham Wyck, through the marshes for Redward Farm, where he was run in to in

gallant style, six horses only being up at the death. The ground passed over in this run exceeded in extent twenty miles.

SIR—Having been used to *quick work* all my life, I am now compelled, like many others descending into the vale of years, to *slacken my pace*, and to exclaim in *the field*, as the Poet did in *his closet*,

“DIFFER, habent PARVÆ commoda magna MORÆ.

In plain words, I am desirous of obtaining twelve or fifteen couple of THOROUGH-BRED SOUTHERN HOUNDS to hunt with near home, when it suits my convenience, (having for two-and-twenty years, as a Master of a pack, hunted at great distances in all weathers to suit the convenience of others,) and this too in future over a deep vale and woodland country, where hares are scarce, and where it no longer pleases me to ride at a FOX-HOUND PACE after the timid HARE. I should think that the Principality of Wales, where everything savoring of the ANCIENT AND GENUINE BRITISH is known to abound, would produce the pure Southern hound in all its PERFECTION. If any of your Northern readers would be kind enough to address a letter to the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*, stating where a few couple or a pack of real Southern hounds can be purchased, giving at the same time a particular account of WEIGHT, SHAPE, GENERAL CHARACTER, PERFORMANCES, and PRICE, he would confer a very great favour on your constant reader, VENATOR.

New Mode of preventing Saddles slipping forward.—We are happy to inform our readers that a Gentleman of Lincoln has at length discovered a simple but effectual method of obviating the danger and inconvenience attending the forward displacement of saddles when riding on low shouldered horses. The invention (for which Mr. H. Calvert has obtained a patent) consists in the employment of a pair of elastic points projecting forward from the tree of the saddle, to the lower ends of which the girth is attached. We are assured that the object so much desired is thus completely

attained without any appearance of alteration in the saddle.

COURSING.

The Aberystwith Coursing Club held its meeting on the 5th of October, when the following courses were run for the Puppy Cup and Sovereigns for Dogs under sixteen months old.—Mr. Morgan's Fly beat Mr. F. B. Harries's Haymaker; Mr. M. Davies's Daphne beat Mr. J. N. Williams's Wamba; Mr. Parry's Planet beat Mr. Stephens's Straggler; Capt. Davies's Lampblack beat Mr. Evans's Magpie.—In the *Ties*, Fly beat Daphne, and Planet beat Lampblack.—In the *Deciding Course*, Planet beat Fly, and won the Cup, Fly the Sovereigns.—Planet is the property of J. N. Williams, Esq., of Castle Hill, and was lent for the occasion. She is only 12 months and a few days old. She was got by Grasper out of Patch, the dam of the Morfe Volunteer.

Sporting Liberality.—His Grace the Duke of Portland continues to give up his extensive manors of Mansfield, Mansfield-Woodhouse, and Sutton-in-Ashfield, to shoot and course over. Subscriptions are raised to employ two keepers to preserve the game; and a Committee is chosen to enforce certain rules, which are annually entered into. The Duke gives up his manor of Clipstone Park to course over once a week. The sports commenced on Monday, Nov. 15th: there was excellent coursing, and seven hares were killed.

EQUESTRIANISM.

The trotting match (ten miles) between Sir Peter and Goldfinder, for 100 sovs., came off on Friday, Oct. 22d, between St. Ives and Cambridge. At starting Goldfinder took the lead and maintained it throughout—Goldfinder completing his task in thirty-five minutes, leaving Sir Peter about 35 rods astern. Neither horse broke in the distance. Sir Peter's defeat does not appear to have lessened his value, as he has since been sold for 300 sovs.

THAMES YACHT CLUB.

His Majesty having expressed, through his Private Secretary, his

desire to continue Patron of the Thames Yacht Club, a meeting of its Members took place on Thursday evening, Nov. 4th, when it was unanimously resolved, that the Club should for the future bear the appellation of the Royal Thames Yacht Club. The uniform button is directed to be altered as follows:—R.T.Y.C., in the centre, surmounted by the imperial crown, and the anchor below.

VETERINARY SCIENCE.

New Operation for Stiff Joints.—Mr. Cross, of Cruck Meole, near Shrewsbury, has a valuable wagon horse, which became lame in the coffin joint of the off hind leg. Every means were used to cure the lameness, by blistering, firing, &c. without effect. At length the joint became so much contracted that the horse could not put his heel to the ground, and walked upon his toe for upwards of two years; consequently he was unable to draw any weight, and was perfectly useless. Mr. Cross sent the horse to Mr. E. Hickman, veterinary surgeon, who recommended that the two flexor tendons (or back sinews) should be divided, as the only means of bringing the heel to the ground. Mr. Cross at first thought this a very startling operation, but consented to have it performed. Mr. Hickman performed the operation, by making an incision of about three inches in length on the inside of the leg, in the direction of the tendons; then, dissecting the skin back a little, he felt for the vein and nerve, which with his finger he pushed back, at the same time introducing the scalpel between the suspensory ligament and tendons, as far as the common integuments on the other side. By that means he was able to execute the division of the tendons without touching the skin in the back of the leg; a bandage was applied to the part, and a dose of physic administered. Immediately after the operation the horse put his heel to the ground. After the second day he appeared to suffer very little pain, and in a short time he will be as sound as ever. This operation has never been performed by any veterinary surgeon in England; but

Professor Dick, of the Edinburgh Veterinary College, has operated in a similar way three times, and succeeded.

NATURAL HISTORY.

SIR—On the 29th of October the following occurrence took place at my house at Leyton, Essex. The servant with some workmen were in the drawing-room, when they were surprised by a pane of glass being broken, and looking towards the window saw a large bird flying past very swiftly (no doubt a hawk), and on the floor lay a very fine thrush dead. The window was of considerable substance (as thick as a crown piece). The thrush had its neck broken, but its plumage was not injured. As an admirer of your Magazine, and a constant reader, I have sent these particulars to you, which you may or may not insert as you please. I believe it is not a novel circumstance; but I consider that the substance of the glass renders it somewhat more singular than had it been common crown glass.—Yours, &c.

W. T. COPELAND.

37, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields,
Nov. 15th, 1830.

FACETIÆ.

Our old friend Tom Taylor was as jolly a fellow as any at Eton, without an atom of humbug or nonsense about him; but, like many others at the close

of the late war, Tom went upon his travels, and returned after a two years tour "a bit of an ass." He voted the old name of Taylor low, and accordingly changed it into Tayleure, to the amusement of the neighbourhood in which he lived, who remembered his grandfather sitting cross-legged on the shop-board. After this Tom thought to stand for the county, and began to fist the old farmers according to the most approved form.—"And what do you call your dog, Joe?" said he to an old freeholder, rather one of the independent order.—"Why I calls him Jowler," says Joe; "but I's wand (I suppose) *gentlefolks* would call him Jowleure!"

PUGILISM.

The deposits for the fight between Ned Neal and Young Dutch Sam go on regularly; therefore it is now presumed that no "untoward" event will occur to prevent "the consummation so devoutly wished" by the Patrons of the Ring, that the disputed point of "which is the better man" may be amicably adjusted.

Ned has his hands full. In addition to the above, he is matched with the gallant Tom Gaynor, and articles have been regularly entered into—Neal fighting 300l. to 200l. It is announced to come off on the 15th of March, two months after his fight with Sam.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We can assure ONEOFUS, that, however rough his inditing, we shall be always ready to receive his communications, and have no question that they will prove highly acceptable to our readers.

A letter was forwarded to "A.B." according with the address left with us, but we could obtain no information as to the present residence of M. B. H.—The letter remains at our office.

We cannot enter into the explanation required by C. C.; but we thank him for the compliment paid to our labours.

"Mid Lothian," and other favours, came to hand, but too late for insertion in the present Number.

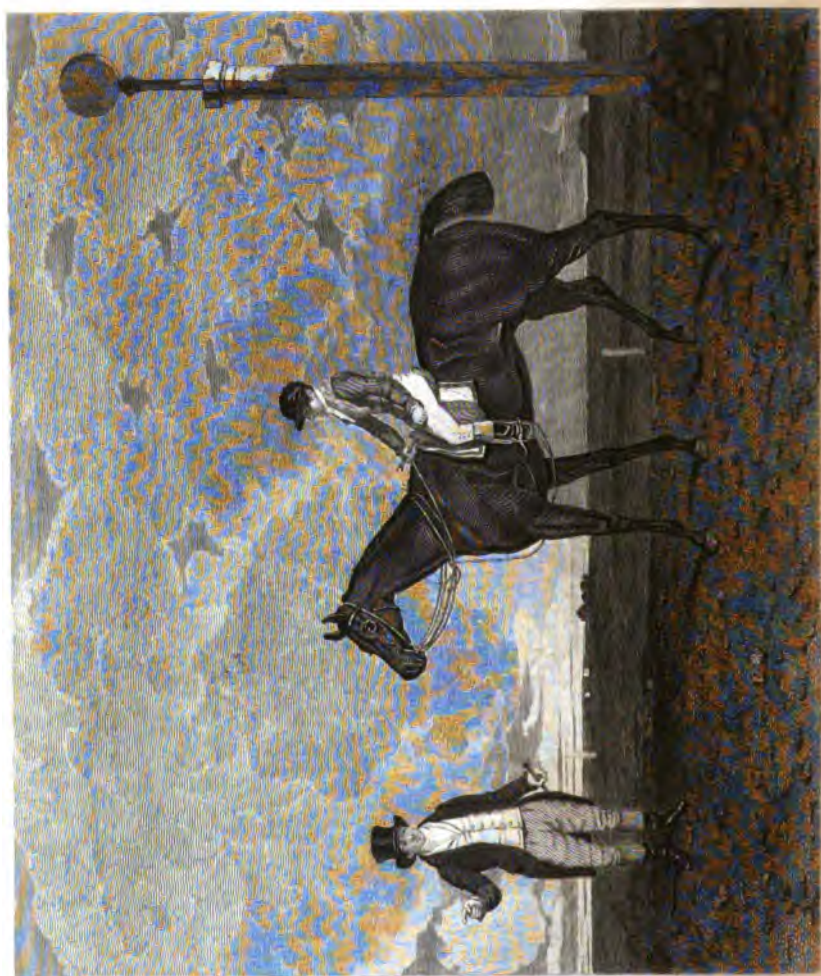
A Treatise on the Rearing, Breeding, and Training of Game Cocks was published about twenty-five years since, and a more recent one under the title of "The Art of Breeding Game Cocks." They are, however, both out of print. Our Correspondent will find some interesting observations on the "Art of Cocking" in our xviiith Volume, N.S. p. 338, which will give him all the information he requires.

"A Dorsetian Sketch, No. III." in our next.—Our Correspondent, A NATIVE, writes, that "A Sporting Parody"—"First Love-Scene in Bere Wood"—and "The Flannel Petticoat," are all under consideration, and will perhaps appear!!! during the winter.

Saturday, Nov. 27.—We have just received a communication that Lord Monson's keeper shot two of Mr. Jolliffe's tail-hounds as they passed his Lordship's ground on Wednesday.—Can this unprecedented outrage be true?—We shall give the letter in our next.

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THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.
SECOND SERIES.

JANUARY, 1831.

No. IX.

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Embellished with,

I. Portrait of LAMPLIGHTER.—II. THE SHOT WOODCOCK.

PEDIGREE and PERFORMANCES of LAMPLIGHTER.

Engraved by ROMNEY, from a Paint-
ing by MARSHALL.

LAMPLIGHTER, a bay horse, foaled in 1823, bred by and the property of Col. Wilson, was got by Merlin out of *Spotless* by Walton; grandam, *Erebus* and Bolter's dam by Trumpator; great grandam, by Highflyer; great great grandam, *Oitheothëa* (Woodcock's dam), by Otho; great great great grandam, by Snap; great great great great grandam, Duchess, Temperance, and Princess's dam by Regulus; great great great great great grandam, Wildair, Nil, and Vampire's dam by

Steady—Partner—Greyhound—
Chesnut Layton by Makeless—
Bay Layton by Counsellor—
Brimmer—Trumpet's dam by
Place's White Turk—Dodsworth
—Layton Barb Mare.

PERFORMANCES.

At Newmarket Craven Meeting 1826, LAMPLIGHTER, 8st. 7lb. (F. Buckle), beat Duke of Richmond's Linkboy, 8st. 4lb. B.M., 100, h. ft.: —2 to 1 on LAMPLIGHTER. Won by a head.

In the First Spring Meeting, at 8st. 5lb. (T. Goodisson), he beat Lord Orford's Swiss Guide, 8st. 2lb. R.M. 100, h. ft.: —2 to 1 on LAMPLIGHTER. Won by a length.

At Bedford, August 29, at 7st. 4lb. he won the Bedfordshire Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only 5 if declared, &c. for horses of all ages, two miles, beating Lord Tavistock's

Leeway, 3 yrs, 6st. 11lb.—Two subscribers paid 15 sovs. each, and four others having declared by the time prescribed paid only 5 sovs. each.

At Newmarket Second October Meeting (J. Day), he won one-third of a Subscription of 25 sovs. each for three-year-olds; colts, 8st. 9lb., fillies, 8st. 6lb. A. F. (7 subs.), beating Lord Egremont's Lap Dog and Duke of Grafton's Dervise:—6 to 4 on Lap Dog, 3 to 1 agst Dervise, and 4 to 1 agst LAMPLIGHTER. Won easy.

In the Houghton Meeting he received 50 from Lord Orford's The Rector, no weights mentioned, 200, h. ft. A. F.—In the same Meeting, at 8st. (F. Buckle), he beat Lord Exeter's Redgauntlet, 4 yrs, 8st. 12lb. D.M. 200, h. ft.:—6 to 4 on Redgauntlet. Won easy.

At Newmarket Craven Meeting 1827, LAMPLIGHTER (F. Buckle) won the Port Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for rising four-year-olds; colts, 8st. 7lb., fillies, 8st. 4lb. T.M.M. (9 subs.); the owner of the second horse withdrew his Stake; beating Lord Exeter's Recruit, Mr. Scott Stonebrower's Goshawk, Lord Anson's Nouredin, and Lord Wharncliffe's The Dragon:—6 and 7 to 4 agst LAMPLIGHTER; 5 to 2 and 3 to 1 agst The Dragon; 4 to 1 agst Goshawk; and 11 to 2 agst Recruit. Won by a length.

In the First Spring Meeting, at 8st. 3lb. he received ft. from Mr. Dilly's Maldonia, 8st. Last three miles of B.C. 200 h. ft.—In the same Meeting he was entered against Mr. Wyndham's Black Swan, who walked over for a 50l. Purse; and Mr. Wyndham and Col. Wilson divided the money.

In the Second Spring Meeting he received ft. from Lord Wharncliffe's Pastime, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. each, D.M. 100, h. ft.

In the First October Meeting, he, carrying 10st. 7lb. (F. Buckle), ran a dead heat for the King's Purse, R.C. with Mr. Wyndham Chateaux Margaux, 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. (W. Arncliffe), and beat Mr. Maberly's Monarch, 4 yrs,

10st. 7lb.:—7 to 4 on Chateaux Margaux, and 5 to 2 agst LAMPLIGHTER. After the dead heat Col. Wilson and Mr. Wyndham agreed to divide the purse.

In the Second October Meeting he walked over for one-third of a Subscription of 25 sovs. each, for four-year-olds, D.I. (7 subs.)

On Monday in the Houghton Meeting, at 8st. (F. Buckle), he beat Lord Wharncliffe's Pastime, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. T.M.M. 100, h. ft.:—2 to 1 on Pastime. Won by a length.—On Friday in the same Meeting, at 8st. 6lb. he received ft. from Mr. Payne's Belzoni, 8st. 3lb. A.F. 100.

At Newmarket Craven Meeting 1828, LAMPLIGHTER (F. Buckle) won the Craven Stakes of 10 sovs. each; two-year-olds, 6st.; three, 8st. 4lb.; four, 8st. 13lb.; five, 9st. 5lb.; six and aged, 9st. 9lb. A. F. (16 subs.), beating Lord Wharncliffe's Pastime, 5 yrs; Mr. Riddale's Sharpset, 2 yrs; Mr. Wyndham's Chateaux Margaux, 5 yrs; Mr. Payne's Belzoni, 4 yrs; and Gen. Grosvenor's Goblet, 2 yrs.:—7 to 4 agst Chateaux Margaux; 3 to 1 agst LAMPLIGHTER; and 4 to 1 agst Pastime. A good race, and won by a neck.

In the First October Meeting, 11st. 7lb. (F. Buckle), he won the King's Purse of 100gs., R.C. beating Mr. Walker's Spondee, 4 yrs, 10st. 7lb., and Lord Egremont's Grampus, 4 yrs, 10st. 7lb. (broke down):—even betting on LAMPLIGHTER, 6 to 4 agst Grampus; and 10 to 1 agst Spondee. Won by a length.

In the Houghton Meeting he received the WHIP and 200 sovs. ft. from Lord Cleveland's Mesmon, 6 yrs, 10st. each, B.C.—These were the only times of his starting in 1828.

At Newmarket First Spring Meeting 1829, LAMPLIGHTER, 8st. 3lb. (F. Buckle), won 50l. for four-year-olds and upwards, Last three miles of B.C., beating Mr. Howe's Linkboy, 5 yrs, 8st. 3lb.:—8 to 1 on LAMPLIGHTER.

At Ipswich, July 7, at 11st. 12lb.

(West), he won the King's Purse of 100gs. for horses of all ages; four-mile heats, beating Lord Sefton's *Souvenir*, 5 yrs, 11st. 7lb.—In the same Meeting, 8st. 8lb. (West), he won the Town Purse of 50l. for horses of all ages—beats, about two miles and a quarter—beating Mr. Pedgift's *Mildew*, aged, 9st., and Mr. Collett's ch. f. by *Quizzer*, 3 yrs, 6st. 7lb.

He started three times afterwards, in which races he was unsuccessful. He covered in 1830 at Newmarket at 10 sovs. and 1 sov.; and is announced for 1831 at the same place and price.

SPOTLESS,

THE DAM OF LAMPLIGHTER,

was a black mare, foaled in 1809, and was also bred by Major Wilson. At Newmarket Second Spring Meeting 1812, *SPOTLESS*, 8st. 1lb. (W. Clift), won a Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, Ab. M. beating Lord G. Cavendish's b. c. by *Trumpator* out of *Pagoda*, 8st. 4lb. and Lord F. Bentinck's br. c. by *Trumpator*, 8st. 4lb.:—6 to 4 agst *Spotless*. A good race.

At Doncaster, Sept. 22, at 8st. (W. Clift), she beat Sir W. Gerard's *Don Rodrigo*, 8st. 3lb. St. Leger Course, 200gs.:—7 to 4 and 2 to 1 on *Don Rodrigo*.

At Newmarket Houghton Meeting, at 7st. 11lb. (J. Pratt), she beat Lord C. Somerset's *Angelo*, 4 yrs, 8st. 7lb.:—5 to 4 on *Spotless*.

At Newmarket Craven Meeting 1813, *SPOTLESS*, 8st. (Barnard), beat Duke of Grafton's *Joe Miller*, 8st. 3lb. A.F. 150.

In the First Spring Meeting, at 8st., she received forfeit from Sir W. Gerard's *Don Rodrigo*, 7st. 11lb. T.M.M. 200gs. h. ft.

At Bedford, Sept. 8, at 8st., she won 50l.—beats, twice round—beating Capt. Turner's *Joan of Arc*, 4 yrs, 8st.; Sir H. Crewe's ch. filly, 3 yrs, 6st. 6lb.; and Mr. Tibbit's *August*, 3 yrs, 6st. 9lb.

At Newmarket First October Meeting, at 8st. 9lb., she received ft. from Mr. Ladbrooke's *Joe Miller*, 8st. 3lb., T.M.M. 150gs., 50 ft.

In the Houghton Meeting, at 8st.

11lb. (S. Barnard), she beat Mr. Shakspeare's *Bobadil*, 8st. 4lb., Ab. M. 50gs.:—3 and 4 to 1 on *Spotless*.

At Yarmouth, August 17, 1814, *Spotless*, 8st. 6lb. won a Handicap Stakes of 5gs. each, with 25 added, beating, at two heats, Mr. Goodisson's *Josephine*, 3 yrs, 6st. 12lb. and Mr. Holland's *Merry Lass*, aged, 7st. 11lb. who bolted.—She was afterwards put to the stud, and is also the dam of

<i>Schedam</i> , by <i>Juniper</i> , foaled in 1816	
1 <i>Rotterdam</i> , by <i>Juniper</i>	1817
Ch. f. by <i>Juniper</i>	1818
Ch. f. by <i>Rubens</i>	1819
<i>Black Daphne</i> , by <i>Juniper</i>	1820
<i>Augur</i> , by <i>Interpreter</i>	1821
<i>Missed to Smolensko</i>	1822
B. f. by <i>Merlin</i>	1824
Gr. c. by <i>Young Gohanna</i>	1825
Ch. f. by <i>Hazard</i> (Son of <i>Hazard</i>).....	1826
<i>Ringleader</i> , by <i>Merlin</i>	1827

THE WARWICKSHIRE HOUNDS.

SIR,
AS these hounds, like many others, have this season fallen to the management of a new Master, perhaps a few remarks on their performances may not be objectionable to some of your readers; and as the turn-out is of the neatest order, and the appointments in every respect (save one) admirable, perhaps you may not think them unworthy to form a part of your next Number.

The season commenced on the first of the last month; the meet was Upton House, the seat of Mr. Russell, the present Master of the hounds. The muster on this occasion was most respectable and numerous, including as much of the *pink of fashion* as falls to the lot of most fields. The morning was all a true sportsman could wish, with a "southerly wind and a cloudy sky," and "proclaimed" that sport

which, but for an unlucky circumstance, we should certainly have had.

The time of our meeting, half-past ten, was most punctually kept; and after allowing a few minutes only for a change of nags to those who had come long distances, we trotted off to a small covert about three miles towards Banbury; where, in a small brake not more than an acre, we found a brace of foxes, which went off in gallant style. The hounds, settling to one, led us at such a pace for about four miles, that, had they kept on at the same rate for as much farther, I will venture to say that very few only would have seen the end of it. As it was, our *team* did not extend over less than a mile and a half of country. Such was the severity of the pace, and horses not then being in condition, that it was all the best of us could do to get well up to this point; and here it was the unfortunate circumstance I have mentioned occurred, and just at a time too that we were facing one of the finest parts of the country this kingdom can boast of. But, perhaps, after all, considering that it was the first time our horses had had a gallop, it was fortunate for us that our friend reynard thought the first port in a storm was the best; so took himself to a drain of such a size and length that we did not try to molest him any farther, but very wisely left him "to fight another day."

With regard to digging out foxes, I may here perhaps be allowed to give an opinion. Without in the slightest degree intending to reproach any one who may differ with me, I think

it right to dig out all that can be got at. My own feeling on the subject is, that it is always bad policy to dig early in the day; for in all probability so much time will be wasted in doing it, that, by the time it is over, all chance of farther sport that day is lost, particularly if you have no certain covert near which you can draw immediately; and even in this case, if you have much of a run, you are either obliged to whip off or lose many of your hounds, and ride home in the dark into the bargain. I would, therefore, invariably in this case lose no time in drawing for a fresh fox, unless the first one can be easily bolted with a terrier, or by some other means, with a chance of another run for the finish, always affording the poor devil an opportunity of escape; considering, as I do, a good run quite equivalent to a bad kill. If digging out can be justified, it is, I think, only late in the day, when there is no more chance of sport; and not even then, unless the hounds are much in want of blood, and have had but an indifferent run; for, as I have already said, a good run is nearly if not quite equal to a kill in *cold blood*.

After thus losing our first prey we returned to the place where we found him, but without meeting with any more of the *fox family*; fortunately, however, we were not long kept in suspense, as this *family*, I am happy to say, are very numerous, and of a very respectable class, in this country; quite fitted, like others of their name, to take the lead of a party. We were again unfortunate; for, after going at a tolerable pace, quite good

enough for the time of year, we again ran the *varmint* to ground. At the same moment there was a "halloo" away to a fresh fox, which we could do but little with, and after dragging upon him for nearly an hour with a bad scent, during which the hounds behaved admirably, we returned to where we had left our second fox, which, in our absence, had been got out, and was now put down in view, and was run in to and killed in a very few minutes.

Thus ended our first day; which was, if I mistake not, the forerunner of many a good one. In fact these hounds have already had three or four days which are not commonly surpassed—one or two of which I will mention.

Three weeks ago we met at Idlicot, and, after drawing a short time, we were very soon cheered by the glad sound "tally-ho! hark forward! yonder he goes!" and in a twinkling the whole pack were at his brush; and so hard did they press him, that he found it very much to his interest to double all of a sudden, and make his way back as fast as possible to covert, which he reached in safety: but this he found a vain subterfuge, as his keen pursuers very soon gave him to understand he had as little chance there as in the open, which he was induced to try again, but with as little success; for at the very same place he was again obliged to turn and go back to his den, hoping, no doubt, to find a resting-place: but this, poor devil! was as eagerly refused him as before; and at length he resolved on a third trial, which he attempted with more chance of success, as he fortunately got away a little be-

fore the hounds, and made so much head that we saw no more of him for an hour and a quarter, when some one viewed him going at his best pace over that fine grass country at the back of Edge-hill. Here unfortunately the hounds came to a check, or we must have gone on at our best pace (for the scent was breast high), and finished one of the finest runs ever heard of.

However, up to this point we had had what is not very often witnessed; and our field, consisting of one hundred and fifty at least, had become very select, not more than twenty appearing in sight when the hounds threw up their heads. We were not long at fault, as the fox had been so lately viewed, and by lifting the hounds over a field or two we hit him off again; and, after a long and good slow hunting run, we killed him, just as night was commencing, in a large turnip-field near Banbury, to the great joy and gratification of the very few who were up; amongst whom I noticed Mr. Lucas, one or two of the Leamington Nimrods, and Mr. Graves on his favorite and famous old mare, which he rode over the last fence in great style, and brushed the fox, before the huntsman, who had tired three horses, and the few who were able to reach the spot, came up.

The many disasters which occurred this day "by flood and field" were more than I have time or inclination to describe, or you have room to print, if you are to insert anything beyond this article in your next Number; so that I shall leave you and your readers to suppose they were not "few or far between."

This day week, Monday, Nov. 29th, we met at Ladbroke village, in a very fine part of this beautiful country, and on drawing a small gorse covert we found immediately, and in a very few seconds, in the face of the whole field, sly reynard made his welcome appearance, and a finer fellow never, I will venture to say, led a pack of hounds. Fortunately we were not long kept in suspense; for, the scent being good, the hounds were out of covert in an instant, and went away in such dashing style that few only had the pleasure of riding in the same field with them, and very many were so far in the rear ranks that they were for an hour obliged to content themselves with the common inquiry of "Pray, Sir, can you inform me which way the hounds are gone?"—Up to this time we had one of the best things I have seen or heard of this season. Here, however, we all at once came to a dead calm, and could not for a short time make the least way on our voyage, which afforded the heavy men of war time to come up. Our check was occasioned by the fox going at this part of the run along a road which he was supposed to have crossed. We were fortunately soon put right by one of *Captain Swing's* brigade, who was at work in a ditch by the road-side, and who had seen our pilot steer his course up this road to a plantation at a short distance. This circumstance put us all right again; and this gallant animal, which promised so much sport on his first appearance, realised all our expectations, by standing full another hour before his staunch pursuers; and at length,

after as fine a run as ever was seen, went to earth near Rugby, a distance of fourteen or fifteen miles from the place of starting; and as he went anything but straight, we must have gone considerably more than twenty miles—a run which will, I have no doubt, be long remembered by all who had the good fortune to be out; and particularly by those who had nerve and speed enough to witness the first half of it.

It is impossible for me to say who went best on this memorable occasion: but I could not help observing that very few went straighter or better than the present Master, Mr. Russell; and I must do him the justice to say that he not only rides very much like a Sportsman and a Gentleman, but that the whole management reflects on him the greatest credit; and (if I may be allowed the suggestion), were he to appoint another *efficient* whip in the place of the boy who rides the huntsman's second horse, his establishment would undoubtedly rank among the best of the day. Wishing long life to their Master, and long and good runs to this gallant pack, I am, Mr. Editor, yours, &c. G. R.

Leamington, Dec. 6, 1830.

THE WOODCOCK.

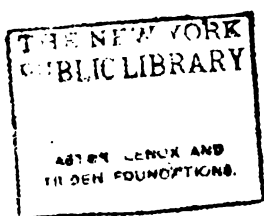
Scolopax Rusticola of LINNÆUS.

THE woodcock measures fourteen inches in length and twenty-six in breadth, and generally weighs twelve ounces. The shape of the head is remarkable, being rather triangular than round, with the eyes placed near the top, and the ears very forward



SHOT WOODCOCK.

Published by M. J. Pittman, 10, Mark Lane, London, E.C. 3, W.C.



nearly on a line with the corners of the mouth. The upper mandible, which measures about three inches, is furrowed nearly its whole length, and at the tip it projects beyond and hangs over the under one, ending in a kind of knob, which, like those of others of the same genus, is susceptible of the finest feeling, and calculated by that means, aided perhaps by an *acute* smell, to find the small worms in the soft moist grounds, whence it extracts them with its sharp pointed tongue.—So far BEWICK.

The migration of the woodcock to this country commences in October and ends in December, but the November flight is the most numerous. The exact time of their arrival depends much on the favorable state of the moon, which is when near the full. They fall on our coast in a very exhausted state, seldom resting longer than a day, and then disperse to their old and favorite haunts situated more inland. An excellent sportsman of the Sister Isle accidentally met with a numerous flight that had alighted upon a rabbit-warren on the coast of Ireland. It was evening when he found them; and, not being provided with his gun, he the next morning early sallied forth well equipped, and to his great mortification found that every bird had flown. A similar occurrence with which we are acquainted took place more inland. After beating various large coverts with little or no success, and the day nearly gone, "home" was the word; and the nearest way lay through a small copse. Here numerous cocks were immediately flushed; but darkness becoming too visible, and the birds less so, after bagging two

couple, the shooters left with regret, and resolved to wait upon them next morn: they were, however, deprived of their expected sport, for, on beating the wood, nearly every cock had departed. The woodcock, like the snipe, is very shifting, and, when found, a good opportunity if possible should never be deferred.

Sportsmen look forward with a degree of eagerness to the time of the coming of the woodcock, and the cry of "mark a cock!" is so exhilarating, that gouty age forgets its limp, and it frequently raises the buoyant spirits of youth to a pitch of eagerness that agitates the nervous system past immediate control; and, if an unsuccessful fire, it elongates and changes oft the florid face to the most wan. Cock-shooting is very properly called the "fox-hunting of shooting;" for a few birds that are brisk on the wing by repeated flushing, the eager cry of sportsmen, the futile bang-bang, the babbling of the questing spaniels, "marked down again"—the cautious approach with palpitating heart, having run from his pitch, up he rises, screened by the bushes, and threading the trees with the velocity of a rocket, that the best Manton, aided by the best ignition (a percussion cap), the quickest eye, and the steadiest hand, are not always able to bring him to bag. It is this uncertainty and difficulty that make it so delightful.

The best time for making a bag is early in the morning after a bright moon-light night, as the cocks are very sluggish after their full feed. Afternoon they are more difficult to approach, and take longer flights when flushed. In this country double shots are not often made, though we

once witnessed one, when a couple rose from under a holly-bush, a place they much delight in; the other we were told of by a lover of the trigger.

About the middle of March to the second week of April, the greater part of these birds that have eluded the sportsman's skill leave this island. Many are shot near the Southern coast in the evenings during gliding time, but they are then out of season, the body being covered with dandrif. Some few breed in this country, supposed to be wounded females, not finding themselves strong enough for so arduous a flight: but this is mere assertion; and, if true, the male in this case stays out of regard for his mate. About the time of quitting they are frequently found in pairs.

The pheasant, having lately been *preserved* to an extent unprecedented in this country, has in many places destroyed the pleasure of cock-shooting, as they are never sought after but when there is a regular siege made in the covert, which may be once or twice in the season. So that in Wales, and those woods where pheasants are not strictly preserved, the sportsmen will get the most desirable woodcock-shooting.

The feed of the woodcock is various. The old idea was, that they lived entirely by suction; but this is erroneous, as much of their food is found amongst dried leaves, from which, by passing them through their bill, they separate slugs and other small insects: nor do they refuse a bob-worm. In frosty weather they seek springy-ditches and other moist places: if hard weather continue, they become very poor and not fit for the table. S.

FACETIÆ.

JUDGE —, while trying a cause during the last circuit, saw, just in front of him, a person wearing a hat. His Lordship desired one of the officers to make that man either take off his hat or leave the Court. — "My Lord," said the supposed offender, who turned out to be a lady in a riding habit and smart beaver, "I am no man." — "Then," said his Lordship, "I am no Judge."

On reading an account of the insurrection among the Poles, a countryman's wife exclaimed, "Lauk a mercy, what will become of our hop-grounds!"

Circumlocution.—A formal old gentleman, finding his horse uneasy under the saddle, called to his servant, saying, "Tom, take off the saddle on my bay horse and lay it upon the ground; then take the saddle from thy grey horse and put it upon my bay horse: lastly, put the other saddle upon thy grey horse." The fellow gaped all the while at this long preachment, and at last cried out, "Lack-a-day, Sir, could you not have said at once change the saddles?"

Birds of a Feather.—In a parish not a hundred miles from Edinburgh, the following ornithological match took place, which set the whole neighbourhood in a flutter:—Miss *Henrietta Peacock* was espoused to Mr. *Robin Sparrow*, by the Rev. Mr. *Daw*, the bridesman being Mr. *Philip Hawk*, and the brideswoman Miss *Larkins*. The marriage lines were extracted by Mr. *John Crow*, Sessions Clerk.

An English Bull.—A London Evening paper of the 28th December informs its readers that two fine *bullocks* were slaughtered on Wednesday last at Launceston—one of them an *ox*, and the other a *cow*!

A CLERGYMAN'S HORSE BITING HIM.

The steed bit his master;
How came it to pass?
He heard the good pastor
Cry, "All flesh is grass!"

THE ROAD, &c.

BY DRIVER.

SIR,

I Was in the York and Ainsty kennel when dinner interrupted my narrative, having, as I remember, nearly exhausted the subject.

The hounds treated us with the same civility the lions did Daniel, and we issued from their den in perfect safety; but judge of our dismay and astonishment when we found an old bitch with a litter of whelps at her heels making a regular attack upon the tike mare in foal, which she seemed in a fair way to conquer but for our timely arrival! "God bon ye (a very favorite oath in Yorkshire), what are ye efter?" said the kennel huntsman as he ran to her assistance. "Ware hoose! ware hoose!" vociferated he.—"Ware horse? ware dog! I think," said I, quoting the language of Mr. Beckford, though applying it in a different manner: "your bitch seems very fond of horse-flesh."

It now occurs to me that I forgot to inquire after NIMROD's self-sufficient friend Naylor, who formerly hunted these hounds. Perhaps you can inform me where he is. A man, who, as he himself said, "had forgotten more than NIMROD would ever know," ought not to be lost sight of. N. reckoned him a good kennel huntsman, but condemned his performance in the field, and spoke of Wilson (who was then whipper-in) in high terms. I believe he gives satisfaction, though the appearance of the hounds bore no comparison to those at Harewood. However, in

saying this, the time of year or other circumstances ought to be taken into consideration.

York is but a stupid place to stay in, especially in wet weather. The natives appear a harmless race of beings, especially the men. Their costume is singular, but convenient, living as they do chiefly upon "tike-back." It generally consists of a sort of single-breasted green garment called a shooting-jacket, with black and white plaid trousers, the chiefs of the tribes being distinguished by a broad black stripe down the sides. They approach nearer to the savages mentioned by Adam Smith in his *Wealth of Nations*, than any people I ever saw, living chiefly out of doors, and procuring a subsistence by hunting, shooting, fishing, &c.; and there is not a tike of any sort in the county but has his wager on the Doncaster St. Leger, and will walk twenty miles to a race or a hunt. Every village has its race-course and annual meeting. I procured a bill of one which was held at a place called Scarborough, somewhere on the coast, of which His Grace the Duke of St. Alban's and Sir W. Elliott, Bart. were Stewards.

Among other valuable prizes to be run for on Monday, Sept. the 6th, was a double-reined hunting bridle, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred, featherweight; entrance one shilling; two miles: and each day during the meeting, "a donkey-race," for donkeys *not thorough-bred*, for one guinea, given by Her Grace the Duchess of St. Alban's, *two miles and a distance!!!* It was said that she had the THOROUGH-BRED DONKEYS excluded, in conse-

quence of His Grace having signified his intention of starting.

The good old English amusements of jumping in sacks, grinning through horse-collars, running after pigs with soaped tails, &c. have gradually declined before the influence of racing. Yorkshire is a fine farming country: everything appears to be better managed, and at a less expense than we do them in the South. Instead, for instance, of leaving a foot of stubble, they cut their corn close to the ground, saving so much straw and the labour of raking the field. Again, their manner of binding the sheaves is much superior; and instead of having a waggoner and his mate, or a ploughman and his mate, they make one man both drive the horses and whistle to them, the latter being, I believe, the business of the mate. The "Yorkshireers" are also great breeders both of cattle and horses. A good bull is as good as an annuity; and a thorough-bred stallion is reckoned an ample fortune with a wife, and is often made the subject of marriage settlements down there.

As breeders they also have the advantage over we Southerners, particularly in this county, where the land in general is too valuable to be put to that purpose; and I fear that even the Noble Owner of Petworth's liberal assistance will not rescue us from the stigma of being about the worst breeders of horses in the kingdom.

Good horses are always scarce and dear here, and strange ones coming lose their condition very much at first. Indeed I have seen horses that look healthy and blooming anywhere else, that have always a staring hide-bound

appearance about them while they remain at Brighton.

Mr. George Harrington has just brought an out-an-outer from Northamptonshire — a regular 300gs. worth—and I understand means to shew the cocktails the way. But hark back! hark back!

A very celebrated breeder, of the name of Chilton, resides somewhere in the north of Yorkshire, whose horned cattle are in high repute; but being quite ignorant of the language of the country, I did not gain as much information on these matters as I could have wished.

Notwithstanding their vaunted breed of horses, I saw worse ones in the coaches in Yorkshire than in any other part of England; and as to their coachmen, I never saw one but I thought of the inquiry the little cad made of country Jehu, who was fishing his way about town—"I say, Jack, who feeds the pigs ven you are from home?"

It is rather singular, though always the case, that one pays the most for the worst articles; and a Yorkshire coachman expects at least a third more than a South-country one. How often have I seen poor Harry Stevenson touch his knowing hat for a shilling, for driving from London here (fifty-two miles), where "bunch-cod" would reckon upon half-a-crown! I do not know where they get their notions from; for, from what I have seen of the Yorkshire tikes, I should say that they much resemble the Scotch in their regard for the *siller*. I remember travelling outside the Lincoln mail one summer's night with a brace of big Yorkshiremen, who gave the coachman sixpence between them

for driving thirty miles, and no remonstrance or blackguarding on his part could extract another farthing. He was very saucy I must confess, and began by chucking the sixpence to the horse-keeper, saying, "there, Tom, the Gemmen gives you sixpence," and then he came to them again to "remember the coachman." He concluded a long line of slang, by particularly recommending them to the *care* of the next driver, adding that they were "a couple of convicts going from the hulks."

The abolition of fees to guards and coachmen admits of many arguments both *pro* and *con*; and on the whole I am inclined to support the old system; because I think the power of withholding one frequently operates to the advantage of the traveller by commanding attention and civility.

The plan, I remember, was adopted on the Bath road some few years ago by a set of proprietors who established what were called the "Company's coaches:" indeed I am not sure that it is not still followed; for I think, when I was in town the other day, I saw a coach stop at the end of Burlington Arcade with the words "no fees" painted behind. A Gentleman in Yorkshire told me that the average fee there to coachmen was sixpence a stage, or about two shillings for five. The guards got something less; and the farther they go the less they get in proportion—generally three or four shillings from York to London.

It is not very long since they established "long coachmen" in that part: formerly they changed at every stage, and each coach-

man cleaned and harnessed his own horses.

The Saints, with the Bishop of London at their head, have lately been making a great outcry against stage-coaches travelling on Sundays, corrupting the morals of the horses, and shocking the King's highways. Verily but these pious Gents had better turn their attentions to some more crying evil: at all events let them set the example themselves, by walking to church instead of ordering out their carriages, and servants, and horses. Old Mother Church may rest assured that such cant and humbug will not add much stability to her tottering foundation.

The proprietors may acquiesce where they find it convenient to their pockets, but the coachmen will remain the same; and, if not driving, ten to one but they will be drinking, while travellers will be put to the enormous and unnecessary expense of posting, unless they interdict that also. As it is, coachmen are but too much inclined to make light of religion.

Passing the other Sunday through a small village in Bucks, the coach stopped to change horses, when all at once the church bells commenced ringing for Evening Service. "What's happened now?" said the coachman to a group of children who had gathered round the inn door:—"what's all that row about? have you been killing a pig, or what is't?" One story begets another, and the last reminds me of an impious though innocent speech I once heard in France, travelling outside a diligence between Rouen and Paris. My

fellow *voyageurs* in the cabriolet were the conductor and a Frenchman. The latter, who had been some short time in England, had acquired a smattering of our language, with which he indulged me pretty freely during the journey. The postillions there are very fond of galloping down hill, and one fellow in particular seemed inclined to do his best to upset us. "We shall certainly be over," said I to Monsieur, as we commenced galloping down a steep hill at the bottom of which was a sharp turn. "Oh, I never afraid," said he; "I put my trust in God and the conductor of the diligence—those two fellows."

How often in travelling in this country are the lives of all the passengers in a stage-coach endangered, and yet no one considers it his business to interfere and prohibit the racing speed of the horses or the overloading of the coach! A good deal of this may be attributed to the fear of exposing themselves that some people have, just as if it were absolutely necessary for a traveller to be acquainted with all the proper or slang names connected with the coaching department. The coachmen, it must be confessed, are very fond of exciting a laugh in return for any observation that does not suit them, and, like sailors, seem to look down upon every one who is ignorant of their craft. Of two brothers, school-fellows of mine, one went to Oxford to prepare for the learned professions, the other went into the Navy and became a Jack tar. About three years after they had both entered upon their different pursuits, the Oxonian, full of ancient lore, paid

a visit to his brother's wooden house then lying off Portsmouth. He was received on board by the young Middy, who shewed him the "lions" of his world, conducting him from one part of the vessel to the other, and talking very scientifically of the component parts thereof. This went on very well as long as the young one had all the talk to himself; but the Oxonian, who had pulled stroke-oar at College, thought his experience in boats entitled him to venture an opinion on ships; and, after a bungling attempt at naming one or two parts of it, which excited a smile from a bunch of young Middies standing about, he asked if some of the rigging was not too tight, or the sails too large, or the pennant too long. The young brother listened in torture to his remarks, well knowing that they would afford amusement to the whole ship's company; but when he came to expose himself by giving an opinion, he could contain himself no longer; his honest indignation knew no bounds; and giving him a regular nautical shove, he said, "Oh ye d—d fool you, hold your jaw!" and immediately bundled him down stairs into the cabin.

When I get into Parliament (which I have no doubt the readers of the Magazine will subscribe very liberally to assist me in doing, if it is only to buy me out of the pages of it), I shall begin by bringing in a Bill to regulate the time people are to be allowed for eating and drinking when travelling by the public conveyances; and I will make it a capital offence for any coachman to hurry the passengers over

their *wittals*, for the purpose of allowing him to gratify a little pride or pique against a rival whip, or to indulge his horses with a little idleness. I will also make it a high misdemeanor to ask passengers to walk up a hill, because an extra pair of horses at the bottom will save several pair of legs the trouble of walking to the top.

I will also *milk* any book-keeper severely who does not know at what place and hour the coach stops to dine, so that the passengers may tune their appetites accordingly; and I will transport that innkeeper for life who dares to shew travellers into a cold room, and place a bad dinner before them.

"A man's bad dinners live after him,
The good are oft buried with the bones."

And I shall never forget the one that I saw set out at the Tontine at Sheffield, on a cold day last October, wind due east, and no fire in the room! Two nasty pewter dishes, one containing cabbage, the other potatoes, acted as out-riders to a third holding a black beef-steak: the table-cloth was any colour except white; the knives and forks such as one might expect to find in St. Giles's (this at Sheffield too, the land of gulleys—but the shoemaker's wife is oftentimes the worst shod); and the whole appearance was nasty to a degree. I did not partake of the repast; and when I heard that the damage was three shillings a head, I congratulated myself on my forbearance. I kept myself for a seven-o'clock tea at the White Lion, Nottingham, which, with the aid of divers cold joints, I converted into a very good dinner. Tea is by far the most

refreshing thing a man can take either after travelling or hunting. It was at Nottingham that I heard a new name given to crumpets. "What do you call these things, waiter?" inquired a passenger. "Oh, we call them crumpets or pyfleets—some call them flannel."!!! Not a bad hit either.

I wish you a merry Christmas, Mr. Editor, and the usual complaints of the season! Should NIM SOUTH not bend his steps this way, you shall hear from me again on the subject of dogs, horses, and men, my motto being

"Gaudet equis canibusque."

Yours, &c.

DRIVER.

Brighton, December 1830.

"*." We have again to express our acknowledgments to this Correspondent; and as NIM SOUTH is hunting in quite a different country, and will not be in Sussex this season, we shall feel obliged by the communications mentioned.

THREE DAYS WITH THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH'S HOUNDS— MID-LOTHIAN.

SIR,

IT is three months since I left merry England; the two first of which I spent in the Highlands of Inverness-shire, where I had leave and kind invitation to shoot over moors long celebrated as being equal to any in Scotland. The gamekeeper of the hospitable proprietor informed me he had not been able to shew so little game for many seasons. Still I must allow the quantity of grouse my dogs found was, comparatively to what I had ever seen, very great; and my sport, notwithstanding the wetness of the season, good.

For these last four weeks I have been paying a long promised visit to a valued friend, who has a most comfortable house in one of the best squares of this romantically situated and regularly built town. We have enjoyed each other's society occasionally in the neighbouring agreeable walks, as likewise in some hours almost daily passed on its southerly-exposed promenade. Like many of my native county neighbours, with leaving home I cannot leave my taste, and the interest I feel wherever I go, in fox-hunting. My friend, with a gladsome countenance, told me the Duke of Buccleuch's fox-hounds were now hunting from Dalkeith kennel; and, although he had at present fewer horses than usual, that one should be at the covert side for me three days; adding, he was sorry they were not favorite coverts, but easily within our reach, and would give me an opportunity of seeing a pack, which he appeared to look forward with pride to the opportunity of shewing me.

Saturday morning arrived, dry but mild. Arniston was the fixture, the beautiful seat of Mr. Dundas, who justly deserves to be named as the anxious and efficient preserver of foxes. When the hounds arrived, with their superior huntsman and crack first and second whips, I must acknowledge they came up in appearance to any expectation my friend's eulogiums had led me to form. We drew Middleton covert, found immediately, and had every promise of sport; but our fox was most unrelentingly three times headed. Trying one point after another, he, or perhaps a fresh fox, ended our day's sport with a

smart burst of about three miles over the adjoining open country to ground.

Pentland was fixed for Tuesday, a covert placed on the side of a range of high green hills. The hounds had been thrown in about five minutes when a fox was found, and gallantly broke; making over a very high point he slightly turned, and then took his original line. I went round the lower part of one of the hills as fast as my horse could carry me, and as I reached a view of the opposite side, I saw the hounds from hunting had taken to running, and were going through a fine open country nearly a mile a-head. Suddenly he made a complete double to Dreghorn Plantations, where the hounds killed him, I must say having done their work very much in what is considered good style in the modern fox-hound. We again drew Pentland covert, found another fox, but killed without sport.

On Saturday we met at Dalhousie Castle, the family residence of the Noble Earl of that name, now serving as Commander of the Forces in India, whose unvarying preservation of foxes is only justly appreciated; and I understand his exemplary conduct is followed by his son, Lord Ramsay. It was near eleven before the hounds were thrown into covert; and by that time, from being a dry morning, but rather frosty, a drizzling rain had begun, with every appearance of being very wet. We found; but from the nature of the country, deep woody glens on every side, a fox would not break, although two were evidently on foot. The hounds could make nothing of

either; the scent was very bad, and at last died nearly away. The rain had become very heavy. However towards one o'clock we drew a covert about two miles distant, found a fox, and ran him to ground with some sport.

I must be allowed to express that I think very highly of the Duke of Buccleuch's hounds, and I suspect they only require a good country to shew themselves brilliant. The fields were numerous. I observed the Earl of Caithness, who I recollect, when Lord Berriedale, hunting with the Brighton harriers; he came to covert on one of the handsomest ponies I have seen for many years; and rode a smart chesnut horse with good action, and an uncommon fencer: Sir John Hope was mounted the three days I saw him on a most sporting-looking bay horse, a superior shaped dark chesnut horse, and a powerful brown mare—from these specimens I should conceive Sir John's stud to be much above mediocrity: Mr. Dundas, of Arncliffe; Mr. George Williamson, younger, of Lixmount, and I remarked his riding a chesnut horse, one of the most perfect made hunters that has come under my notice for a long time, and I understand he is first-rate, either over a close or open country: Mr. Keith Dick, on a neat chesnut mare; Mr. Mitchelson, of Middleton; Captain Makepeace; Captain Heigham; Mr. Bryan Burrell; and several Officers of the Fourth Dragoon Guards quartered at Piershill. I regretted much not meeting with Lord Elcho and Sir David Baird, both well known in Leicestershire as first-flight men. Lord

Elcho I understand has some magnificent horses.

The Duke of Buccleuch is at present in London; he is invariably mentioned with the highest esteem, and considered a good sportsman. Among the group in blue and green I was surprised to espy Templeman, who I have so often seen come to the starting-post of Newmarket and Doncaster with his neat leathers and silk jacket, when many a heart did beat; a horse is in good hands with Templeman on his back: likewise Mr. Inglis, the dealer, who is well placed here, as fair in his dealings, respectable in conduct, and invariably civil and obliging. His stables are excellent; which is also the case at Mr. Laing's, of the Royal Repository, who has public sales once or twice a week.

The Duke of Buccleuch's hounds now leave this country to hunt Roxburghshire from a splendid kennel lately built at St. Boswell's Green: but as this is thirty-six miles distant, I shall not probably have an opportunity of again hunting with them, which I regret much. A great part of Roxburghshire is reputed as good a country as hounds need go into. My friend, with his constant kindness, promises to mount me a day or two with the Stirlingshire and West Lothian hounds, who are for the next four weeks to hunt the latter country; and I shall probably, before leaving Scotland, send you a little sketch of them and their sport. In the meantime I remain, Sir, yours, &c.

A WARWICKSHIRE PROPRIETOR.

Edinburgh, Nov. 8, 1830.

A DORSETIAN SKETCH—No. III.

MR. EDITOR,

Know you the land where the fox-glove and myrtle
 Are emblems of deeds that are done in the shire—
 Where the nerve of the Nimrod, the taste of the turtle,
 Ne'er fails at a fence—nor oft falls on the fire?
 Know you the Hunt where the collar is white,
 Where the breeches are buckskin, the boots ever bright:
 Where Cupid's "Forget-me-not," SINGULAR doom!
 Oft flits round the "Bachelor buttons" in bloom:
 Where IN HEARTS *je propose* and *j'accepte* follow suit,
 And the voice of BEN JENNINGS* is never long mute:
 Where the West of the wind, and the cloud of the sky,
 In sound, though they vary in harmony, vie;
 And the magnum of claret is quickest to fly:
 Where the Ladies complain that the men play *Beau-peep*!
 And all, after hunting, do nothing but sleep?
 'Tis the COUNTY OF DORSET! the birth-place of fun!
 Where you're sure of "a chase" if you ar'nt of a run!
 Oh! tender as DEAR! that once dwelt in those dells,
 Are the HEARTS, though they FAWN not, to bear off THE BELLES!

THERE! Mr. Editor, there's poetry for you and your readers! and who in these sporting times, let me ask, reads you not? Not every pen can write *such* as that I must tell you!—quite *after* Lord Byron's style—and not an easy one to *get over* either!

Having in my two last furnished you with a sketch of our Masters and ex-Masters of Hounds and our notorious Nimrods, I shall forthwith proceed to let you a little behind the Dorsetian curtain with regard to Coursing and other matches! of which first, however, this county, although possessing Downs sufficiently amiable as to be celebrated by Thomson, prides itself not much upon. Amongst our principal resident coursers must be ranked Mr. Brouncker, Captain Wyndham, Mr. Lethbridge, &c. the two latter having lately arrived here. Mr. Brouncker and Capt. Wyndham, if I mistake not, were

the two Stewards of the last Amesbury Meeting, and may therefore be looked upon, I conclude, as artists in their line.

Of Races Dorsetshire can boast of plenty—too many rather than not enough. The course at Blandford is considered about the third-best in the kingdom—rather more than two miles round—and, though somewhat severe, the turf is excellent both in regard to quality and order. A mile-course has lately been added. There are two stands—a small one for the Steward and his friends, and a larger one for the company. The sport continues for two days, and is in general very good. They have a Gold Cup of one hundred guineas value, several Fifty-pound Plates, besides the Langton, Bryanstone, and Kingstone Hall Stakes, and private matches, and Ladies Plates! marry come up! by the dozen, in starting for which a man, on

* Huntsman to J. J. Farquharson, Esq.

entering his horse, or his heart, had better have an eye to the main chance, the scales; for should he not bring in sufficient weight he is sure to be distanced—there's no post-entrance allowed HERE. There is an ordinary (dinner) each day, whereat the fair sex dine too—seldom the case elsewhere—consequently rendering it an EXTRA-ORDINARY!—Could you only see the *bustle* they all appear in when “The Ladies!” are proposed! Beauty never is seen to greater advantage than in a *bustle*—it tends so often to heighten the colour! A Lady, whom I once on a time had the honour of merry-go-rounding it with, suddenly exclaimed, “Oh! the *bustle*!” and down she sat. What could she mean, Sir? May be she was giddy and fearful of falling; but she soon recovered her equilibrium; for, whispering to a Lady near her, out she went, and in she came as brisk as a *Bee*! and, notwithstanding the crowd round, she went again like a T-totum.

I must not omit to mention that there are two balls during the races, at which Weippert's band has for some years past been in the habit of attending; and it's only fair to remark, that

They dance now who never danced before,
And they who did now only dance the more.

And here let me for a moment pause, and, in the name of the “light fantastic race,” express their deep sense of the very handsome and very liberal arrangements made (so like them) by the Blandford County Dinner Club, who last year appointed a select committee to take the *sole* management of the winter assemblies under their immediate controul—com-

ing forward at the same time with sufficient funds to enable Weippert's band being engaged for them also. Nothing, Mr. Editor, next to making a downright perpendicular offer, could win the hearts of the fair sex sooner than this *step*! Some there are who say a woman's heart *may* be won! while others deny this *in toto*, affirming she has not ONE to LOSE. I differ from both, Sir; conceiving that every woman has a heart—but seldom after fifteen, about which period of her life she generally contrives to give it away. Pity it is we have not two hearts as well as two hands, there are in this county so many ways of disposing of them to advantage.

The above-mentioned Club consists of sixty members, and holds five meetings annually at the Crown Hotel, Blandford—where we will leave them lingering over their claret, or their love if they like it better, *chacun à son 'gout*! and proceed to the Dorchester and Weymouth races, both of which are at present in their infancy, or rather in leading-strings, having been started but a few years. The courses of both these places are far inferior to Blandford; and it has been regretted by many sporting men that the two do not unite and have one good meeting of three days, being only eight miles distance from each other, as a good course, doubtless, might be marked out in the neighbourhood of Came or Bincombe Down. A Royal Plate is given annually at Weymouth. Nothing tends more to knock up racing than the number of places at which they are now held—it being an impossibility for horses

to run at *all*; consequently some are kept back for one, some for another, and hence the little sport that so frequently follows. Dorsetshire will never support three distinct Meetings with any sort of spirit; and there can be no doubt but Blandford will maintain its full pre-eminence, having been established upwards of a hundred and fifty years! as a proof of which I subjoin an advertisement copied this morning out of a volume of old newspapers—it is *verbatim* as follows:

"The London Gazette, March 21, 1678". At Blandford Course, in Dorsetshire, upon the first Thursday and Friday in May next ensuing, two Plates will be run for; the one of 15l. value, and the riders to be 10st. weight; the other is of 25l., and the riders to be Gentlemen, and of 12st. weight. Whosoever is disposed for this sport must enter the size and colour of his mare or gelding with the bayliff of Blandford the Thursday before the races, depositing 20s. in the bayliff's hands towards the next year's 15l. Plate, or 40s. towards the other. If any contributor offer 15l. for either mare or gelding before they start, the owner must sel, provided there be two left to run, and the purchaser is not to run him that year; and so likewise for the 25l. Plate."

Our chief racing men in the county are Mr. Farquharson, Mr. Radclyffe, and Mr. Portman, Sir E****d B****r having relinquished the *turf* for the *field*, and being at this moment at the sporting metropolis, Melton, to the regret of *all*, and more especially some! in Dorsetshire.

Though young in years, Sir, he is old in popularity; and no wonder, or he would be an exception to a general rule elsewhere: but I must be *cautious* of what I say of this Gentleman, so tenacious is he of hearing himself spoken well of, and yet never affording an opportunity of being otherwise—so it is his fault, not mine, if his good deeds only appear in print.

At Pimpern, two miles from Blandford, is the training establishment of Mr. H. Piercy, lately completed, combining every requisite of stabling, stall, box, &c.; the dwelling-house being contiguous, and within two hundred yards of, perhaps, the finest training ground in England. About two miles beyond is Eastbury, where Mr. Farquharson's kennel and hunting stables are situated.

I may probably have another Sketch ready for your next Number, provided, on perusal, you deem it worth inserting—remaining in the mean time, yours, &c.

A NATIVE.

Dec. 1, 1830.

P. S. By your *leaf*, Sir—a merry Christmas and a happy New Year; ay! and many good hunting seasons *to boot*—to the Sporting World in the long run, and to yourself in *de-tail*!—concluding one will follow the other as a matter of *course*!

THE NEW GAME BILL.

WE are indebted to an Hon. Member for the following abstract of a Bill before the

* It may be, perhaps, worthy of note that the print is just as clear and as unchanged as if published only a few years: the paper is rather discoloured.

House of Commons, "to consolidate and amend the Laws in England relative to Game, and to authorise the Sale of Game."

Possession of game to be illegal after six days in dealers, and twenty-eight days in other persons, from the expiration of the season.

The following clauses are *verbatim* from the Bill.

"And be it enacted that every person not being seized of an estate in possession, either legal or equitable, of inheritance, or for term of life, in his own right, or in right of his wife, in any lands or tenements, either freehold or copyhold, or both, of the clear yearly value of ; or not being possessed legally or equitably of a term of years granted, or to be granted, for ninety-nine years, or for any longer term, in any lands or tenements whatever, of the clear yearly value of ; or not being beneficially entitled to an annual income of at least arising out of Exchequer Bills, or out of some one or more of the Public Funds transferable at the Bank of England or South Sea House; or out of Exchequer Bills jointly with one or more of such Public Funds, shall be deemed not to be duly qualified to kill or take game, or to keep or use any dog, gun, net, or other engine or instrument for the purpose of killing or taking game.

"Provided also, and be it enacted, that it shall be lawful for any occupier (whether qualified as aforesaid or not) of land of any description, not being less in quantity than acres lying together, or separated only by some road or water, to kill or take by day the game found and

being on the land in his occupation, provided he be thereunto authorised by his immediate landlord (such landlord being a body corporate seized or possessed of lands of the clear yearly value of ; or being a person qualified in his own right, or in right of his wife, as aforesaid, to kill or take game)."

Authority to be given in a certain form, and to be registered with the Clerk of the Peace, who is to give a certificate of registration.

Lords of Manors may permit unqualified persons to sport on the wastes within their manors.

This Act not to affect the existing laws respecting game certificates.

[Qualified persons, and gamekeepers (if authorised in writing), may sell game to licensed dealers.

Justices to hold a Special Session yearly for granting licences to persons to deal in game.

Innkeepers may sell game for consumption in their own houses.

Persons licensed to deal in game must take out a certificate with a duty of 2*l*.

Dealers in game to put up a board with the words "Licensed to deal in game;" and to keep an account of all game received for sale.

On complaint on oath made against dealers in game, two Justices may order them to produce their books.

Penalty on unqualified persons killing game, or for destroying or possessing the eggs of game, &c., and for illegal possession or illegal sale of game.

Justices, and Lords of Manors within their manors, may take away game, dogs, &c. from persons not authorised to have or use the same.

The following clause is *verbatim* :—

“And whereas, after the commencement of this Act, game will become an article which may be legally bought or sold, and it is therefore just and reasonable to provide some more summary means than now by law exist for protecting the same from trespasses; be it therefore enacted, that if any person, whether qualified or not to kill game, shall in the day time enter upon any land for the purpose of pursuing, taking, or killing game thereon, or of seeking for or taking or destroying the eggs of game, without the permission of the landlord or lessor of such land, or upon any of His Majesty's forests, chases, or warrens, not being first duly authorised so to do, or upon any waste or commonable land belonging to any manor, reputed manor, lordship, or royalty, for such purpose, without the permission of the landlord or of the steward of the Crown of such manor, reputed manor, lordship, or royalty, such person shall, on conviction thereof before a Justice of the Peace, forfeit and pay such sum of money, not being less than 10s. or more than 5l., as to the Justice shall seem meet, together with the costs of the conviction; and the landlord, or lessor, or tenant, or occupier, &c. may require any person so trespassing to quit the land, and give his name and address, and persons refusing so to do may be apprehended.”

Any person entering land with a gun, &c., or found with game in his possession, shall be presumed to have entered to kill game.

“Provided always, and be it enacted, that nothing herein contained shall extend to any person hunting with hounds or greyhounds, or hawking, and being in recent pursuit of game, or any beast of chase already started, &c.”

Provisions as to persons destroying game or rabbits by night guilty of a misdemeanor, and transportable.

“And be it enacted, that the prosecution for every offence punishable upon summary conviction by virtue of this Act shall be commenced within three calendar months after the commission of the offence; and the prosecution of every offence punishable by indictment by virtue of this Act shall be commenced within twelve calendar months after the commission of such offence.”

The schedule contains forms of licence, certificates, &c.

THE COMIC OFFERING.

AS we know that our Magazine is regularly to be found in every Lady's boudoir after the Master has conned over its pages, we should be wanting in gallantry were we not occasionally to serve up a *petite bonne bouche* for their entertainment—particularly when the offering is from a Lady's pen. At the same time, while we profess that we are no approvers of FEMALE HUNTERS, we are in duty bound to prevent their interfering with the sports so congenial to the

Lords of the ascendant, and to offer some equivalent for that passage in the old song—

"The wife around her husband throws
Her arms to make him stay;
My dear, it rains, it hails, it snows,
You cannot hunt to-day."

With this view we have taken up a little volume under the above title, with the appanage, "or Ladies' Melange of Literary Mirth for 1831, edited by Louisa Henrietta Sheridan," published by Smith and Elder, and dedicated to "British Ladies."

If we were asked, what is *literary mirth*? we confess our reply would be, that the equality is not within the compass of our experience: and if this volume be a specimen of it, we must pronounce the new way of making people laugh to be agreeable and feminine. Miss Sheridan is young in literature, and yet displays some taste, good sense, always good humour, and occasionally wit of the pleasant and half-piquant order. She never completely comes up to the *extremity* of the sentiment; but then she never sinks below it to save some grace of her sex or her own nature, which would be put in peril by the full indulgence of the fancy. This is amiable, and wins its way to our esteem. Some of her little tales or anecdotes are worth perusal for the delicate satire or half-fledged moral that peeps through them; and her illustrations, if they do not possess the raciness and *gout* of Hood and Cruikshank, are not devoid of liveliness and character. In short, this little volume may fairly claim a place on the same shelf with the other humorous productions of the season. The tales are too long for quotation,

We must, therefore, confine ourselves to selecting a few *SIGHS*, which we have no doubt will be duly appreciated by many a fair reader, and to one embellishment with its corresponding elucidation, as samples of the delicate bill of fare, both in prose and verse, "expressly prepared for female perusal and for presents of Friendship and Affection."

SIGH XIII.

"Being on a visit in the country you are asked to join a pic-nic party, which you know will be very stupid and vulgar, and you decline on the plea of not having a quiet horse to join the equestrians: one of the party offers his sister's horse; and when you try to raise another difficulty, by saying you have not brought your habit, this same sister's habit is also promised. On the eventful morning you are enabled to judge of the unknown sister's figure (from the dimensions of her habit (a sky-blue with sporting buttons), which would take in yourself and half-a-dozen moderate-sized persons. Much annoyed at being forced to wear other people's clothes (which you dare not refuse, as you are already thought very proud), you twist and pin it about you, and scramble to the door, where you find a ragged mouse-coloured pony, whose limbs are much shorter than your own. It is apt to start, and the first thing on the road, which frightens it, flings you from your unsteady seat (a child's saddle without any frame) into the mud, to the vast injury of the sky-blue costume aforesaid. Obligated to ride through a crowded fair in a country town, and seem highly delighted, although, in reality, dying with shame on account of your mean little pony, dirty finery, and your noisy vulgar companions."

SIGH XXIII.

"The evening after a long journey, while in your travelling dress, a kind busy-body calls to insist on your

passing the evening with one or two old friends at his house, and he will not wait until you change your costume. On entering his drawing-room you certainly see the 'one or two old friends,' and along with these there are about a hundred gay strangers, all *en costume de bal*, just commencing quadrilles. Speaking to your host about this deceit, he laughs at 'the capital joke of taking you in so nicely, and then seeing how silly you look on discovering it.'

SIGN XXIV.

"Determined never to believe your friend again in such a case, and the next time he invites you in a friendly way, you make your appearance at a very late hour, dressed in all the gaiety of satins, silver, feathers, and diamonds (as the newspapers say). The brilliant society has been assembled since six o'clock, in the person of one deaf knitting old Lady, whose sole enjoyment consists in having her tea early, and who is perfectly miserable at her favorite repast being delayed for your fashionable affectation."

We do not recollect any of *Sensitive* or *Testy's* Miseries more annoying.

THE SAILOR'S DANCE.

That's the way, Jack! there you go!

That's the way to *heel-and-toe*;

Where's the lad can better shew

The sailor's dance!

Cut fine capers to and fro—

Jump aloft, now high, now low—

Taking crazy hulks in toe!

Thus sailors dance!

It is his *flannell'd* foot, no doubt,

Which that old lubber cries about!

Jack Frog would say "you dance with
gout"

The sailor's dance!"

That's the way, Jack! there you go!

That old boy will always know

The funny step called *heel-and-toe*

Which sailors dance!

HUNTING CASUALTIES.

London, November 26, 1880.

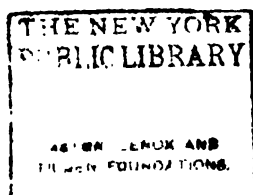
CONCEIVING that the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine* will require no apology for the introduction of any information or occurrence of interest connected with the Chase to the pages of that spirited periodical—and particularly when, by the publication of an act of outrage most unjustifiable and indecorous, which has within these few days been said to have been perpetrated, the parties may have an opportunity, should there exist any error in the statement, of publicly contradicting—I hand you what was related to me as a fact on Wednesday last the 24th inst. on my return from hunting with Mr. Jolliffe's hounds in Surrey.

I shall not detain you long with a detail of the occurrences of that day: but I cannot altogether pass over in silence some of the marked and more eventful casualties (of which I will select *four* especial ones) that befel this old and respectable establishment on the inauspicious 24th of November.

The fixture was at the kennel; and a small covert to the left of the road, a little beyond Merstham, was *first* drawn, when in less than five minutes a symphony by one or two couple of staunch old ones proclaimed a find (and a beautiful one it was), backed by the whole pack in one clash. Master Charley broke like a good one (which he was *not*), and I saw him go up a hill in gallant style; but somehow or other, though to all appearance a fine and healthy fox, he dodged about a *turnip field* and

"HELL-AND-TOE."





two small coverts for ten minutes, and made a finish of it.

Between the acts of this performance I heard that the whip's horse had dropped *down dead* in the above-mentioned turnip-field, without rhyme or reason, and nearly broke poor old Jack's leg; who declared to me that he "wouldn't ha' cared not a straw if it had'n't a been all for want o' riding, for to go and to drop down loike a stone loike."

These were two bad presages to begin with, and might have been *three*, taking Jack's leg into account. Now for a *good* one.

We lost no time (and I never saw a man of Roffey's weight and age lose so *little* time) in finding another fox—one of the true sort. I cannot conduct you through every part of the run, being totally unacquainted with the country, and the 24th of November my first day with these hounds. Suffice it to say, that with not a bad, though not a *very good*, scenting day, we had just such a run as a man who is fond of hounds and of the science of hunting is glad to take a part in—the time being one hour and three quarters from the moment of *starting*, mind! to the *death*. The pace for at least fifty minutes, at two different times, was just the thing to satisfy thorough-bred ones. The intervening time was employed in as *thorough good* hunting as any man need wish to see; and on the whole, I think, a more satisfactory day could not have been wished for by any master of hounds desirous of shewing off his pack to advantage—and a more active, steady, and equal one I have seldom seen. I like the establishment much; and I speak

impartially, for I neither know the country, nor had ever seen the hounds or any of the field previous to the 24th November.

I must not omit to inform you of the *third* occurrence, which does not happen *every* day, but which happened on this eventful day. We took our fox in a Gentleman's conservatory, a mile or two beyond Riegate—rather a flagrant finish! Luckily for the glass, the pines, and the grapes, we did not kill him there, but kept the hounds away until poor Charley was nabbed by the neck and fairly let loose again: however, we had stuck too close to him, and he made very little use of this scurry for his life—five minutes more did for him; and I really do not think that for the one hour and three quarters during which time we ran I could account for a single tail-hound. I never saw hounds run together in more beautiful style. *There* was one couple of tail hounds, however, which I found out on my return home; but that couple of hounds will never tail again. And this is the *fourth catastrophe* which I led you to anticipate.

As I was returning to Croydon on my way back to town after the day was over, with two other Gentlemen, a very respectable looking farmer informed our party that he *had seen* Lord Monson's keeper shoot the two hounds in question as they passed through his Lordship's ground! Lord Monson is the son of Lady Warwick by her first Lord, a very young man, and a new man in the county, having lately purchased the estate and residence of Sir Mark Wood, situated in a part of Mr. Jolliffe's country.

As it would be impossible to suppose for a moment that conduct so uncourteous, unpopular, and ungentlemanlike, could have been sanctioned by a young man of Lord Monson's courtesy, popularity, and almost chivalrous demeanour, I think it just, as a Gentleman unconnected with the parties, and having accidentally become possessed of the information which as a sportsman I have conveyed to you, to make his Lordship, through the medium of your Magazine, acquainted with the act of one of his servants, whose discharge *at least* should follow the perpetration of an *outrage unprecedented* in the annals of sporting, and totally inconsistent with the usages of courtesy. Ω.

Saturday Evening, Dec. 4, 1830.

P. S. I am happy to add, in a postscript to the communication which you received from me last week, too late for insertion in your December Number of the Magazine, that the *amende honorable* has been made; and that, as I expressed to you at the time, it was totally impossible that Lord Monson could have possessed the most remote intimation of the proceedings of his keeper. On my way through Croydon this morning, to meet the Surrey Foxhounds, I was informed by Mr. Moreton—at whose stables I had posted my horse on the evening previous to hunting—that the discharge of the said keeper had been the consequence of this act of outrageous indecorum; and that the indignation of Lord Monson at the conduct of his servant had been *as unequivocally* expressed to Mr. Jolliffe as the relation of the circumstance had been communicated on the 26th ultimo, by yours, Ω.

SLASHING RUN WITH SIR T. STANLEY'S HOUNDS.

SIR,
BUSILY occupied as I am with the turmoil and bustle of this sublunary sphere, it was my intention not to have obtruded myself on your notice this season; but as what I am going to relate is something beyond an ordinary occurrence, I have been induced to place it on paper for your perusal: and if it appear worthy of a corner in your interesting miscellany, it will thus acquire that species of comparative immortality to which it appears to me very fairly entitled.

On Tuesday, Nov. 23, I met Sir Thomas Stanley's hounds at the village of Eastham, situated on the main road between Liverpool and Chester, at a short distance from the beautiful residence of the worthy Baronet, who, unfortunately, did not happen to grace the field with his presence on this occasion. The hounds proceeded to a small but very likely covert a short distance from the village, where in a few seconds they went away well with their fox. I did not get well placed; and when I reached the hounds they had come to a check a short distance from Hooton Hall, after a very smart burst of twenty minutes, and the fox was never recovered.

The hounds proceeded to the same neighbourhood again, and, after drawing some unlikely coverts blank, they found in Plimlier (perhaps the orthography may be incorrect). I distinctly heard Chanticleer speak to him, which abundantly convinced me all was right, as a better fox-hound, I think, is

scarcely to be met with. I had taken my station, with many others, at the top of the covert. Reynard made his appearance to the left of us; but again entered the covert: he then shewed to the right, and seemed disposed to go away: he was a very fine dog-fox; and after nearly crossing the first field he turned again into covert, to which he hung for some time, and at length broke away to the left, and went completely off. Several minutes elapsed before the hounds were got out of covert and had settled to the scent. However, they went away at a killing pace, with the whole field as well placed as possible. Mr. Peel (cousin to the Right Hon. Sir Robert) led the way. I kept my eye upon him, well knowing that he had a good eye to hounds, and was altogether an excellent workman. The country was heavy beyond comparison, in consequence of the unusual quantity of rain which had fallen for several previous weeks: the stubbles in particular sank nearly up to the houghs at every step; and we had not gone a mile before six or seven were unhorsed. The fences presented themselves very frequently, consisting of yawning ditches and rotten banks, with a brushy sort of quickset on the top. I witnessed three tumbles at one of these fences, after we had been running scarcely ten minutes, one of which was W. Davis, who was breaking a young horse; both horse and man came together in the ditch (nearly filled with water), and the latter undermost—he got a comfortable wetting. The hounds continued to go along; while conspicuously in front I saw those two fearless

straight-forward riders, Messrs. Humble and Cockerill, and several others. Dr. Lucas, upon Old Jerry, bruised well away. It was not long, owing to the very heavy nature of the country, before I found it necessary to give my horse a pull for a few seconds at every fence. I frequently found myself in company with Mr. Newton, on his handsome Milo mare; Mr. Horridge, the younger, on his powerful little chesnut; and also that pleasant and accomplished Gentleman, Charles Stanley, Esq., who had experienced an ugly fall in the burst with the first fox, and did not seem in his usual spirits, or he would have been one of the front rank.

The course of the fox was not absolutely straight; he described a sort of zig-zag progression, which in one hour and fifteen minutes brought us to the village of Burton on the banks of the River Dee. On approaching this place Reynard crossed the lower grounds, leaving the village to the right, and entered the plantation close to the house of Mr. Congreve. Death appeared inevitable—he was repeatedly viewed in the plantation—he ran short—repeatedly turned—the hounds expected him every instant—the old hounds sprang forward with hair erect; and yet, strange as it may appear, the fox contrived to get out of the plantation from amongst the hounds, made his way up the village, and, anxious for the benefit of clergy before he died, got into the church-yard. The village was all alive; the inmates of the cottages, women and children, ran to view the bustle; the hounds flew about, and all was confusion; during which Reynard contrived to make his

way to a covert at a short distance, and thus added a brief space to his existence. Some minutes elapsed — he skirted several coverts, returned nearly to the village, and the hounds were brought to fault. I at length concluded all was over; when, after a lapse of ten minutes or more, the hounds got upon the scent, but it was cool hunting, and I felt a conviction that it was a fresh fox. I was well aware that foxes were numerous in this neighbourhood beyond all precedent; and I concluded that it was very unlikely for tired hounds and tired horses to reach a fresh fox. In this opinion Messrs. Peel, Newton, and the greater part of the field coincided; and, therefore, after watching the hounds pick a cool scent for some minutes, we turned our horses' heads homewards.

Davis, the huntsman, insisted that it was the hunted fox, and recovered. Messrs. Cockerill and Humble informed me, on the following day, that they continued at very cool hunting for a considerable time, when the hounds got on better terms with him. The fox went as if he did not know the country; and, after a protracted run of four hours, from the time the fox was found, the hounds reached him. They ran eagerly up to a pool beneath some rocks near Mr. Hughes's house, a short distance from Chester, where Reynard was viewed: he was sitting on the opposite side, having swam the pool, but was unable to ascend the rocks on the opposite side—*Who-whoop!*

Finally, great credit is due to Davis the huntsman. He evinced sound judgment; he persevered against the opinion

of the field; with unflinching exertions he reached his fox, and thus proved himself right. T.

The Cottage of Peace, on the Banks of the Mersey, Dec. 3, 1838.

VETERINARY SCIENCE.

SIR,
PERMIT me to write these few lines to express the satisfactory pleasure I experienced the other evening in attending the introductory lecture to a course Mr. William Dick, veterinary surgeon, has entered upon delivering here. Mr. Dick, who expresses himself with correctness and perspicuity, explained very fully, and with symptoms of no ordinary research, the rise and progress of veterinary science, from the ages when it alone is sufficient to make mankind blush for the ignorance and presumption of one of its portions, and the unrelenting stupidity and credulity of the other, to the period when La Fosse and Bourgalat, about the middle of the last century, by the aid of natural genius and judiciously-applied study, laid the first solid foundation of veterinary science; and shortly after, by the well-directed liberality which has almost invariably distinguished the proceedings of the French Government, the Royal School at Lyons was formally established. Thirty years nearly elapsed until the Veterinary College of London, aided and supported by the scientific John Hunter, Dr. Fordyce, Mr. Cline, and several other men of high medical note, reared its head, and gave so powerful an impulse to this interesting and valuable branch of knowledge; which was most

effectually strengthened by the revered father of our past and present beloved Monarch's appointing as commissioned officers veterinary surgeons to his regiments of cavalry and artillery.

Mr. Dick very distinctly explained the four parts into which the veterinary art is naturally divided, as likewise the order and mode he would adopt in treating of them: and I must proffer my meed of approbation to the excellent advice, and the good taste with which he gave it, when he delivered his sentiments as to the rule of conduct to be pursued by the aspirant and veterinary practitioner who hoped to rise to professional respectability and situation in society, which, I am sure you will agree with me when I assert if the talented veterinary surgeon does not reach, he has only to blame his own misdeeds.

A well-merited tribute of gratitude was paid the celebrated anatomist, the late Dr. Barclay, who well knew that surgical knowledge of all kinds must stand upon the same basis; and, with the conviction of the importance of the veterinary branch, and characteristic kindness of feeling, gave every facility and encouragement to its students, which laudable example is followed by his able successor. But we must be aware, as Mr. Dick properly observed, that although a good surgeon is far advanced in veterinary science, still, from the nature, habits, and treatment of our domestic animals, very different medical systems must be known and applied for the prevention as well as the cure of their diseases. Likewise many and peculiar are the difficulties with which the veterinary

practitioner has to struggle, and which can only be overcome by persevering theoretical and practical study and undeviating honorable conduct.

Mr. Dick's anatomical exhibitions were neatly performed; and it was gratifying to me, as it must be to every one who feels interested that the treatment of what contributes so essentially to our profit and pleasure should be conducted according to the rules of science and common sense, which Mr. Dick constantly keeps in view, to observe that his students were so numerous as nearly to fill the class-room. I understand Mr. Dick intends this winter to have a course of popular lectures three times a week, which I have no doubt will be equally well attended.

In concluding, I wish to state what is felt in this populous neighbourhood; Mr. Dick's advice is ever intelligibly and ably given; and, when an operation is necessary, it is performed in a manner which reflects credit on him: and, further, I may truly add, in all references as to soundness and unsoundness in the purchase or sale of horses, and, in what forms a still more disagreeable and invidious duty of a veterinary surgeon, in the case of disputes afterwards arising, Mr. Dick invariably gives his evidence and opinion in a manner convictive of perfect knowledge and upright prosecution of his profession. No apology I know need I make for having written in a more prolonged manner than I intended upon a subject so important to the sportsman, the proprietor, the tenant, and indeed the nation.—Yours, &c.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Edinburgh, Dec. 7, 1830.

NIM SOUTH'S SOUTHERN TOUR.

Surrey Fox-hounds resumed—Tom Hill an excellent Huntsman—Whipper-in good—Last Day at Grinstead Green—A great Sportsman in a Dasher—Mr. Beesh wanted again—Horses in the Hunt, Mr. Haigh's, Mr. Bainbridge's, &c.—A gallant Run with Colonel Jolliffe's Hounds on the 4th December from Chipstead Church—No want of Hounds or Sportsmen in Surrey—most of the Field floored—Roffey's Bugle, his Chestnut Mare—Anecdote of it when at Tattersall's—Jack's new Horse—Nim South's Pad, and the White Shepherd—The Deer and Sheep—His Journey to Leatherhead over the Downs, and losing his Way—Swing about as usual—Another Shepherd—Leatherhead a bad Hunting Quarter—The Union Fox-hounds—Kit Atkinson, Huntsman—Riotous Meeting of Labourers at Dorking—State of the Country—Life Guards down—The Union Hunt composed of Sportsmen—Fixtures secret—Snaffle-bridle Horses—Anecdote of a good one—Another Day with the Union at Effingham—Fox badly lost—Principal Gentlemen in the Hunt—A Visitor—Mr. Dundas—Country described—Uniform of the Hunt—Mr. Meager's Harriers—Captain Freeman's, how composed—Mr. M.'s Kennel—Whipper-in—Ploughman—an unassuming Man—A Day with them at Cheam—Great Extension of Country—Scarcity of Hares—Greyhound Coursing—Mr. M. a good Sportsman—Ploughman devotedly attached to Roast Hare—The Sanderstead Harriers, Blue Mottles—Huntsman, name Weaver—Breeding Hounds lighter—An endowed Pack of Hounds—Deaf Whipper-in—An officious Old Gentleman—Funeral Oration—A Shilling's Worth of Hunting-Capping—Conclusion—Review of Country and Hounds, and Thanks to the Masters for Civility.

MANY happy returns of the day to you, Mr. Editor! the same to your numerous readers!

"The hounds in the County of Surrey" is still the text. I will now take a dash through the whole of them, and be off into another.

Suppose we resume with the Surrey Fox-hounds—the ones I left off with. I have already stated my opinion of the merits of this pack; and what I have since seen of them fully convinces me of the correctness of it. My friend Tom Hill, the huntsman, does, however, deserve an additional feather in his cap; for of all the persevering fellows after a fox that I ever saw, he is the most so. As a countryman said to me one day when I was riding to covert—"Ay, but Tom does love dearly to eat his fox." Nor are

the merits of the first whip to be passed over in silence. He, too, is an excellent fellow, and his eyes glisten again in relating the "capital gallops," as he calls them, that they have. They have both excellent voices, though, if anything, they use them rather too freely. If the first whip was split in two, and his lungs fairly divided, no man need wish for two better servants than he would make. I understand that Tom Hill's son acted as second whip last season, and was much approved of; but I did not hear what has become of him.

The 13th of November was my last day with these hounds, which being on a Saturday we had a larger field than on any previous one. The meet was Grinstead Green again, in Kent. The day was raw and miserable:

I do not think I was ever out on a worse scenting one. There was not much novelty remaining, though, I must confess, I was somewhat surprised at the number of heroes in caps, or what our forefathers termed "dashers," it being generally supposed that the wearers of them were expected to take all *in stroke*, refusing nothing, not even a windmill. What would our great grandfathers, those five-o'clock drag-hunting boys, have said to have seen the little man with the velvet shooting jacket and top boots (one of which would have held both his legs and his dinner into the bargain) who this day appeared at the covert side in one, mounted on a pony, the which of Mr. Booth's was an Arabian compared to it. How I regretted Mr. Booth's absence on this day—two such sportsmen were never seen together in any country!

I did not see many good horses with this Hunt: indeed, as I said in my last, no man should ride a valuable horse in this country. Mr. Haigh is always well mounted; and there is a clipped chesnut (servant's horse), bought of Kettle, the dealer, at Addington, brother to the noisy man at Lewes, which looks like "a goer." The neatest one I saw was a white, or light grey, belonging to Mr. Bainbridge, who is an excellent hand upon horseback. Taking the horse altogether, he is about as pretty a one to look at as ever I saw—just such a one as a *locum tenens** would not give a rap for as a charger, but a sportsman would give anything for as a hunter. I am surprised, though, that such a good sportsman as Mr. B. should make it a rule to hunt in

trousers: it looks grocer-like, to say the least of it. On the 13th we had some of the slowest hunting I ever witnessed: a cold bleak wind destroyed the scent; and though at one time we were close upon him, still we could not walk in to our fox. I think if Hill had been left to himself he would have managed it too; for, with the aid of divers lifts, he had gained considerably upon him, when, luckily for us (for night was then approaching, and we were several miles from our hacks), a thumping hare jumped up before the hounds, and, tired as they were with persevering so long on a cold scent, every hound ran riot. I do not know that I ever saw a whole pack do so before; and yet, in general, these hounds are particularly free from anything of the sort. We could only account for it by the badness of the scent, and their being thoroughly tired of hunting it. The hounds were immediately whipped off, and we all whipped home; and I could almost have eaten my horse before I reached it, I was so hungry.

In my last I stated my intention of having a day or two with Mr. Jolliffe's hounds before I left Surrey. In point of number of days I have fallen short of the mark, having only had one; but that, nevertheless, was as good as two in the general order of things.

As if by way of increasing my regret at leaving a country in which I have had so many pleasant days, and made so many agreeable acquaintance, my last day's sport was destined to be my best. In fact it was one of those days, a few only of which occur in the course of each season; and

* Sir Claudius Hunter, to wit.

I am much mistaken if it was not a propitious one for hounds throughout the country—it was on the 4th of December. The morning was somewhat hazy, though without fog, and there was an agreeable freshness and softness in the air, which continued throughout the day.

There seemed to be a sort of grand review of all the hounds: the stag-hounds met at Smitham Bottom, Mr. Jolliffe's at Chipstead Church, the Surrey Fox-hounds at Godstone, the Sanderstead at the kennel, and Mr. Meager's—I do not know where.

I left London at an early hour in the morning, riding a hunter gently down for exercise, having sent another on the previous night. Sportsmen do not stand much upon the ceremony of an introduction; and I generally chime into conversation with the first booted man I see. There was no lack of company this morning: first I met a hare-hunter; then came a Jolliffe man; next comes a phaeton with a brace of Surrey fox-hunters who did not know of Mr. Jolliffe's fixture; and there were no end of stag-hunters, in all the colours of the rainbow.

Some mornings men are in better humour than others; and on this they all seemed to have got out of bed on the right side, and

"Those talked who never talked before,
And those who always talked now
talked the more."

After passing through Croydon, the horsemen came pouring along in all directions—some by the road, some by the Downs, others along the hill tops; and for the first time I saw a pyebald horse in a hunting field.

The stag-hounds threw off at half-past ten; and as I passed by their meet on my way to the fox-hounds, I halted a few minutes to have a little chat. By this I lost one of the finest features in a day's sport—viz. seeing a fox well found; for, almost immediately on throwing into covert, a gallant one broke away, and Rofey's bugle soon apprised me of the fact. I was, however, before the pack, and viewed him as he crossed a Gentleman's park. A short check took place, the fox having turned suddenly in the direction of Banstead Woods; they, however, ran him through some pleasure grounds, and went away direct for this large covert, when doubts were entertained of his leaving it again. He was, however, above taking shelter so early in the day; and, having run the covert for a quarter of an hour, again broke away, taking a line direct for Merstham (where the kennel is), thinking the most polite thing he could do was to see the hounds safe home after the early visit they had paid him. He then took down the hill at the corner of a plantation, and passing through the lower part of Gatton Park, crossed the London road, and went over Red Hill, where he threaded a covert surrounded by a common a mile or two to the south-east. He then took up a fresh line altogether, going due west, keeping some miles below hill, and passing through some very deep ground. It was pretty evident he was sinking: the music of the hounds became doubly exciting, and every man strained his nerves to lay well in with them. As a finisher, he led us over a swampy bottom with a brook in the centre; immediately

after came two fences, with brooks, inclosing some ploughed land. All would not do: he began to run short; and finally, in a fallow field, the whole pack ran in to him, and after a run of two hours and a quarter there was not a single hound missing.

Of the field I cannot say so much. Some got as far as the hills, others not so far, and some got below; but before we reached that point it had gradually dispersed. One horse I saw standing in the corner of a field, very early in the run, his mouth wide open, calling for his mother—while no inducement of the rider could get him to raise a foot at its fence; another was left in a brook; a third in a ditch; and several in Banstead Woods, reckoning that the fox would not go away. In at the death were Mr. Wm. Jolliffe, who rode admirably; Roffey the huntsman, Jack the whipper-in, Mr. Pagden (of course), and four other gentlemen in scarlet, whose names I am sorry to say I did not catch. I trust they will excuse the liberty I take in describing them. One rode a white horse, and (as all men who ride white horses should do) rode well: a second rode a clipped one, and got a devil of a roll, the horse treading upon his groin (Surrey-like, he sported mother-of-pearl buttons): a third had a queer waistcoat made of plaid, and rode a long-legged thorough-bred mare: the fourth was on a bay. There were also eight or ten others in colours, some of whom, however, joined during the chase. There was yet one man wanting to complete the scene, and that one was Colonel Jolliffe, who, I regret to hear, has not been out

this season.—Those who have been in my situation know the extreme difficulty there is in obtaining correct information with respect to the management of hounds. Some say that Colonel Jolliffe does not intend to hunt any more; others, that he has been prevented in consequence of an injury he received by the overturning of his carriage; others, that Mr. Wm. Jolliffe takes the hounds alone without a subscription; others again, that Colonel Jolliffe has done so; and one gentleman asserted that Sir Wm. Jolliffe is and was always the master of them!!! Amid such conflicting assertions from the native sportsmen, it would ill become me, a stranger, to hazard an opinion of my own. I therefore return to my narrative.

I never saw Roffey in greater force than on this day. He looked exactly like the picture of the old-fashioned huntsman of a century back—his curly grey or white hair bushing out from beneath his cap, the blue coat with yellow lining, and yellow breeches, and above all his bugle. He is the first man I ever saw carry one, and I admired it as being in good keeping with the man. However I have since seen Tom Hill, who also has one, and I am not so much in favour of them as I was. Roffey's flourish at the death was capital. You really must have a picture of him in the *Magazine*. He rode his chesnut mare (which carried him admirably) throughout. I remember when Colonel Jolliffe sent his horses to Tattersall's last spring, I walked through the stable with Roffey to look at them. When he came opposite the mare he made a dead halt. "I'd sooner give five pounds out

of my own pocket than she should be sold," said Roffey. "But is she not for sale?" said I. "Yes," said he, "but I can tell you that the man maun open his mouth d—d woide that buy her," said he, suiting the action to the word and extending his jaws. I am sorry to say that the servants are rather short of horses since one of Jack's took into his head to drop down dead, nearly "cranching his leg," as he said. He was riding a very neat brown for the first time on this day, which some gentleman at Croydon had sent. It was rather difficult to manage at first, not relishing the touch of the coat-laps; however, Jack gave it a touch of the spur, and soon cured it of that, and he said he was very well pleased with his mount.

I do not keep a "*pad-dery*" as some men do on their stable doors; but thinking to have some "souvenir" of the country and this gallant fox, I followed the example of another gentleman, and took one. — Mark the end of it, as the Parson said, when, &c.

Having turned my horse's head in the direction of the great city, I travelled slowly along, wishing to give him a chance after his exertions. About dusk I came near Hooley-lane Gate, which opens upon the common that reaches to Croydon. In the middle of the road stood a large white object, which, as I approached, proved to be a large white shepherd. "Stop," said he, as he placed his crook before my horse's nose, "ye maun ge me yeer dress."—"What for, Sir?" said I; "what use will it be of to you?" "I maun har it," replied he; "yeer d—d deer dogs have played the very devil with my ewes; they will all slip lamb, and I mean to

be satisfied for the damage." I then remembered that as I rode up the hill to Chipstead Church in the morning I saw a large animal, which I thought was a donkey, charging a flock of sheep most vigorously about a mile east of our meet, but which was this identical deer, and no inducement of the shepherd or his dog could get it to abandon the flock. "You are mistaken," said I; "I was not with the 'deer-dogs' but the 'fox-dogs,'" at the same time producing the pad, which effectually closed the argument.

At Croydon I found that the first deer they turned out had refused to run; therefore at half past one they uncartered a second, which ran three hours and a half; and just as they thought to take him near Norwood, where he had lain down, up he sprang before the pack, and ran clean away from them. I am told he jumped an inclosure ten feet high, but I do not vouch for the truth of it. I fell in with some Surrey men, who also informed me they had had a capital run with their hounds.

I am not a cockney, as your readers will perhaps believe, when I say that I never was at Ascot in my life, nor at Epsom, until I went to hunt with the Union foxhounds in November last.

About the middle of that same month of gloomy memory, I was suddenly seized with a fit of the economics, and being in London, says I to myself I will go to Croydon by the coach, and ride the horse I hunted with the Surrey hounds the other day (and which was still there) over to Leatherhead this evening, and try if I can meet with the Union tomorrow.

So having arranged matters, and sent my hunting things by the coach to Leatherhead, I set off on my travels. I always carry a map of the country in which I go to hunt; and having made the usual survey of it on the coach top, the road appeared to me to be through Sutton, Ewell, and Epsom, and that road I determined to follow. I was on the point of starting, when my groom said, "I suppose, Sir, you know the way over the Downs?"—"No, I do not," said I; "I am going by the road, for I do not like your Downs."—"You will find it very far round, Sir," said he.—"May be," said I, "but 'Swing' is about as usual I suppose (for the country then was in the height of its troubles), and he may catch me and flay me alive."—"You are more likely to be stopped on the road," said he.—"The deuce!" said I.—"Yes," said he.—"Then I will go by the Downs," said I; "but direct me the way."—"Why," says he, "turn to the left when you get to the Plough at Beddington, and keep along the lane, and turn up past a windmill; and then you will see another windmill on the hill top as far as ever you can see; pass by that also, and keep straight forward by some fir trees, and you will see the New Stand at Epsom race course; pass by it, and you will be only four miles from Leatherhead."

"Very good!" said I, and I wrote it all down; and sure enough there was no getting wrong before I came to Epsom Downs. The evening was fine and still; the sun set beautifully, like Captain Swing illuminating the skies, and the scenery was both novel and wild. Naturally of a thought-

ful disposition, I rode slowly over the Downs, admiring the prospect, and wondering whether I should have beef-steaks or mutton-chops for dinner; and to do the thing sportingly I intended laying a bet upon the subject when I reached the Stand. Ere yet I had arrived though, my thoughts took a different turn. The first shades of night had fallen, and a thought struck me that I did not know my way any farther. The Stand is a fine building, said I, but I would rather see a man to tell me the road to Leatherhead. (What a name!) Night now rushed on us all at once, and I could just see to read the name of "Hughes" upon a building near the Stand. A house stood a little farther off, which I rode up to, and, after knocking some time, a woman half-opened the door, and in reply to my inquiries desired me to "stick" to some park railings on my right, adding, "when you get up the hill you'll see some one," and immediately shut the door.

May be I shall see somebody I don't like, thought I, as I followed her direction: and just as I got into the valley, I saw a blaze of light among the trees, and immediately came upon a gang of gipsies. This was an agreeable relief to my mind, for at all events I knew these honest people would only rob me at most; but, putting spurs to my horse, I thought I would not give them the chance of that even, so dashed past them.

I had now reached the hill-top on the opposite side, and the park-paling took a different turn—one road following the same direction, the other running straight forward. I took the latter, and

came to a sign-post ; and, after a good deal of puzzling, deciphered "to Leatherhead," pointing to the road I had taken. "All right," said I, and onwards I jogged ; but shortly after, in a small ravine in which stood a barn, I again came to fault. One road took to the right, the other again went forward, and I again risked the chance of the latter. Presently I got into a nasty long narrow lane, straight as the road to Salvation, but which appeared as likely to lead to another place. I determined to follow it at all events, though my heart misgave me that I had over-run the scent ; and accordingly I did, thinking all the time of the toast wishing the man who would not do something or other "in a nasty long narrow lane nine hundred and ninety-nine miles from home, with a tired horse under him, a ——." Oh ! there we will stop—" *cetera desunt quia non decent.*" Well, I saw the far end of the lane, and where do you think it brought me ?—on Leatherhead Downs ! and I had not advanced fifty yards further before all vestige of road was lost in the common. There was a nice predicament for a man with a wife and five children !—caught on Leatherhead Downs on "a dark November night !" as Sir Robert Peel would say. Well, I got off horseback to try and recover the scent, but it was of no use—I could find no track or footstep either to the right or the left. I went on, nevertheless, in hopes of seeing a light—even one of "Swing's" would have been agreeable just then, but nothing of the sort appeared ; and the young moon only served to make darkness visible. I saw nothing but common around me,

and fog below. What shall I do, thinks I : shall I make my lodging on the wet ground (for it was deuced swampy), or shall I set to and bellow, and arouse the neighbourhood (if there is any), or perhaps attract Captain Swing ? The latter seemed most advisable : so accordingly, exerting my lungs, I commenced hallooing (not tally-ho-ing) most manfully ; but I had it all to myself—not even an echo acknowledged the receipt of my voice. This is of no use, said I ; I'll keep my voice for another occasion ; and getting on to horseback again, I set off at a hand-canter, letting the animal go which way it pleased. After lounging about some time we came upon a cart rut, which we immediately took to, and presently a dog flew out and commenced barking. Nothing could be more grateful to my ears ; tongue from the deepest-toned hound never sounded more melodious than did the bark of this shepherd's cur : and, again raising my voice, I called out Shepherd, Shepherd ! but no ! he would not answer. He thought I was "Swing," and I began to think he might be. As a last effort I called out "which is the way to Leatherhead ?" and a trembling voice, within ten yards of me, tardily replied, "straight forward." I never saw the speaker, but I presently saw something much pleasanter, and perhaps quite as intellectual—viz. two gate-posts, forming the entrance into another lane leading straight to the port (and beef-steaks) for which I was bound.

I took up my quarters at the *Swan*, where I was very glad to find myself after my wild-geese chase : not that either the sta-

bles or the house are very tempting—indeed the former are but sorry holes; but a man must take things as he finds them in this world, and any place was preferable to Leatherhead Downs. In fact, there are no good stables on this side of the county, which I marvel at, seeing that the stag-hounds visit it so often.

Many men think that half the pleasure in fox-hunting consists in knowing all the field. I grant that it is not without its attractions; but I also like going out in search of novelty, to take my chance of falling in with an old acquaintance, or occupy myself entirely with the sport. Thus it was that I met the Union fox-hounds, as I have met many others, and hope to meet many more. Here, however, both country and hounds were new, for I had never seen either one or the other.

The fixture was Polesden, a few miles south-east of Leatherhead, whither I set off somewhat early to have a look at the hounds. I found twenty couple of dogs and bitches, accompanied by a sporting-looking huntsman—Kit Atkinson by name—with a somewhat elderly-looking whipper-in stationed at the Lodge leading to a gentleman's house. The hounds are chiefly the Duke of Beaufort's blood, from whom I believe they get a few couple every year. Some of the bitches are uncommonly fine and powerful, more so, I thought, in proportion than the dogs. They have one fault, however, and that of no small magnitude—they are the worst gorse-drawers I ever saw in my life. This is the more unpardonable, as I understand they have several very excellent gorse coverts. How Atkinson could let hounds

slink through a covert, one after another, like a flock of geese, as they did, I cannot imagine: I am sure he did not learn it of Sir Bellingham Graham, whose whipper-in he formerly was.

On this day we had a good deal of covert and common hunting, the fox running very short, for which he was deservedly killed. I believe we never got far away from Ranmer Common, a few miles from Dorking, at which latter place there was a large assemblage of labourers, to disperse whom a troop of Life Guards had marched through Leatherhead in the morning. During the late fires and disturbances I was frequently in both Kent and Surrey, and had opportunities of conversing with, and ascertaining the sentiments of, many of the labouring men, and, from what I saw and heard, I have no hesitation in saying, that though there were some disaffected individuals—as there are in all classes of society—yet that a great majority of the labouring class were well-disposed, and that very many who attended those tumultuous meetings were either acting under the influence of fear or delusion, which decisive measures would have removed. One poor fellow at Dorking refused to leave the street after the Riot Act had been read, and, clinging to a post, swore he had a *right* to be there. A Life Guardsman remonstrated with him, but to no avail; so bringing one side of his horse to bear upon him, he touched him with the spur on the other, and gave him such a nip between it and the post that he very soon abandoned his *right* and took to his heels. How much better this was than sabreing the poor man!

But to return to the Union. As I said before, we had not much sport; at least not for fox-hounds, though it would have been a *pretty* day with harriers. The field was not large, but what there were had more the appearance of sportsmen than the other Surrey hunters. In fact, most of the members are, I believe, resident country gentlemen; and the distance of the kennel from London is just sufficient to keep away a great many people who like to hunt and be back in town to answer their letters before the post goes out. Besides this, they keep their fixtures somewhat secret; not that a man going to Leatherhead would have any difficulty in getting them. And then again the want of accommodation for horses keeps others away. The horses in the Union Hunt are also much superior to the rest; and I saw more snaffle-bridle ones with them than with all the others put together. Now a snaffle-bridle horse is a very nice thing, as we all know; but I also know that there is not one real snaffle-bridle horse in fifty: and I am much mistaken if some of the gents I saw riding with them would not have been all the better for a curb. I once saw an excellent example of a snaffle-bridle horseman. It was with a very crack pack of fox-hounds that I hunted with many years ago. One day a little old man came out on a tearing chestnut horse in a plain snaffle, who, whether the hounds were running or at fault, would always be in the middle of them. "Hold hard! Sir, hold hard! for God's sake, Sir, hold hard!" hallo'd the master of the hounds, losing all patience, when, for the third time, the little man dashed

into the middle of the pack.—"Hold hard!" said he, bearing all his power upon the bridle, "by G—d, Sir, I wish I could hold hard!"

The Union hunt three days a week—Mondays, Thursdays, and Saturdays: the kennel is at Fetcham, a mile or two from Leatherhead.

I met them again just at the close of November. The fixture was the Blucher, at Effingham, about four miles from Leatherhead in the Guildford direction. We had a much larger field on this day, and, on the whole, better sport. The morning was desperately cold, affording very little hopes of scent: we were, however, agreeably deceived, for it proved a very good scenting day. After drawing some time we found in Great Lea Wood, I believe; but he was a short running beggar again, and kept changing his line every now and then.

I do not know how Atkinson would reconcile the losing of this fox to his mind, but I thought it badly managed. He was evidently beat, and, being a short runner, had laid down before the hounds, who over-run him on a common. Well, Atkinson tried forward with a short cast without a challenge; and, instead of trying back, he made a devil of a flourish round the country without hearing a note from a hound again.

I do not know whether Mr. Bolton or Mr. Hankey is the master of these hounds, though, I believe, the former. Mr. Ladbrooke is one of their principal men: on hearing his name I thought he might be friend Ladbrooke, of Sussex; but I was out,

for this Mr. L. would make two of the Sussex one.

Mr. Claggit is the best appointed man in Surrey; and I am only surprised that he does not hunt in a better country. The Hon. Mr. Dundas, one of the M.P.'s for York, was out with them on the last day I was, and went, as he does in his own country, like a good one.

As to country, the Union, I should say, have the lion's share both in quantity and quality, the hills in their part being smaller, and the flints fewer. Their kennel is situate almost on the extreme of Col. Jolliffe's Hunt—Box-hill being a covert of his, which is due south of Leatherhead, whence, I believe, he runs down through the Wootton hundred into Sussex; the Union having the whole of the west side of the county up to the borders of Hampshire. The Hunt dress is a plain scarlet coat with plain white plated buttons: the men wear caps.

I must not take leave of the country without having a word at Mr. Meager's and the Sanderstead harriers, both well known to London sportsmen.

The former is a private pack kept at the Gentleman's own residence at Pitt-place, a nice quiet retreat a mile out of Croydon, and consists of twenty-two couple of very nice hounds, some rather too large for harriers, such as Porter and Pilgrim. Jewess, Wragland, Stranger, and Valiant are very neat hounds: indeed, taking them as a whole, they are a very superior establishment.

Captain Freeman, who now hunts the South Wold country, used to have a very good pack of harriers in Berkshire; all of

which, I believe, were the small hounds drafted by the masters of fox-hounds, which for symmetry are not to be surpassed, the difficulty being, as we all know, to breed the large hounds perfect, the smaller ones being generally pretty well for that. For my own taste I am not partial to large powerful harriers, which run in to a hare at view. There is far more of the real science of hunting with harriers than fox-hounds; and I like to trot after them, and admire their efforts to counteract the hare's manoeuvres.

Mr. Meager's kennel is good, bating the want of water, and is divided into three parts; the centre containing the boiling-house and feeding-yard. He hunts the hounds himself, assisted by a whipper-in of the name of Ploughman, an unassuming man, who informed me, one Sunday, when I called to look at his hounds, that *they* did not know the difference between Sunday and Monday—and so why should *he*?

They hunt three days a week, generally on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; but, like many private packs, they are not certain.

Mr. M., disliking a crowd, has discontinued advertising his meets; however, they can generally be learned at the livery-stables at Croydon. I paid my respects to them early in November. The meet was somewhere about Cheam, a nice open country, but they had thrown off before I got there. Never having seen Mr. Meager, or knowing what sort of looking man he was, I figured to myself, as I rode along, a regular "Tommy wiwants," as the cockneys called the living skeleton, and was

agreeably surprised to find a jolly-looking English country Squire, in a black cap and green dressing-gown of a frock-coat, &c., attended by Mr. Ploughman in exactly similar costume; and so like were they to each other in figure, that it was difficult to say which was Meager and which was Ploughman.

Mr. Meager's dog-language is peculiar and original. I have seen many huntsmen, but I have never yet seen his *double*, as the French say. I have not the slightest idea what the words were; they might be Italian, but I think not: however, there was a long string of them whatever they were. Notwithstanding the great *extension* of country that Ploughman says they have, I am sorry to say, that, except in their home part, there are but few hares. We killed our first very early in the day, in as good style as ever I saw one killed, after a burst of five-and-twenty minutes; we then whipped every thistle and hedge for some hours before we found another, when some pot-hunter could not resist the temptation of capping the hounds from chase to view, and we ran in to her in five minutes; I am, however, happy to say that the hounds ate her.

Independently of the destruction such work as this makes among the hares, there are some much more destructive animals, called greyhounds, which infest part of the country Mr. M. hunts. In the course of my life I have been at all sports, from the four-in-hand coach-box to the cock-pit, with the exception of greyhound coursing; and, though I have accidentally seen a hare coursed as I have passed

along the road, I never joined this blood-chilling, pot-hunting—I do not know what to call it—not sport certainly.

I consider Mr. Meager a very good sportsman in this line; he is careful to avoid doing damage, and anxious to conciliate all parties. Ploughman is also a useful fellow, devotedly attached to roast hare; and his little black eyes are stuck into his head like two black-currant jelly-pots.

The Sanderstead kennel is at the village of Sanderstead, three miles south-east of Croydon, at the house (I believe) of Mr. Grant. The pack consists of twenty-five couple of hounds, of the old blue mottle breed, of which there are very few now remaining. It is somewhat singular that the huntsmen of Mr. Meager's and these hounds should have such inappropriate names—one called Ploughman, the other Weaver.

Mr. W., not being aware of the value of a genuine article, is introducing other blood into the kennel, by way of breeding the hounds of a lighter colour. This is slow, to say the best of it. They have one very pretty bitch called Music; she is also a very good one. The Sanderstead are a subscription pack, and there is some tradition of their being an "endowed one," some old Gentleman having bequeathed a sum of money for their maintenance and education. I cannot compliment Mr. Weaver upon his proficiency as a huntsman; neither can I say much for his whipper-in, who, in addition to other good qualities, is nearly as deaf as a post. There is no fear of his riding to a false halloo at all events.

There is an old Gentleman who goes out with these hounds, who makes himself somewhat unnecessarily officious. With all the hounds I have hunted in Surrey, stag, fox, or hare, I never heard so much "ware wheat and turnips" as this old Gentleman gave us. The way he commenced was ridiculous; I thought he was going to deliver a funeral oration: says he, "Gentlemen, as in all human probability, when we find a hare, you will ride away and leave me, let me beseech you to do as little damage to the crops as possible, particularly to the turnips and mustard."

I only had one shilling's worth of hunting with them, and that was nine-pence more than it was worth. Weaver does not seem to me to know that it is his business to be with the hounds: he seems rather to think that the hare must run one particular way, for which he makes; and that if it takes another it will find out its way and come back. The whip and he turn out in dark green coats with red waistcoats, and hats instead of caps.

"A field" with harriers, in any country, is always a non-descript heterogeneous assemblage, but for real gluttons of thistle-whippers the Sanderstead are equalled only by the Brighton. Like them they are most determined "cappers;" and for seeing a hare chopped the officious old Gentleman troubled me for a shilling. As to the system of capping, I have long since recorded my opinion of it in the pages of this Magazine; and the more I see it done, the more I am convinced of the impropriety of it.

VOL. II.—SECOND SERIES.—No. 9.

Of the county of Surrey I now take my leave. In the words of my friend Horace, I may say *non est aptus equis*—"it is not a good hunting country." Of the hounds my opinion is, that Mr. Jolliffe's are by far the best; that the management is the best and the fields the pleasantest in Surrey; and that, after his, I would prefer hunting with the Union to the Surrey fox-hounds, though the latter are better hunted: that the Union country is the best, Mr. Jolliffe's the next, and the Surrey the worst. Nor must I omit to state, that as a country friendly to hounds I never saw its equal.

I now offer my sincere thanks to all the masters of hounds in Surrey for the civility which as a stranger I have invariably experienced from them during my progress through the county. Hoping that for all of them there are many years of happiness and hunting yet in store, I remain their and your obedient servant,

NIM SOUTH.

Dec. 8, 1880.

LETTER TO THE INNKEEPERS
IN THE DIFFERENT TOWNS
AND COUNTIES IN ENGLAND,
FROM NIM SOUTH.

GENTLEMEN,
DIVERS representations having been made, as well to the Proprietor and Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*, as to myself, of the exorbitant and unreasonable charges made by some of you (or your ostlers) for forage for horses when travelling about the country, I think it right to inform you that I am about to

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commence a tour through several counties; in the course of which I shall note down particularly those inns where such practices are pursued, as well for the purpose of cautioning afterwards to avoid them, as to recommend to their patronage those establishments which are conducted on principles of fairness. This I consider it right to make known to you; and as I neither specify the counties through which I shall pass, nor yet the time when I shall set off, I recommend you to use all vigilance and circumspection in this department of your business; and to remember that any servants or horses passing through your stables may belong to your obedient servant,

NIM SOUTH.

18, Warwick Square, London,
Dec. 20, 1830.

SPORT WITH THE NORTH SOMERSET FOX-HOUNDS.

SIR,

THESE hounds, which have come out of their infancy, are just now rising to their first blush of manhood, and, if properly aided, will be universally esteemed in the country they hunt. I shall proceed to give you as concise an account as possible of their three last days' sport, knowing, as I do, the near approach of your next Magazine, and anxious, from one circumstance, that, with your approval, they should appear in it. Wednesday, the 17th, met at Compton Bishop, found, and had a very smart thing to Chedder Cliffs, where we killed; but, curious to remark, we found the

fox killed was not the hunted one; for pug, in running for what in this country they term a *safe* in the rocks, had disturbed a brother secreted in some overhanging ivy, who tumbled headlong into the midst of the pack: this of course was at once perceived from his cleanliness, &c. but it delayed us enough of time to lose our hunted fox.

Friday, at Compton Martin—found immediately, a very agreeable thing, the pace exceedingly good, through Harptree, Priddy, and Chewton Mendip, to Tor Hole, where, finding he could not face the wind in his teeth any longer, he turned about and went all the way back. In our absence some scoundrel had opened the earths at Compton Martin, where reynard found a safe retreat.

Monday, 22d, met at Rodney Stoke—and may that wood be famous in the annals of sporting, not only for the gallant fox it produced us this day, but many I can remember since my boyhood! We found immediately, and reynard did what I never saw before attempted, that is, try the lower wood for the marshy country, which is impracticable to dog and horse, instead of facing the Mendip Hills. However, at last he found the necessity of going away on a side wind for Eber. I viewed him out of covert, but so cold was the scent that not a hound except Plunder could acknowledge it. Coming there we fresh found him, and now began a beautiful thing; again it was as if not knowing his country: he tried the vale, down which he went three miles; here the scent served, and finding he could not hold on he faced about, passed through

Wookey, by the far-famed Wook-ey hole, Westbury, Friday, Wells, Chewton, Stone Easton, Binne-gar, Oakill, Ashwick, and to Downside College (the distance from point to point fourteen miles), the sojourn of the Catho-lics. Here it was so dark we were obliged to whip off, and the monk reynard enabled to take sanc-tuary. May he live—and we again find him—and that he die gloriously in the open field, is the only wish of yours, &c.

SOM-ER-SET.

P.S. I am sorry and grieved to say that the person who bought the Conock harriers has settled down in this country, and taken to the buying of bagmen, one of which he purchased last week in the best meet of the North-Somerset, Cheddar; and the man who sold him is to receive 2l. 10s. for the next he brings. I am anxious this should appear in your next, to prevent so ungentlemanlike a destruction of foxes, and to shew it shall not be done without public exposure.

November 26, 1830.

COURSING MEETINGS.

THE DEPTFORD.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER THE 30TH.

FOR the Cup.—Mr. Heaketh's f. d. Haphazard, by Hercules, out of Effie Deans, beat Mr. Astley's red and wh. b. Amelia, late Bright-eyes; Mr. Helyar's bl. b. Hester, by Scipio, out of Rhoda, beat Mr. Cockburn's blk. b. Cora, by Dandy, out of Dandizette; Mr. Helyar's blk. b. Horné, by Scipio, out of Rhoda, beat Mr. Etwall's blk. b. Eudora, by Champion, out of Epitome; Mr. Knatchbull's blk. d. Kennet beat Mr. Lawrence's blk. b. Lis, by Essex, out of Sister to Queen; Mr. Biggs's blk. d. Barrister, by Scipio, out of Rhoda, beat Mr. Phelps's bl. and wh. b. Rara, by Watchman, out of a daughter of Harebell; Mr. Good-lake's yel. d. Great Ben, by Whisker, out of a Sister to Goldmine, beat Captain Wyndham's blk. and wh. d. Wansdyke,

by Woden, out of Witch; Sir John Haw-kins's wh. d. Horace, by Turk, out of Helen, beat Sir John Hawkins's wh. b. Hela, sister to Horace; Mr. Lawrence's blk. b. Locust, by Hippogriff, out of a Sister to Houspur, beat Mr. Helyar's f. and wh. b. Dora, by Bergami, out of Quill.

Derby Stakes, three sovs. each.—Mr. Astley's wh. d. Alva, by Enterprise, beat Mr. Etwall's wh. d. Every-day, by Non-plus; Mr. Phelps's yel. d. Rance agst Mr. Heathcote—no nomination; Mr. Bay-ly's brin. d. Lictor, by Highwayman, out of a Sister to Snowball, beat Mr. Helyar's blk. d. Dropmore, by Dandy, out of Dan-dizette; Capt. Wyndham's wh. d. White-thorn, by Turk, out of Weed, beat Mr. Brouncker's blk. d. Broom-stick; Mr. Biggs's blk. d. Beverley, by Young Black Rector, out of Mab, beat Mr. Heaketh's blk. d. Hauberk, by Helmet, out of Bloo-som; Mr. Lawrence's wh. d. Lizard beat Mr. Knatchbull's Kildare; Mr. Good-lake's bl. and wh. d. Grimaldi, by Snail, out of a Sister to Goldmine, beat Mr. Knatchbull's blk. d. Knight, by Baron, out of Kate.

Oaks Stakes, three sovs. each.—Mr. Etwall's blk. b. Erinnye, by Envoy, beat Mr. Gray's blk. b. Wax-doll, by Hippo-lytus, out of Fly; Captain Wyndham's blk. b. Winifred, by Wamba, beat Mr. Lawrence's bl. and wh. b. Leds, by Jerry, out of a Farmer's bitch; Mr. Law-rence's wh. b. Lucetta, by Spring, out of Belle, beat Mr. Knatchbull's blk. b. Kiten, by Baron, out of Kate; Mr. Broun-cker's blk. b. Bugle, by Victor, out of Vaulsh, beat Mr. Biggs's bl. b. Balcine, by Brawny, out of Blowing; Sir John Hawkins's yel. b. Hurricane, by Turk, out of Helen, agst Mr. Heathcote—no nomination; Mr. Everett's blk. b. Ernest, by Dandy, out of Dandizette, beat Mr. Astley's blk. b. Artless, by Hippolytus, out of Fly; Mr. Helyar's wh. and blk. b. Dromas, by Dandy, out of Dora, beat Mr. Heaketh's blk. b. Heart-whole, by High-lander, out of Heedless; Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Grace-cup, by Wolfe, out of a Sister to Goldmine, beat Mr. Phelps's yel. b. Reach, by Hippolytus, out of a Daughter of Nivelon.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER THE 1st.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Haphazard	beat	Horace.
Kennet	—	Horné.
Great Ben	—	Barrister.
Locust	—	Heater.

FIRST TIES FOR THE DERBY STAKES.

Rance	beat	—.
White-thorn	—	Grimaldi.
Beverley	—	Alva.
Lizard	—	Lictor.

FIRST TIES FOR THE OAKS STAKES.

Bugle	beat	Lucetta.
Grace-cup	—	Ernest.
Dromas	—	Hurricane.
Erinnys	—	Winifred.

Fisherton Stakes for All Ages, two sovs. each.—Mr. Biggs's wh. b. Bird's-eye, sister to Bright-eyes, beat Mr. Biggs's wh. b. Bequest, by Boxer, out of Camilla; Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Gewgaw, by Galloway, out of Goldenlocks, beat Mr. Astley's red d. Anthony, by Volunteer, out of Verity; Mr. Etwall's blk. b. Eloise, late Gabrielle, beat Mr. Lawrence's wh. d. Leveiler, by Logic, out of Lyra; Mr. Philips's bl. and wh. b. Rara, by Watchman, out of a Daughter of Harebell, beat Captain Wyndham's blk. b. Wilhelmina, by Woden, out of Bugle.

Tilthead Stakes for Puppies, two sovs. each.—Mr. Etwall's bl. b. Ennui, by Express, out of a Daughter to Bertram, beat Sir John Hawkins's wh. and blk. b. Hela, by Turk, out of Helen; Mr. Biggs's blk. b. Bellona, by Brawny, out of Blowing, beat Mr. Lawrence's bl. and wh. b. Leda, by Jerry, out of a farmer's bitch; Mr. Philips's yel. b. Reach, by Hippolytus, out of a Daughter of Nivelon, beat Mr. Shard's brin. b. Serpent, by Hippolytus, out of Rattlesnake; Mr. Astley's blk. and wh. b. Aurora beat Mr. Goodlake's yel. d. Guelder-rose, by Wolfe, out of Rapture.

Codford Stakes for All Ages, two sovs. each.—Mr. Biggs's blk. d. Blackbird, by Ringouze, out of Rattlesnake, beat Mr. Shard's brin. d. Sandal, out of Mr. Prince's Fly; Mr. Knatchbull's blk. b. Kitten, by Baron, out of Kate, beat Mr. Astley's red b. Aurelia, by Volunteer, out of Verity.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER THE 2D.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Haphazard	beat	Locust.
Great Ben	—	Kennet.

Deciding Course for the Cup.—Mr. Hesketh's f. d. Haphazard beat Mr. Goodlake's yel. d. Great Ben, and won the Cup; Great Ben the Sovereigns.

SECOND TIES FOR DERBY STAKES.

Rance	beat	Beverley.
Lizard	—	White-thorn.

Deciding Course for the Derby Stakes.—Mr. Lawrence's wh. d. Lizard beat Mr. Philips's yel. d. Rance, and won the Stakes.

SECOND TIES FOR OAKS STAKES.

Bugle	beat	Dromas.
Erinnys	—	Grace-cup.

Deciding Course for the Oaks Stakes.—Mr. Etwall's blk. b. Erinnys beat Mr. Brouncker's blk. b. Bugle, and won the Stakes.

TIES FOR THE FISHERTON STAKES.

Gewgaw	beat	Bird's-eye.
Rara	—	Eloise.

Mr. Goodlake's Gewgaw and Mr. Philips's Rara divided the Stakes.

TIES FOR THE TILSHEAD STAKES.

Reach	beat	Aurora.
Bellona	—	Ennui.

Mr. Philips's Reach and Mr. Biggs's Bellona divided the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the Codford Stakes.—Mr. Biggs's blk. d. Blackbird beat Mr. Knatchbull's blk. b. Kitten, and won the Stakes.

Stockton Stakes, for Puppies.—Sir J. Hawkins's yel. b. Hurricane beat Mr. Shard's brin. b. Serpent; Captain Wyndham's blk. b. Winifred beat Mr. Lawrence's brin. d. Lactor.

Sir John Hawkins and Captain Wyndham divided the Stakes.

The last day's sport was unsatisfactory, from the state of the weather—a dense fog, and scarcity of hares.

Stewards for 1830, Mr. Astley and Mr. Lawrence; for 1831, Mr. Hesketh and Mr. Etwall.

The Club will meet on Monday, November 28, 1831.

THE LOUTH.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER THE 23D.

For the Cup.—Mr. Hassall's blk. tick b. Hilarity beat Mr. Yorke's bl. b. Ariel; Mr. Hoskins's red and wh. p. d. Herdsman beat Mr. Booth's br. and wh. b. Sylph; Mr. G. Alington's blk. and wh. p. b. Bride's Maid beat Mr. Carnley's blk. b. Fan; Mr. G. Heneage's brin. p. b. Lucy beat Mr. Eve's brin. b. Fly; Sir J. Johnstone's blk. and wh. p. b. Trinket beat Mr. Bartholomew's bl. d. Blucher; Mr. Golden's red d. The Colonel beat Mr. Loft's red p. d. Fiddler; Mr. Dawson's f. d. Horatio beat Mr. E. Heneage's bl. p. b. Lupin; Mr. Best's red b. Harpy beat Mr. W. Elmhirst's bl. d. Blue Ruin.

Louth St. Leger Stakes, 15 sovs. to the second Dog.—Mr. Dawson's red. d. Random beat Mr. E. Heneage's blk. b. Ladybird; Mr. W. Elmhirst's red p. d. Claret beat Col. Elmhirst's blk. tick. d. Bugle; Mr. Hassall's f. b. Harpalyse beat Mr. Bartholomew's bl. b. Flush; Mr. Beridge's f. d. Wonder beat Mr. Herbert's wh. d. Rex; Mr. Hoskins's f. b. Highland Lassie beat Mr. G. Heneage's brin. p. b. Lapwing; Sir J. Johnstone's bl. p.

d. Remulus beat Mr. Booth's bl. b. Rhoda; Mr. Best's red and wh. b. Tibby beat Mr. Chaplin's red b. Minnikin; Mr. Yorke's red and wh. d. Wonder beat Sir B. R. Graham's blk. b. Garnet.

Oaks Stakes, for Bitch Puppies.—Sir J. Johnstone's blk. and wh. b. Thisbe beat Mr. Hassall's blk. b. Harmony; Mr. Hoskins's red and wh. b. Hermia beat Mr. Hassall's red b. Henrietta; Mr. Best's f. and wh. b. Margery beat Mr. G. Heneage's brin. b. Iethe; Mr. Bartholomew's yel. and wh. b. Blossom beat Mr. W. Elmhirst's blk. and wh. b. Clarinda.

Derby Stakes for Dog Puppies.—Mr. G. Alington's bl. d. Buzzard beat Mr. E. Heneage's blk. d. Lightfoot; Mr. Hoskins's dun d. Hamlet beat Mr. Chaplin's red d. Rolla; Mr. G. Heneage's brin. d. Lamplighter beat Sir J. Johnstone's blk. d. Remus; Colonel Elmhirst's brin. d. Everlasting beat Mr. Beridge's blk. and wh. d. Tramp.

Matches.—Mr. Hassall's Humphrey Clinker beat Colonel Elmhirst's Bowler; Mr. Hoskins's Horace beat Mr. Chaplin's Virgin.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER THE 24TH.

Withcall All-Age Stakes.—Sir J. Johnstone's blk. and wh. d. Comet beat Mr. Bartholomew's blk. b. Fly; Mr. Best's red d. School-boy beat Mr. E. Heneage's blk. b. Lily; Mr. Hassall's blk. d. Harold beat Mr. Wing's red b. Venus; Mr. Hoskins's brin. b. Herminia beat Mr. Dawson's f. and wh. b. Minna.

Puppy Stakes for Bitches.—Mr. Best's blk. b. Martin beat Mr. Golden's brin. b. Nettle; Mr. Hassall's blk. b. Hindoo beat Mr. Booth's brin. b. Rally.

Tathwell All-Age Stakes.—Mr. E. Heneage's blk. b. Lively beat Mr. Bartholomew's f. b. Mouse; Mr. Beridge's red b. Minna beat Mr. Chaplin's brin. b. Cora; Mr. Best's bl. b. Rose-bud beat Sir J. Johnstone's blk. d. Rapid; Mr. Hassall's f. and wh. b. Hecuba beat Mr. Dawson's wh. b. Spot.

Matches.—Mr. Carnley's Cigar beat Mr. Booth's Sylph; Mr. Dawson's Minna beat Mr. E. Heneage's Lily; Mr. Best's Mavis beat Mr. Harnel's Tigress; Mr. Dawson's Clara beat Mr. Hassall's Myrtle; Mr. E. Heneage's Lightfoot agst Mr. Hoskins's Highland Laddie—no course.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER THE 25TH.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Trinket	beat	Hilarity.
Herdsmen	—	Horatio.
Bride's Maid	—	Harpy.
The Colonel	—	Lucy.

FIRST TIES FOR THE LOUTH ST. I.E. GER STAKES.

Random	beat	Harpalyse.
Romulus	—	Tibby.
Wonder	—	Highland Lassie.
Wonder	—	Claret.

TIES FOR THE OAKS STAKES.

Margery	beat	Hermia.
Thisbe	—	Blossom.

TIES FOR THE DERBY STAKES.

Buzzard	beat	Everlasting.
Lamplighter	—	Hamlet.

TIES FOR THE WITHCALL STAKES.

Harold	beat	School-boy.
Hermia	—	Comet.

TIES FOR THE TATHWELL ALL-AGE STAKES.

Hecuba	beat	Minna.
Rosebud	—	Lively.

Louth All-Age Stakes.—Colonel Elmhirst's blk. tick. d. Bugle beat Mr. Golden's blk. and wh. d. Cadland; Mr. Hassall's red d. Humphrey Clinker beat Mr. Bartholomew's red d. Gamester.

Tathwell Grange Stakes.—Mr. G. Heneage's blk. b. Ladybird beat Mr. Wing's red b. Venus; Mr. Bartholomew's bl. b. Flush beat Mr. Best's red d. Hannibal.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER THE 27TH.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Bride's Maid	beat	The Colonel.
Herdsmen	—	Trinket.

Deciding Course for the Cup.—Mr. Hoskins's red and wh. p. d. Herdsman beat Mr. G. Alington's blk. and wh. p. b. Bride's Maid, and won the Cup; Bride's Maid the Sovereigns.

SECOND TIES FOR THE LOUTH ST. LEGER STAKES.

Wonder	beat	Wonder.
Random	—	Romulus.

Deciding Course for the Louth St. Leger Stakes.—Mr. Beridge's f. and wh. d. Wonder beat Mr. Dawson's red d. Random, and won the Stakes; Random the Sovereigns.

Deciding Course for the Oaks Stakes.—Mr. Best's f. and wh. b. Margery and Sir J. Johnstone's blk. and wh. b. Thisbe divided the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the Derby Stakes.—Mr. G. Alington's bl. d. Buzzard beat Mr. G. Heneage's brin. d. Lamplighter, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the Puppy Stakes.—Mr. Best's blk. b. Martin beat Mr. Hassall's blk. b. Hindoo, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the Withcall All-Age Stakes.—Mr. Hassall's blk. d. Harold and Mr. Hoskins's brin. b. Herminia divided the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the Tathwell All-Age Stakes.—Mr. Best's bl. b. Rosebud beat Mr. Hassall's f. and wh. b. Hecuba, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the Louth All-Age Stakes.—Mr. Hassall's red d. Humphrey Clinker beat Colonel Elmhirst's blk. tick. d. Bugle, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the Tathwell Grange Stakes.—Mr. G. Heneage's blk. b. Ladybird beat Mr. Bartholomew's bl. b. Flush, and won the Stakes.

Owing to Colonel Elmhirst's Bugle, by Balloon, being so unfortunate during the Meeting, and the owner of him being conscious of his superiority as a greyhound, he challenged to run any dog in England for 50 sovereigns; upon which Mr. Dawson agreed to run his dog Horatio against him for 10 sovereigns, on the best ground at Withcall, on the Tuesday after the Meeting. After a severe course, it was decided in favour of Bugle without one dissentient voice. There were many other matches run on that day, and on the whole it proved a capital day's diversion: but how can it be otherwise on such ground as that, and kept as it is through the kindness of Mr. Dawson?—to whom the thanks of the whole Club must be given for his great liberality, hospitality, and anxiety to shew them diversion.

THE ASHDOWN PARK.

SPRING MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY THE 17TH.

For the Cup and Guineas.—Mr. Reid's brin. d. Reginald beat Mr. Etwall's bl. d. Esprit; Mr. Goodlake's bl. b. Giraffe beat Mr. Hesketh's yel. and wh. Hedgehog; Colonel Newport's bl. b. Notoriety beat Mr. Moreton's blk. b. Mermaid; Mr. Lawrence's blk. b. Lancer beat Mr. Pettat's blk. d. Phlegon; Mr. E. Cripps's blk. d. Euryalus beat Mr. Cripps's bl. d. Cadland; Mr. Goodlake's f. b. Georgina beat Mr. Cripps's bl. and wh. b. Cassandra; Mr. Etwall's blk. b. Eloise beat Mr. Lawrence's wh. d. Leveller; Mr. Pettat's blk. b. Pussy beat Mr. Reid's wh. b. Rattle-snake.

First Craven Stakes.—Mr. Lawrence's blk. b. Louisa beat Mr. Pettat's blk. b. Pawn; Mr. Hesketh's red b. Hap beat Mr. Reid's blk. d. Roger Bacon; Colonel Newport's wh. d. Nail'em beat Mr. Cripps's wh. d. Cambric; Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Geggaw beat Mr. E. Cripps's f. and wh. b. Emmeline.

Matches.—Mr. Reid's Rossignol beat Cripps's Claudia; Mr. E. Cripps's

Emilia agst Mr. Pettat's Pigmy—undecided; Mr. Moreton's Myself (late Geofrey) beat Mr. Cripps's Catline.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY THE 18TH.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Reginald beat Euryalus.
Georgina — Notoriety.
Pussy — Giraffe.
Lancer — Eloise.

TIES FOR FIRST CRAVEN STAKES.

Louisa beat Nail'em.
Geggaw — Hap.

Second Craven Stakes.—Mr. Pettat's bl. d. Puff beat Mr. Goodlake's bl. d. Gallopade; Mr. Cripps's bl. d. Emilia beat Colonel Newport's blk. and wh. d. Neck'ho; Mr. Cripps's blk. b. Cypress beat Mr. Hesketh's red b. Harriet; Mr. Reid's wh. b. Rosebud beat Mr. Lawrence's blk. b. Lisette.

Ashdown Stakes.—Mr. Lawrence's blk. b. Locust beat Mr. Hesketh's red b. Hecbane; Mr. Goodlake's yel. d. Great Ben beat Mr. E. Cripps's bl. b. Euryone; Mr. Etwall's wh. b. Matilda beat Colonel Newport's brin. b. Nubila; Mr. Moreton's blk. d. Myself beat Mr. Reid's wh. b. Rossignol.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY THE 19TH.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Lancer beat Reginald.
Pussy — Georgiana.

Deciding Course for the Cup.—Lancer beat Pussy, and won the Cup; Pussy the Guineas.

Deciding Course for the First Craven Stakes.—Geggaw won the Stakes, Louisa being drawn.

TIES FOR SECOND CRAVEN STAKES.

Rosebud beat Puff.
Cypress — Emiliaus.

Deciding Course for the Second Craven Stakes.—Rosebud beat Cypress, and won the Stakes.

TIES FOR THE ASHDOWN STAKES.

Locust beat Great Ben.
Myself — Matilda.

Locust and Myself divided the Stakes.

AUTUMN MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER THE 17TH.

For the Cup and Guineas.—Mr. Etwall's blk. b. Eudora (late Raitty) beat Mr. Harries's brin. b. Humble Bee; Mr. Cripps's wh. d. Cinnabar beat Mr. Campbell's blk. and wh. b. Index; Mr. Brown's

blk. b. Bugle beat Mr. Moreton's brin. d. May Fly; Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Gewgaw beat Mr. E. Cripps's blk. d. Euryalus; Mr. Reed's brin. b. Reginald beat Mr. Hesketh's f. d. Haphazard; Mr. Lawrence's blk. b. Lis beat Mr. Pettat's blk. d. Phlegon; Colonel Newport's wh. d. Nail'em beat Mr. Harries's blk. and wh. d. Honeymoon; Mr. Etwall's blk. b. Eloise beat Mr. Cripps's bl. d. Cadland.

Derby Stakes, three sows. each, for Dog Puppies.—Mr. Lawrence's wh. d. Lizzard beat Mr. Etwall's blk. d. Epicure; Colonel Newport's f. d. Nollekens beat Mr. Cripps's blk. and wh. d. Cedric; Mr. Reed's red d. Rainbow beat Mr. Goodlake's yel. d. Guelder-Rose—a very short course; Mr. Pettat's bl. d. Priam beat Mr. Hesketh's blk. d. Hauberk.

Oaks Stakes, three sows. each, for Bitch Puppies.—Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Gracecup beat Mr. Cripps's blk. and wh. b. Cressida; Mr. Lawrence's brin. b. Lucy beat Mr. Hesketh's blk. b. Heart-whole; Mr. Harries's blk. b. Hilarity beat Mr. Pettat's blk. b. Polcat—a kit hare; Colonel Newport's wh. b. Nannette beat Mr. E. Cripps's blk. b. Eyebright; Mr. Etwall's blk. b. Erinny's beat Mr. Reed's red b. Reticule—bad slip and kit hare; Mr. Goodlake's yel. b. Grimalkin beat Mr. Brown's blk. b. Blanche; Mr. Lawrence's wh. b. Lucetta beat Mr. E. Cripps's blk. b. Edith; Mr. Brown's blk. b. Bobadilla beat Colonel Newport's red b. Nightcap.

Craven Stakes, two sows. each.—Mr. Pettat's blk. b. Pasta beat Mr. Lawrence's blk. b. Louisa; Mr. Hesketh's brin. b. Highwind beat Mr. Brown's blk. d. Bradley; Mr. Etwall's bl. d. Esprit beat Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Giraffe; Mr. Reed's red d. Roebuck beat Mr. E. Cripps's blk. b. Euryone. All four very short courses—nearly dark, no trials.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER THE 18TH.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Bugle beat Lis.
Eloise — Eudora.
Gewgaw — Nail'em.
Reginald — Cinnabar.

FIRST TIES FOR THE OAKS STAKES.

Grimalkin beat Nannette; Erinny's beat Bobadilla; Hilarity beat Gracecup—short course, kit hare; Lucetta beat Lucy—drawn lame.

TIES FOR THE DERBY STAKES.

Nollekens beat Rainbow.
Lizzard — Priam.

TIES FOR THE CRAVEN STAKES.

Highwind beat Pasta.
Roebuck — Esprit.

Ashdown Puppy Stakes.—Mr. Lawrence's blk. d. Leo beat Mr. Pettat's blk. d. Phœbus—very short, bad hare; Mr. Pettat's bl. d. Pegasus beat Mr. Etwall's bl. b. Ennui; Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Garter beat Mr. Davenport's blk. and wh. d. Dash; Mr. Reed's red b. Reticule beat Colonel Newport's white d. No Joke—short course.

Lambourn All-Aged Stakes.—Mr. Pettat's blk. b. Pussy beat Mr. Reed's bl. d. Reveller; Mr. E. Cripps's yel. and wh. b. Emiline beat Colonel Newport's red and wh. b. Nox—very short; Mr. Hesketh's f. d. Haphazard beat Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Giraffe; Mr. Brown's blk. d. Bradley beat Mr. Lawrence's blk. b. Locust.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER THE 19TH.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Reginald beat Eloise.
Bugle — Gewgaw.

Deciding Course for the Derby Stakes.—Lizzard beat Nollekens, and won the Stakes—a short course in turnips.

SECOND TIES FOR THE OAKS STAKES.

Hilarity beat Erinny's; Lucetta beat Grimalkin—very short, no turn.

Deciding Course for the Craven Stakes.—Lobuck beat Highwind, and won the Stakes.

TIES FOR THE ASHDOWN STAKES.

Reticule beat Pegasus.
Leo — Garter.

TIES FOR THE LAMBOURN STAKES.

Bradley beat Emiline.
Haphazard — Pussy.

Deciding Course for the Cup.—Reginald beat Bugle, and won the Cup.

Deciding Course for the Oaks Stakes.—Hilarity beat Lucetta, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the Ashdown Stakes.—Reticule won the Stakes—Leo drawn.

Deciding Course for the Lambourn Stakes.—Haphazard beat Bradley, and won the Stakes.

Matches.—Mr. Pettat's Phlegon beat Mr. Harries's Humble Bee; Mr. Browne's Bobadilla beat Mr. Lawrence's Leda; Mr. Reed's Rosetta agst Mr. Pettat's Polcat—undecided; Mr. Goodlake's Guelder-Rose beat Mr. Etwall's Exploit.

Owing to the boisterous state of the weather on Tuesday, the commencement of the sport was postponed until the following day, consequently the Club coursed but three days, and during that time finer coursing never was witnessed: generally

speaking the hares were prodigiously stout.

Stewards—The Hon. Henry Moreton, and George Reed, Esq.

THE HAREWOOD.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER THE 16TH.

For the Cup.—Mr. Bingley's bl. and wh. d. Bluecap beat Mr. S. L. Fox's blk. and wh. d. Ulster; Dr. Hobson's f. d. Lofty beat Mr. W. L. Fox's blk. tick. d. Target; Dr. Buchannon's f. d. Lightfoot beat Mr. Benn's yel. and wh. d. Spring; Mr. Hargreave's brin. d. Phantom beat Mr. T. Gascoigne's r. d. Soothsayer; Mr. Hill's f. b. Queen beat Hon. W. Lascelles's blk. and wh. b. Thisbe; Mr. R. Gascoigne's red d. Symmetry beat Mr. R. Lacy's blk. d. Glider; Hon. H. Lascelles's blk. and wh. d. Sack beat Mr. Harrison's blk. and wh. d. Cedric; Hon. A. Lascelles's blk. and wh. d. Planet beat Hon. E. Lascelles's wh. d. Dalton.

Harewood All-Age Stakes, of two sovs. each.—Mr. Teal's brin. and wh. b. Myrtle beat Mr. Benn's dun b. Fly; Mr. Gibbes's dun b. Brenda beat Mr. Clemishaw's bl. and wh. d. Hector; Dr. Buchannon's wh. d. Albion beat Mr. Harrison's f. and wh. d. Benbow; Dr. Hobson's wh. d. Emperor beat Mr. S. L. Fox's blk. and wh. b. Toso.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER THE 17TH.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Lofty	beat	Bluecap.
Lightfoot	—	Phantom.
Queen	—	Symmetry.
Sack	—	Planet.

TIES FOR THE HAREWOOD STAKES.

Myrtle	beat	Brenda.
Albion	—	Emperor.

For a Chased Silver Wine Funnel.—Mr. Harrison's blk. and wh. d. Granby beat Dr. Buchannon's f. b. Miss; Hon. H. Lascelles's blk. d. Souther Johnny beat Mr. Benn's br. d. Aaron.

For Four Chased Silver Salts.—Mr. Benn's yel. and wh. d. Dart beat Mr. F. Leatham's dun b. Fly; Mr. Lacy's blk. d. Glider beat Mr. Clemishaw's bl. d. Bob.

Matches.—Hon. A. Lascelles's Arrow beat Mr. S. L. Fox's Gem; Mr. S. L. Fox's Major beat Hon. A. Lascelles's Pop; Mr. Harrison's Turk beat Mr. Teal's Memnon; Mr. R. Gascoigne's Soothsayer beat Mr. S. L. Fox's Tickler; Mr. R. Gascoigne's Symmetry beat Mr. S. L. Fox's Teazer.—*The best of three Courses:* Mr. Harrison's Cedric beat Mr. Lacy's Constance, and won the first and third Course.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER THE 18TH.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Lightfoot	beat	Lofty.
Sack	—	Queen.

Deciding Course for the Cup.—Hon. H. Lascelles's Sack beat Dr. Buchannon's Lightfoot, and won the Cup.

Deciding Course for the Harewood Stakes.—Mr. Teal's br. and wh. b. Myrtle beat Dr. Buchannon's wh. d. Albion, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the Silver Wine Funnel.—Hon. H. Lascelles's blk. d. Souther Johnny beat Mr. Harrison's blk. and wh. d. Granby, and won the Wine Funnel.

Deciding Course for the Silver Salts.—Mr. Lacy's blk. d. Glider beat Mr. Benn's yel. and wh. d. Dart, and won the Salts.

THE LOWTHER.

This Meeting took place on Wednesday and Thursday, the 1st and 2d of December, and terminated as follows:—

For the Cup.—Capt. Buchannon's Cora beat Mr. Hodgson's Othello; Mr. Partridge's Caro beat Mr. Knubley's Smoker; Mr. Johnson's Brush beat Mr. Allison's Cilo; Mr. Pattinson's Fly beat Mr. Fell's Duke; Mr. Benn's Lofty beat Mr. Bell's Topper; Mr. C. Carmalt's Dart beat Mr. Birkett's Old Tory; Mr. Beetham's Driver beat Mr. Park's Spanker; Mr. Abbott's Spring beat Mr. Joseph Atkinson's Rolls.

FIRST TIES.

Cora	beat	Caro.
Fly	—	Brush.
Lofty	—	Dart.
Spring	—	Driver.

SECOND TIES.

Cora	beat	Fly.
Spring	—	Lofty.

Deciding Course.—Spring beat Cora, and won the Cup.

Matches.—Mr. Birkett's Driver beat Mr. Wardle's Leo; Mr. Allison's Cilo beat Mr. Hodgson's Othello; Mr. Benn's Black Silk beat Mr. Johnson's Terrier; Mr. Partridge's Caro beat Mr. Benn's Heather; Mr. Birkett's Driver beat Mr. Bell's Topper; Mr. Wardle's Leo agst Mr. Benn's Lady—undecided: night came on, and they could not find; Mr. Wardle's Glent beat Mr. Birkett's Old Tory; Mr. Allison's Duchess beat Mr. C. Carmalt's Spring; Mr. Birkett's Miller beat Mr. Beetham's Driver; Mr. Allison's Duchess beat Capt. Hammond's Reading; Mr. Carmalt's Dart beat Mr.

C. Johnson's Arthur; Mr. Benn's Dash beat Mr. C. Johnson's Blunder (beat of three courses: Dash got the two first runs); Mr. Robinson's Silk beat Mr. Wardle's Glent; Mr. Carmalt's Spring beat Mr. C. Johnson's Arthur; Mr. Benn's Countess beat Mr. Preston's Frisk; Mr. Hodgson's Othello beat Mr. Atkinson's Dædemonia; Mr. Wardle's Leo beat Mr. Shinkinson's Catch-who-can; Mr. Abbott's Silk beat Mr. Wardle's Leo.

The first day afforded some of the severest running, with one or two exceptions, ever witnessed, both for the Cup and in the Matches. Nineteen courses were run, and sixteen hares killed. In the matches not a hare escaped. For the Cup, Mr. Johnson's Brush ran a gallant course with Mr. Allison's Clio, and won his match; but getting into hard ground, he split off a toe from the near fore-foot, and was otherwise so much disabled, that he was led off the field. Spring and Rolla were slipped at a hare which went away from the same gorse, but they never saw her; and, after bounding about with surprising action, were re-called. When they were slipped the second time the greatest anxiety prevailed, as they were of known celebrity, but Rolla yielded to the superior action of Spring.

On the second day the muster was strong, both horse and foot, equalling those of the preceding day, and the decision of the Cup was looked forward to with no little anxiety. This day's sport was good, but perhaps inferior to that of the preceding: about the same number of courses were run, and only eleven hares killed. The course between Cora and Fly, for the Cup, was a complete snap, so that they had no chances of either shewing their speed or action. The run between Spring and Lofty was an arduous struggle, and they both behaved most gallantly; nor was the deciding course, between Spring and Cora, much inferior. Spring, the winner of the Cup, was bred by Mr. Benn, and is his property. With respect to the numerous matches, there were many excellent runs, affording great amusement to the spectators. The Cup for 1831 was no sooner proposed than filled.

THE NEWMARKET.

This Meeting commenced on Tuesday, November 23, and occupied four days. The following is an account of the sport:

For the Cup.—Mr. Buckworth's Kuhu beat Lord Stradbroke's Mark; Mr. Wilkinson's Childers beat Duke of Gordon's Vesta; Mr. Chute's Hybla beat Mr. Tharp's Napoleon; Mr. Redhead's Lara beat Mr. Gent's Gammon.

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TIES FOR THE CUP.

Childers beat Lara.
Hybla — Kuhu.

Deciding Course for the Cup.—Childers beat Hybla, and won the Cup.

Aged Dog Sweepstakes.—Mr. Redhead's Lofty beat Lord Stradbroke's Mahomet; Mr. Buckworth's Kestriel beat Duke of Gordon's Vaultor.

Deciding Course for the Aged Dog Sweepstakes.—Lofty beat Kestriel, and won the Stakes.

Chippenham Puppy Sweepstakes.—Mr. Chute's Harriet beat Mr. Buckworth's Kebla; Mr. Gent's Guy beat Lord Stradbroke's Midnight—two hares.

Deciding Course for the Chippenham Puppy Sweepstakes.—Guy beat Harriet, and won the Stakes.

The Rutland Stakes.—Mr. Chute's Harbinger beat Mr. Redhead's Lightfoot; Lord Stradbroke's Miles beat Mr. Gent's Gammon.

Deciding Course for the Rutland Stakes.—Harbinger beat Miles, and won the Stakes.

Matches.—Mr. Chute's Hercules beat Lord Stradbroke's Monarch; Mr. Redhead's Lady-fly beat Mr. Wilkinson's Catherine; Mr. Chute's Hotspur beat Mr. Gent's Gift; Duke of Gordon's Variety beat Mr. Chute's Handsome; Mr. Buckworth's Kleber beat Lord Stradbroke's Marquis; Lord Stradbroke's Mahomet beat Mr. Chute's Hoopur; Lord Stradbroke's Midnight agst Mr. Buckworth's Kebla—undecided; Mr. Wilkinson's Colton beat Mr. Redhead's Luck; Mr. Wilkinson's Capot beat Duke of Gordon's Vaultor; Duke of Gordon's Vesta beat Mr. Chute's Hugo; Mr. Chute's Hercules beat Mr. Buckworth's Kipe; Mr. Buckworth's Kekio beat Duke of Gordon's Venus; Duke of Gordon's Virgil beat Mr. Wilkinson's Cognac; Mr. Redhead's Leader beat Mr. Buckworth's Keith; Lord Stradbroke's Mary agst Mr. Gent's Gazer—undecided; Mr. Redhead's Lisper beat Mr. Buckworth's Kneller; Lord Stradbroke's Mark agst Mr. Gent's Gammon—no course; Mr. Buckworth's Karob beat Mr. Redhead's Lightfoot; Lord Stradbroke's Monarch beat Mr. Chute's Hero; Mr. Chute's Hercules beat Lord Stradbroke's Marygold; Mr. Redhead's Leader agst Mr. Wilkinson's Capot—no course; Mr. Redhead's Lady-fly beat Mr. Chute's Heroine; Lord Stradbroke's Marygold beat Mr. Chute's Hero; Mr. Buckworth's Kekio beat Mr. Chute's Hugo; Duke of Gordon's Venus agst Mr. Buckworth's Karob—undecided; Mr. Wilkinson's Capot beat Mr. Chute's Harmony; Duke of Gordon's Vanity beat Mr. Chute's Heroine; Mr. Chute's Hawke beat Capt. Rous's Blank.

F f

THE DERBYSHIRE—AT SUDBURY.

DECEMBER 7, 1830.

MR. EDITOR—The Members of this Club approve and have adopted the mode of drawing dogs for Cups and Stakes at only once drawing (instead of two or three drawings), recommended in a late Number of your useful Miscellany; but as the lists inadvertently were not framed to carry on the plan to its full extent, I am particularly requested to copy it in the form proposed, and forward it to you for insertion, as the coursing public may better be enabled to appreciate its utility.

CUP, FOR ALL AGES.

WINNERS IN EACH CLASS.

	1st Class.	2d Class.	3d Class.	Dec. Course.
Allsopp's blk. b. Ariadne	Ariadne	Ariadne	Harold	} Topper
Allsopp's blk. and wh. b. Agnes	Volunteer			
Campbell's blk. b. Hagar	Doricourt	Harold		
Vicker's blk. d. Volunteer				
Hoskins's yel. and wh. d. Doricourt	Harold			
Bache's red b. Beasy				
Hassall's blk. d. Harold	Topper	Topper		
Harries's brin. b. Humblebee				
Calvert's blk. d. Topper	Poynton	Topper		
Clowes's blk. and wh. d. Casper				
Kerahaw's blk. d. Caleb	Defiance	Julia		
Vernon's red d. Poynton				
Molneux's blk. b. Mialetoe	Julia			
Davenport's br. d. Defiance				
Wilmot's blk. d. Warwick				
Nixon's red b. Julia				

Mr. Calvert's *Topper*, by Mr. Hassall's *Hercules*, out of *Swallow*, won the Cup.

Mr. Hassall's *Harold*, by Mr. Longdon's *Grasper*, out of a bitch of *Lord Grosvenor's*, bred by *Lord Rivers*, won the Goblet.

THE PUPPY CUP.

Allsopp's br. d. Achilles	Baronet	Dotteril	Dotteril	} Dotteril			
Bache's blk. d. Baronet	Dotteril						
Davenport's blk. and wh. d. Dotteril	Frederick	Yeoman					
Harries's blk. and wh. b. Jollity							
Nixon's bl. and wh. d. Frederick	Yeoman	Visit	Visit				
Hoskins's yel. and wh. b. Delia							
Vernon's blk. d. Yeoman	Daphne	Horsefly					
Clowes's wh. d. Clarence							
Dickin's blk. b. Daphne	Visit	Horsefly					
Hassall's blk. b. Hindoo							
Molineux's blk. b. Mystic	Hilarity						
Vickers's red b. Visit							
Molineux's blk. b. Myrtle							
Harries's blk. b. Hilarity							
Campbell's brin. and wh. d. Horsefly							
Hoskins's red d. Dictator							

Mr. Davenport's *Dotteril* won the Cup, and Mr. Vickers's *Visit* the Goblet.

THE GREAT DOVERIDGE STAKES.

Allsopp's red d. Alcides	Alcides	Alcides	Alcides
Clowes's red b. Carol			
Vernon's blk. d. Needwood	Vanquish		
Hassall's blk. b. Hilarity		Dimocke	
Vickers's blk. b. Vanquish	Dimocke		
Hoskins's red b. Desdemona			
Davenport's blk. and wh. d. Dimocke			
Campbell's blk. b. Hellebore			

Mr. Allsopp's red d. *Alcides*, by Mr. Hassall's *Hercules*, out of *Wildfire*, won the Stakes; Mr. Davenport's *Dimocke* the Guineas.

THE VERNON STAKES.

WINNERS IN EACH CLASS.

	1st Class.	2d Class.	Dec. Course.
Hassall's red d. Humphrey Clinker	Brian	Brian	Honeymoon
Bache's red and wh. d. Brian	Virgil		
Vickers's f. d. Virgil	Swallow	Honeymoon	
Clowes's red d. Corydon	Honeymoon		
Allsopp's f. d. Asis			
Calvert's blk. b. Swallow			
Harries's blk. and wh. b. Honeymoon			
Dickins's blk. d. Duster			

Mr. Harries won the Stakes.

THE BYE STAKES.

Allsopp's blk. and wh. b. Agnes	Harpalyse	Humble Bee	Humble Bee
Hassall's f. b. Harpalyse	Humble Bee		
Harries's brin. b. Humble Bee	Casper	Casper	
Kershaw's blk. d. Caleb	Beasy		
Clowes's blk. and wh. d. Casper			
Campbell's blk. d. Hagar			
Bache's red b. Beasy			
Hoskins's yel. and wh. b. Delia			

Mr. Harries won the Stakes.

THE SUDBURY STAKES.—FIRST CLASS.

Calvert's blk. b. Swallow	Swallow	Vesper
Campbell's blk. b. Helebre	Vesper	
Clowes's red b. Carol		
Vickers's red d. Vesper		

Mr. Vickers won the Stakes.

THE SUDBURY STAKES.—SECOND CLASS.

Molineux's blk. and wh. d. Monarch	Monarch	Monarch
Bache's blk. d. Baronet	Poynton	
Vernon's red d. Poynton		
Davenport's blk. b. Damsel		

Mr. Molineux won the Stakes.

MATCHES.

Vickers's red d. Vesper agst Hassall's blk. b. Hindoo—no course.
 Nixon's bl. d. Rewton beat Hoskins's red d. Dangle.
 Nixon's wh. d. Swiss beat Wilmot's dun d. Gelart.
 Harries's f. b. Shuttlecock beat Molineux's br. b. Maria.
 Hoskins's f. d. Druid beat Nixon's br. d. Smoker.
 Hassall's r. d. Humphrey Clinker agst Mr. Bache's br. b. Bonny Lassie—no course.
 Allsopp's r. d. Argus beat Clowes's yel. and wh. d. Columbus.
 Campbell's blk. b. Varma agst Wilmot's dun b. Phoebe—undecided.
 Molineux's br. d. Monarch agst Hoskins's f. b. Dorcas—no course.
 Wilmot's br. b. Helen beat Clowes's yel. and wh. b. Columbine.
 Allsopp's br. d. Achilles beat Clowes's wh. d. Clarence.
 Dickins's br. d. Duster beat Harries's blk. and wh. b. Jollity.
 Davenport's br. b. Damsel beat Hassall's blk. and wh. b. Harrio.
 Bache's f. d. Burgundy beat Hoskins's red b. Desdemona.
 Nixon's blk. b. Pert beat Hassall's blk. and wh. b. Hannah.
 Allsopp's f. d. Asis agst Molineux's blk. b. Myrtle—no course.
 Vernon's blk. d. Needwood beat Molineux's blk. d. Marmion.
 Vickers's dun d. Virgil agst Allsopp's br. d. Achilles—no course.
 Bache's blk. and wh. b. Bonny Lassie beat Clowes's yel. and wh. Columbus.
 Molineux's blk. b. Myrtle agst Allsopp's f. d. Asis—no course.
 Vernon's blk. d. Needwood beat Hoskins's red b.
 Molineux's blk. b. Mystic beat Kershaw's blk. d. Caleb.

Several matches were not run, owing to the wetness of the weather.

THE DRAYTON.

This Meeting commenced on Tuesday, Nov. 30, and concluded on the following day, as under:

For the Cup and Goblet.—Mr. Lucas's Lottery beat Mr. Sanders's Magic; Mr. Reeve's Harlequin beat Mr. Heath's Blossom; Mr. Harris's Humble Bee beat Mr. Collins's Rival; Mr. Chamberlin's Monarch beat Mr. Umbers's Venus; Mr. Carter's Spring beat Mr. Wedge's Smut; Mr. Carter's Helen beat Mr. Chamberlin's Crafty; Mr. Weightman's Speedy beat Mr. Umbers's Bessy Bedlam; the Rev. G. W. Sanford's Bellona beat Mr. Lucas's Langer.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Lottery	beat Speedy.
Harlequin	— Monarch.
Bellona	— Spring.
Humble Bee	— Helen.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Harlequin	beat Lottery.
Bellona	— Humble Bee.

Deciding Course for the Cup.—Bellona beat Harlequin, and won the Cup; Harlequin the Goblet.

Puppy Stakes.—Mr. Reeve's Ruby beat Mr. Carter's Fly; Mr. Umbers's Barrabas beat Mr. Chamberlin's Mualin; Mr. Heath's Hector beat Mr. Sanders's Myrtle; Mr. Harris's Mirth beat the Rev. G. W. Sanford's Driver.

TIES FOR THE PUPPY STAKES.

Mirth	beat Barrabas.
Ruby	— Hector.

Deciding Course for the Puppy Stakes.—Mirth beat Ruby, and won the Stakes. The winner (Mirth) was got by the Rev. Mr. Molineux's Monarch, out of Mr. Harris's May-fly.

Drayton Stakes.—Mr. Chamberlin's Minster beat Mr. Collins's Fearnought; Mr. Reeve's Columbine beat Mr. Umbers's Capt. Bunker; Mr. Weightman's Sailor beat Mr. Heath's Helen; Mr. Harris's Honey Moon beat the Rev. G. W. Sanford's Lady.

TIES FOR THE DRAYTON STAKES.

Minster	beat Columbine.
Honey Moon	— Sailor.

Deciding Course for the Drayton Stakes.—Honey Moon beat Minster, and won the Stakes. The winner was got by Appley Remus, out of Mr. Harris's Patch.

Caldecote Stakes.—Mr. Reeve's Reveler beat Mr. Wedge's Jig; Mr. Sanders's Major beat Mr. Harris's Hazard.

Deciding Course for the Caldecote

Stakes.—Reveler beat Major, and won the Stakes.

Matches.—Mr. Carter's Nettle beat Mr. Collins's Mouse; Mr. Umbers's Swallow beat Mr. Carter's Baron; Mr. Carter's Lady beat Mr. Chamberlin's Music; Mr. Carter's Trinket beat Mr. Heath's Tanner; Mr. Carter's Fencer beat Mr. Heath's Warwick; Mr. Umbers's Capt. Bunker beat Mr. Carter's Spring; Mr. Chamberlin's Minna beat Mr. Sanders's Myrtle; Mr. Lucas's Langer beat Mr. Chamberlin's Nimble.

THE LETCOMBE BOWERS.

This Meeting commenced on the 26th of November, and occupied two days. The following was the result of the sport:—

For the Cup and Goblet.—Mr. Tarrant's Trinket beat Mr. Godfrey's Oring; Mr. West's Viscount beat Mr. Ormond's Olive; Mr. Shippery's Silverlocks beat Mr. Gearing's Goldfinder; Mr. Bennett's Bluebeard beat Mr. Tuckey's Tory; Mr. Budd's Ben beat Mr. Nash's Negro; Mr. Bowles's Eagle beat Mr. Crowdy's Cherryripe; Mr. Allnatt's Adam beat Mr. Ensworth's Emerald; Mr. King's Knighton beat Mr. Williams's (of Denchworth) Worthy; Mr. Wane's Wasp beat Mr. Hains's Hector; Mr. Williams's (of Isley) Wildflower beat Mr. Bush's Blush; Mr. Trinder's Towser beat Mr. Waman's Whip; Mr. Evans's Eliza beat Mr. Goodlake's Garter.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Viscount	beat Trinket.
Silverlocks	— Bluebeard.
Ben	— Eagle.
Knighton	— Adam.
Wasp	— Wildflower.
Towser	— Eliza.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Silverlocks	beat Bluebeard.
Knighton	— Wasp.
Towser	— Ben.

Deciding Course for the Cup.—Silverlocks beat Towser and Knighton, and won the Cup; Towser the Goblet; and Knighton the Gravy Spoons. Silverlocks is own sister to the celebrated bitch Sontag, but a litter younger. From her fine form of running she appears to be as speedy as Sontag.

Letcombe Stakes, of two sovs. each.—Mr. West's Vandyke beat Mr. Bennett's Bess; Mr. Shippery's Sylvia beat Mr. Tarrant's Tiney; Mr. Ensworth's Ebony beat Mr. Godfrey's Glimmer; Mr. Williams's (of Isley) Wireworm beat Mr. Trinder's Twist.

TIES FOR THE LETCOMBE STAKES.

Sylvia beat Vandyke.
Ebony — Wheworm.

Deciding Course for the Letcombe Stakes.—*Sylvia beat Ebony, and won the Stakes.*

Wantage Stakes of 30s. each.—Mr. Tarrant's Tulip beat Mr. Ensworth's Edward; Mr. Wane's Wench beat Mr. Williams's (of Ilsey) Whitrose; Mr. Trinder's Tiney beat Mr. Shippery's Slide; Mr. Williams's (of Denchworth) Witchcraft beat Mr. West's Vesta.

TIES FOR THE WANTAGE STAKES.

Wench beat Tulip.
Witchcraft — Tiney.

Deciding Course for the Wantage Stakes.—*Witchcraft beat Wench, and won the Stakes.* The winner is own brother to Mr. Goodlake's Great Ben, by Bash, out of an own sister to Goldmine.

Red House Stakes of one sov. each.—Mr. Tarrant's Tiptoe beat Mr. Williams's (of Denchworth) Witch; Mr. West's Watchet beat Mr. Ensworth's Esther.

Deciding Course for the Red House Stakes.—*Tiptoe beat Watchet, and won the Stakes.*

FEW LINES FROM NIM SOUTH.

SIR,

IT is always with feelings of regret that I find myself called upon to notice any act of hostility to the Chase, whether it be the authorised deed of those in power, or the unauthorised deed of an audacious menial.

On the present occasion it is with feelings of no ordinary excitement that I have to record a brutal act of violence, perpetrated by a savage ruffian upon a valuable and unoffending animal belonging to an old and justly-popular establishment.

When in your Notice to Cor-

respondents, in the last Number of the Magazine, I read that Lord Monson's keeper had shot two of Mr. Jolliffe's hounds as they passed over Gatton, I could not believe the statement; and you may remember that I expressed such to be my feelings in a private communication I addressed to you on the subject, but which arrived too late to prevent the insertion of the paragraph. My objects were twofold. First, the information was anonymous; and I considered that the author of so serious a charge ought to have given his name as a guarantee for the correctness of the statement: and, secondly, I was sure, that even if (what you so justly termed) "so unprecedented an outrage" had been committed, Lord Monson could never, either directly or indirectly, have been party or privy to it.

I regret to state that your information, though not wholly†, yet in the main, was too true, though I may also add that my surmise was well founded.

It appears from the statements of the huntsman and whipper-in, that on the 24th of November three hounds (Tinderbox, Rosamond, and Blessington) were running a fox by themselves (two being on foot at the same time), and, passing over some property lately purchased with Gatton by Lord Monson, his Lordship's keeper deliberately shot the first-named hound—"maliciously discharging," as Mr. Jolliffe states

* Our Correspondent is here in error---we know the Gentleman who favored us with the communication, or should not have alluded to the circumstance.—Ed.

† We have since received a second Postscript from Ω , reducing the number of slain to one dog, but it arrived too late to prevent the insertion of the original statement.... Ed.

in a letter to me on the subject, "BOTH BARRELS INTO HIM."

I will not condescend to make a single remark upon such cruelty. The *Nengate Calendar* alone is the proper commentary for such deeds.

Let not Lord Monson, however, commence life with the stigma of having sanctioned such barbarity. Mr. Jolliffe says, "he had an interview with his Lordship, who made ample amends for the error of his servant." Those amends, I understand, were the instant discharge of the scoundrel from his service, and the assurance that he acted on his own responsibility. The letter of your Correspondent Ω will put the public in possession of the other particulars.

Of the hound which was shot it is almost needless to add that he was one of the best in the pack. Indeed in an article I wrote upon the Merstham Hounds in the October Number, p. 415, I particularly mentioned him as a superior one: and, in a postscript to his letter, Mr. Jolliffe adds, "If you refer to my printed bill of last spring you will perceive that Tinderbox could be no trifling loss to any pack." I have since done so, and extracted his pedigree, which is as follows:

TINDERBOX, by Tankerville out of Bonnybell

Tankerville—Trojan—Sacrifice

Trojan was bred by Sir T. Mostyn

Bounybell—Jovial—Belinda

Jovial was bred by Lord Middleton

Sacrifice—Mr. Newnham's Saracen—Spotless

Saracen—Lord Vernon's Bustler—Stella

Bustler—Rapper—Brilliant

Belinda—Old Manager—Bashful

Old Manager—Mr. Jolliffe's Mercury—

Lord Vernon's Flourish

Spotless—Sir T. Mostyn's Lazarus—Mr. Smith's Selima

Lazarus—Quorndon Sultan—Sir T. Mostyn's Lady

Stella was bred by Lord Vernon

Brilliant—Trimbush—Cheshire Conquest

Bashful—Hazard—Beldam

Flourish was bred by Lord Vernon

Selima—Mr. Smith's Satellite

Lady—Lord Lowther's Grasper—Whimsey

Conquest was bred at Tarporley Kennel

Beldam came unentered 1804

Satellite—Old Sultan—Old Selima

Whimsey was bred by Lord Lowther

Old Selima—Guzman.

As to the occurrence, I believe I have given you a correct version. Many others being in circulation I considered it best, in a matter which might prove of some importance, to go to the fountain head at once; and I now beg to make my acknowledgments to Mr. Jolliffe for the attention which he paid to my application.

I have got a ton of letters before me from masters of hounds and sportsmen in all parts of the country—from the Duke of Buccleuch's hunt in Scotland to the last "good cry of dogs" in Devon. As far as I can collect from the various accounts (though some of them are rather conflicting), the weather in the North has not been near so favorable to hounds as we have had it in the South.

In Northumberland, Durham, and the Northern parts of Yorkshire, there has been much foul weather, with sleet and cold winds, and none of the hounds have done much execution. Perhaps if your Correspondent BLACK DIAMOND has not got the gout again, he will favour us with a history of his adventures in the sporting way.

The Leicestershire return is not very satisfactory. Sir John Gerard has all at once become a huntsman, and hunts the hounds himself. This will not do; for there must be an apprenticeship served to hunting as well as other things, before a man can give satisfaction to any one except himself. Besides, a subscription pack in a great hunting country is not the school for a beginner to enter himself. This Sir John will find ere long, if he does not kill himself with blowing his horn. The Quorn hounds have shewn more sport than his so far.

In Northamptonshire they have had some excellent runs; and Osbaldeston continues to astonish some of their weak minds.

To the West all the hounds have shewn excellent sport, and foxes are uncommonly plentiful. The master of the Craven kills one regularly every day before luncheon, giving most of the field *quantum suff.* The Hon. Mr. Moreton is also giving universal satisfaction in the Vale of Abingdon.

The accounts from Essex are also good. Lord Petre had killed sixteen brace and a half of foxes before the frost; and Mr. Conyers somewhat more. As to long runs and fast, "there never was such times!" They cannot get day light enough now to kill their foxes in, and have sent an express for Joshua.

On the 3d of December the Old Berkeley ran a fox from Rickmansworth to Thame Park, some thirty-five miles, twenty of which he ran "straight an end."—Of the field only four horsemen got away, one with seven couple of hounds, the others with the body of the pack. Three

out of the four horses died, two of which belonged to Tilbury; one he rode himself. The third, I believe, belonged to Mr. Dashwood.

On the 8th the Craven tried their hands on an afternoon fox, which they ran for three hours and ten minutes, almost without a check, into Sir John Cope's country, where they killed him by *candle-light*. I understand it was a most brilliant run; but the fox was not the only animal that suffered; for, I am sorry to add, the first whip's horse died on the following day.

They ought to transplant Mr. Smith into Leicestershire; a first-rate sportsman should have a first-rate country.

I regret to hear that Mr. Oxendon has not (at least had not very lately) taken the field this season; and that his first whip, T. Arnold, has been hunting the East Kent hounds.

In Sussex they have been "doing as well as can be expected;" and Col. Wyndham had an excellent run on the (I forget what day) from Erringham Shaw. On the last day of the year there is to be a sort of match run and jumped on the Brighton race course—so many miles, and so many hurdles, &c.

At Dover they have got a pack of subscription harriers, and have built a new kennel at Buckland, a mile or two on the London road. Lord Guildford has turned down several hares for them from his plentiful supply at Waldeshare. The hounds are hunted by Mr. Potter, of Lyddon, assisted by one whip; and, considering the time it takes to make anything like a pack from drafts, they are doing very well.

The Duke of Wellington, I hear, gives them 50*l.* a year, as Warden of the Cinque Ports.

Would your agreeable Correspondent Ringwood, if still among the harriers in Lancashire, inform me whether Mr. Brockels still keeps his fox-hounds; and what sport they have had? Hare-hunting is very pretty amusement, but fox-hunting is "the thing."

The "N.S.U." or North Surrey Union, a gang of bag-fox-hunters who infested the north-west part of the county of Surrey (and to whom I promised a visit in the last Number), "are dissolved," but not "like the baseless fabric of a vision;" for I understand "the wreck" is to be found in the kennel at Parson's Green!!! This is bringing hunting home to every man's door with a vengeance! We shall be having a pack in Hyde Park next. "The more the merrier; but the fewer the better sport." But as a wink is allowed to be as good as a nod to a blind horse, I trust we shall not hear of any more bagmen being turned down; or, by Jove! I will be as good as my word.

Funny enough, I had scarcely written the above, when, turning over a Morning Paper of this day (the 22d), I find these gentlemen figuring away as follows in the Court of King's Bench:—

"MARSHALL V. THELUR.

"Sir James Scarlett stated this case to the Jury. The plaintiff was a basket-maker residing at Putney. The defendant was a dancing-master; and the action was brought to recover the amount of dog's-meat, &c. supplied to the defendant's dogs—(a laugh).—The defendant kept a pack of harriers at Putney, and engaged the plaintiff to take care of them at the rate of seven shillings

per week for his trouble. The defendant was about to get up a subscription hunt, in which he succeeded; and the society was called the 'North Surrey Union,' the defendant being created master of the hunt. The plaintiff supplied various articles to the dogs, and finally sent his bill to the defendant for 27*l.* Of this sum 5*l.* had since been paid by the defendant, who had been arrested by the plaintiff, and the defendant had gone to persons who had credited the plaintiff for dog's-meat, &c., and paid some small sums to them, which reduced the sum now due to something under 20*l.*—The Learned Counsel then called

"Mr. James Humphrey Keats, an apothecary and accoucheur, who proved the employment of the plaintiff by the defendant, who was master of the hunt. On his cross-examination he said that buttons had been struck off for the hunt, and rules had been laid down that the members should appear in green frock-coats, yellow waist-coats, and white hunting cords.

"Mr. F. Williams.—Now, Sir, were you not expelled from the hunt on account of the curious way in which you were appareled?—You may call it expelled: I sent in my resignation, which was more honorable (a laugh).—Why did you send in your resignation?—Because the hounds were harriers, and they hunted foxes and stags with them.

"Did you not forget the green frock-coat when you went out, and the white hunting cords?—I had the white hunting cords.

"Ay, but tell me, was the colour really white? (a laugh).—I had white cords.

"Did you not go out to hunt and leave your pony at home by mistake? (much laughter).—I did go on foot.

"But though you forgot your pony, at home, you took your boots and spurs with you?—I took my boots, but not my spurs; I keep a couple of hounds now.

"Since the defendant resigned the office of master of the hunt, has it not been conferred upon you?—I at present am master.

"Does not Marshall now hunt the harriers for the North Surrey Union? —He does.

"And when he now takes the bounds to the field he is called Field Marshal? (laughter.)

"The Jury found for the Field Marshal.—Damages 17l."

I see by a letter from Mr. McCarty that I was wrong in stating, in the last Number of the Magazine, p. 116, that he has given up his stables at Croydon. He has only removed to what are called the North End Hunting Stables, and Mr. Moreton has taken his old ones in George-street. I am sorry I should have made the mistake, which, however, was purely accidental.

The article upon the "Origin, Progress, and Present State of Archery," in the last Number, is clever; but I must differ from you on this same subject of bow and arrow work, which I consider a very dangerous amusement; and I know of none, save gaming, which tends so effectually to diminish the ranks of the hunters.

Talk of Cephæus shooting Procris, forsooth*, my opinion is that the tables are turned now-a-days, and the Procris's shoot the Cephæus's; and that if the rage for archery does not subside, an unmarried or single man will be a sort of *rara avis*, a regular black-swan, in the land. How many flinty-hearted bachelors were pierced by the magic attitude of the fair archeresses in the Isle of Wight and elsewhere in the course of last summer! I do not know how it is, but they tell me nothing that can stand against it.

In the horse-market there

have been some very fair studs at Messrs. Tattersall's lately; but I am sorry to add money is very scarce, and those men who gave the longest prices are now dealing out their nags the best way they can at a ruinous loss. Lord Ongley still keeps up the price of good horse-flesh, and bought a very neat hunter a few weeks back belonging to the late Mr. Delmé, the one, I believe, he was riding when he died. Capt. Nesbitt, of the Life Guards, had sixteen fine slashing horses on the 13th, of which Mr. Anderson, the dealer, in Piccadilly, purchased all but three: therefore any of your readers, wanting to mount themselves properly, know where to go.

But the neatest and most complete lot of horses that I have seen at the hammer for some time were eight hunters belonging to Capt. Shaw, of the 9th Lancers, which were there on the 20th. There was a similarity throughout the batch which bespoke them "the property of one Gentleman;" and, if I am not mistaken, the gallant Captain is a man of no small taste in other matters besides horses. On the same day three Arabians "of the highest caste" were put up; one the renowned "Slyboots, 9 yrs old," advertised as having "run at Bombay, as mentioned in the *Sporting Magazine*, August 1828, won several times, of the best caste."

Since the 11th the weather has been as fickle and capricious as a ball-room belle or a boarding-school miss. Up to the time of writing this (*viz.* the 22d.), that has been my last day, and on it I thought there was no good in

* See *Sporting Magazine*, vol. xxxvi. p. 249.

the wind; for though the scent was not amiss, there was a dazzling fog in the sunshine, which prevented one seeing the hounds a field off. On the 13th there was a hard frost, and I take it no hounds were astir in the South on that day. The 19th was bitter cold and raw; towards night the wind got up, and it certainly did not freeze, but that is all I can say for it, for it required the fleecy hosiery to keep the toes warm. The 20th continued the same in the South; but in the midland counties the frost had given, and Sir John Gerard's hounds had one of the best day's sport they have had this season.

To-day (the 22d.) is decidedly hunting weather. As we say in the Classics, *solvitur acris hyems*, and to-morrow I shall be off to the chase.—Yours, &c.

NIM SOUTH.

Dec. 22, 1830.

P.S. I have just received the following letter by the Two-penny Post, addressed "To the Book-man, *Sporting Magazine*, Warwick Square."

"SIR—You are a very bad man for laughing at me and Jack, and saying that I want an *ellefant* to ride. You knowed Tinderbox as was that was shot, a good hound; and me and Jack have got some writing made upon him, and we want you to put it in your book; and ye must do it, or never hunt with us any more.

Beneath this stone lies Tinderbox,

A steady follower of the fox

Throughout the longest run.

From age or chance he did not die,

But—mark it, sportsmen, with a sigh—

Lord Monson's keeper's gun."

There is no signature to the letter, and it may be from Roffey, or any one else; but I presume it

is from him, and I am sure you will be happy to print his effusions. Pray send him a copy of this Month's Magazine, with the "Book-man's compliments," directed to him, Merstham Kennel, Surrey.

LANCASHIRE HUNTING.

SIR,
ON Friday last the Liverpool Subscription Harriers threw off at the Red Lion, in Mayhull, eight miles north of the town; but from the unfavorable state of the weather were a long time before they found a hare. A greater part of Mayhull was tried (though I know that hares are sufficiently numerous for hunting) without success. We then trotted away to Aintree, a manor belonging to the Earl of Sefton, and, after questing a full hour, pussy moved from the middle of a grass field, and, running about a quarter of a mile, took shelter by the side of some old pits. After a little dodging she stole away and squat by the side of a fallow field, and the hounds were again completely at fault. Again she moved, and took a circle of a mile and a half; but owing to the weather, or some unknown cause, the hounds could not hunt, and the business of the day ended with their being called off, and the company dispersed.

In this pack there are some remarkably fine hounds—hounds that can *hunt and run*; and there are many equally bad: they are all very fleet, and on a fine day will kill a hare in handsome style; but I am no advocate for sacrificing goodness of nose and music to speed, in harriers at least,

as is the case with two-thirds of the Liverpool pack. The huntsman, though an excellent hare-finder, appeared to me to be too fond of lifting his hounds when on a quest, as I have always been inclined to suppose that on such occasions they should be left almost entirely to themselves.

T. Scarisbrick, Esq. of Scarisbrick Hall, has an excellent pack of harriers; but as I do not know that Gentleman's hunting days, I have not had an opportunity of witnessing their performances this season, but shall send you a line or two respecting them the first opportunity. They are, for the most part, large handsome dogs, almost more than a match for a hare; and I am afraid that foxes will never be sufficiently numerous in this part of Lancashire to allow of them being converted into fox-hounds; though I am confident, that, if a few foxes were turned into the various

coverts in the neighbourhood, they would soon become numerous if unmolested by the game preservers, of whom there is no scarcity.

The only fox-hounds within reach of Liverpool are Sir T. Stanley's, and they have had some very brilliant runs this season.

(Our Correspondent here gives the account of the brilliant run with these hounds on the 23d of November, corresponding in detail with the one already inserted in the present Number, See p. 198.)

Foxes are in abundance; and pheasants and hares also! The hunting days are twice a week—Tuesdays and Saturdays—and the fixture, once a-week, is on the Liverpool side of Sir Thomas's country. These hounds are very much improved within the last two years—numerous fields now attend them, and they do their work well.

I remain, Sir, &c.

ONE OF THE NIM FAMILY.

Liverpool, Dec. 11, 1830.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

The Turf.

THE Nominations for the Oatlands Stakes at the Newmarket Craven Meeting are as follow:—

Paradox by Merlin, 3 yrs.
 Lady Blanche by Bobadil, 3 yrs.
 Jenny Vertpré by Bobadil, 3 yrs.
 Rupert by Emilius, 3 yrs.
 Varna by Sultan, 4 yrs.
 Carmine by Rubens, 3 yrs.
 Beagle by Whalebone, 3 yrs.
 Terror by Magistrate, 5 yrs.
 Vanish by Phantom, 5 yrs.
 Fortitude by Whisker, 4 yrs.
 Variation by Bustard, 3 yrs.
 Gambol by Nicolo, 4 yrs.
 Priam by Emilius, 3 yrs.
 Tantivy by Emilius, 3 yrs.
 Gayhurst by Whalebone, 4 yrs.
 Brother to Gayhurst, 3 yrs.
 Cadland by Andrew, 5 yrs.
 Oppidan by Rubens, 5 yrs.
 Colt by Tiresias out of Rhoda, 4 yrs.
 Donegani by Tramp, 3 yrs.

Christina, 3 yrs.

The Theban, by Tiresias, 4 yrs.

Amphiaras by Tiresias, 3 yrs.

Second Spring Meeting.—Thursday: Mr. Thornhill's Crutch, 8st. 7lb. agst Sir M. Wood's f. by Reveller out of Snowdrop, 8st. 2lb. D. M. 200, h. ft.

Croxton Park 1831.—Lord Southampton's 'Traveller agst Mr. Lyne Stephens's Bolivar, 12st. each, one mile, 100 sovs. h. ft. owners to ride.

Lord Southampton's Lepanto, 12st. agst Mr. Lyne Stephens's Bolivar, 11st. one mile, 100 sovs. h. ft. owners to ride.

At a meeting of the Royal Caledonian Hunt, on the 14th of December, it was fixed that the Autumn Meeting should take place at Kelso, and a sum of 460l. was voted to be

given in plates.—Sir David Baird, Bart. of Prestonkirk, was appointed Presses for the ensuing year; Wm. Hay, of Dunse Castle, Esq. Treasurer; the Hon. Col. Dundas, Lord Kennedy, and James McDowall, jun. Esq. of Logan, Councillors.

The following list of closing Stakes completes the account given in our November Number:—

Ascot Heath.—The Gold Cup, the Workingham Stakes, March 1. The Oatlands Stakes, last day of Newmarket Second Spring Meeting.

Bedford.—Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each for hunters, April 1. Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each for two-year-olds, July 1.

Bibury.—Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each for two-year-olds, Sweepstakes of 30 sovs. each, for three-year-olds, Jan. 1. Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, weight for age, gentlemen riders, Monday after Epsom.

Bridgewater.—The Bridgewater Stakes of 20 sovs. each, with 50 added, June 1.

Doncaster.—The St. Leger, the Champagne, the Racing Club, the four-year-old Stakes of 50 sovs. each, 20 ft., the Gascoigne, the Two-year-old Stakes for colts and fillies, Filly Sweepstakes, Sweepstakes of 30 sovs. each for three-year-olds, Jan. 1. The Cleveland Sweepstakes, last day of York Spring Meeting.

Holywell Hunt.—The Mostyn Stakes, Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each for two-year-olds, the Taffy Stakes, the Gold Cup, the Halkin Stakes, the Pengwern Stakes, the Hawarden Castle Stakes, the Champagne Stakes, the St. Winifred Stakes, Jan. 1.

Huntingdon.—Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds, March 1. Hunters' Stakes, May 1.

Knuttsford.—A Piece of Plate value 100 sovs. with 50 sovs. added, the Peover Stakes, March 1.

Leeds.—August Meeting: The Parlington Stakes, the Leeds Stakes, Handicap Stakes of 15 sovs. each for four-year-old colts and fillies, Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each with 10 added for two and three-year-olds, the Haigh Park Stakes, the Gold

Tureen, Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each for two-year-olds, the Bramham Park Stakes, Handicap Stakes of 15 sovs. each for all ages, the Gold Cup, the Hunters' Stakes of 10 sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred, weight for age, April 1.

Lewes.—Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds, Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds, the Gold Cup with 50l. added, July 1.

Lichfield.—The Staffordshire Stakes, Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each for two-year-olds, the Gold Cup, May 1. Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added for all ages, July 1.

Liverpool (Aintree Course).—The Croxteth Stakes name Saturday before running; the Tradesmen's Cup, the St. Leger Stakes, Sweepstakes of 30 sovs. each, with 50 added, for two-year-olds, and Sefton Stakes, March 1. The Stand Cup, January 1. The Stanley Stakes, March 1, name Saturday before running. The Lancashire Stakes (handicap), March 1. Acceptances for the Free Handicap Sweepstakes to be signified on the 15th of February.

Lincoln.—Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each for two-year-olds, the Champion Stakes, Macaroni Stakes for hunters, Hunters Stakes of five sovs. each for horses not thorough-bred, March 1. Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each for hunters, June 1. Subscription Purse of 100 sovs. or upwards, for a Gold Cup, August 1.

Ludlow.—The Ludford Stakes, Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each for three-year-olds, the Corporation Stakes, the Lutwyche Stakes for three and four-year-olds not thorough-bred, the Gold Cup, Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each for two-year-olds, the Oakley Park Stakes of 10 sovs. each for half-bred hunters, the Old Field Stakes of 10 sovs. each with 30l. added, May 1.

Newmarket.—The St. Leger, First October Meeting; the Clearwell Stakes, Second October Meeting; the Criterion Stakes, Houghton Meeting, January 1.

Newport Pagnel.—The Gayhurst

Stakes of 25 sovs. each, June 1. The Gold Cup Stakes, July 1.

Northampton.—The Northamptonshire Cup Stakes, June 1.

Oswestry.—The Shropshire Stakes, Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each for two-year-olds, first day of Chester races. The Gold Cup, June 1. Cup, value 50l. added to a Handicap Stake of 15 sovs. each, August 1.

Plymouth and Devonport.—The Sakram Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and five only if declared, &c. Horses to be named on or before June 1st. His Majesty heads the list, to which there are fifty-one subscribers.

Salisbury.—The Wiltshire Stakes, June 1. The Gold Cup, Monday after Ascot.

Shrewsbury.—The All-aged Stakes of 15 sovs. each, with 20 added; the Bicton Stakes of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds; the Gold Cup, the St. Leger; January 1. The Tradesmen's Cup of 50 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, May 1. The Farmer's Plate of 50 sovs. with 20 added, August 1.

Stafford.—The Gold Cup, Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each for three-year-olds, Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each for two-year-olds, March 1.

Stamford.—The Donation Cup, January 1. Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each for three-year-olds, Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each for two-year-olds, the Gold Cup, Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each for three-year-old fillies, March 1. The Burghley Stakes, Sweepstakes of ten sovs. each for horses not thorough-bred, May 1.

Tarporley Hunt.—Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred, May 1. Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each for two-year-olds, Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, weight for age, August 1. Farmers' Cup, with 15 sovs. added, October 1.

Warwick.—St. Leger Stakes, Jan. 1.

Warwick Spring Meeting.—The Trial Stakes of ten sovs. each with 50l. added, Sweepstakes of ten sovs. each for two-year-olds not thorough-bred, the Pilleston Stakes of 25 sovs. each for horses not thorough-bred, All-aged Stakes of ten sovs. each,

Hurdle Race Sweepstakes of ten sovs. each, Leamington Stakes of five sovs. each for horses not thorough-bred, the Tradesmen's Cup of 50l. added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, the Wolford Stakes of ten sovs. each for hunters, Leamington Plate of 50l. for farmers' horses, March 1.

Western Meeting.—Two-year-old Stakes of 25 sovs. each, January 1. The Gold Cup, Sweepstakes of five sovs. each with 20gs. added for horses not thorough-bred, May 1.

Wrexham.—Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each for two-year-olds, Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each for all ages, Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, with 20 added, for three-year-olds, May 1. Gold Cup, June 1. Sweepstakes of ten sovs. each for horses not thorough-bred, Sept. 20.

Wolverhampton.—The Cleveland Cup, the Tradesmen's Purse, the Chillington Stakes, June 1. Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added for two and three-year-olds, July 1. The Albrighton Hunt Stakes, Aug. 1.

York.—Spring Meeting: Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each for horses of all ages, Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each for colts and fillies, Spring St. Leger, the Trial Stakes, the Filly Stakes, the Shorts, the Gold Cup, the Two-year-old Stakes, the Constitution Stakes, January 1.—August Meeting: Renewal of the Great Subscription for three years, the Great Yorkshire Stakes, the Peregrine Stakes, the Two-year-old Stakes, the Filly Stakes, a Silver Tureen value 100l., Sweepstakes of 30 sovs. each, for colts and fillies now two years old, January 1. Third and last year of the Renewal Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each.

HORSES PURCHASED TO GO ABROAD.

The only horses sent abroad since our last are—

Partial by Soothsayer, in foal to Mameluke; and Theresa by Whalebone, covered by Nigel—by Baron Biel, Germany.

Bay filly, 2 yrs, by Mustachio out of Gavotte.

Palemon, a bay filly, 2 yrs, by Muley out of Bequest by Election; a bay mare, by Orville out of Canvass, covered by Reveller; Green Cheese,

5 yrs, by Moonraker, dam by Gohanna out of Sister to Chester—by Captain Carr, Germany.

John de Bart—by Mr. Holland, Germany.

BETTINGS.

SIR, Tattersall's, Dec. 23, 1830.

A VERY meagre attendance and little betting. Bras-de-Fer totters, and, from the boldness with which the odds are offered, has probably seen his best day, and 13 to 1 found few takers. Lord Jersey's lot were in less favour—a Mr. G. offering 1300 to 100 agst each of the favorites, and would have gone on. Filagree gave way a trifle; and at the close Blunder had the call. Mr. Beardsworth backed Colwick to a considerable amount, yet he barely maintains his advance—a Mr. B—d offering 3000 to 200 against him, and no friends. Varennes was on the retiring list, his *legs betag queer*. This had the effect of bringing up Tredrille, another of Lord Verulam's, who at 1000 to 15 had plenty of friends. Lord Exeter's stable is gradually getting up, Hæmus, a fine-reached horse, having a strong party, and from the movements of two of the leading speculators, must shortly become a better favorite. With the exception of Pastille, who was supported by the leading star of the room, little else was mentioned: in fact, the horses are too closely confined to their stables to expect any farther alterations.—Circassian had decidedly the call for the OAKS, her friends being numerous and influential, anything beyond 5½ to 1 finding ready takers. This had a corresponding influence upon Oxygen, who retrograded a shade, nothing less than 6½ to 1 being taken, and at that figure her party are becoming exceedingly timorous.—The ST. LEGER is become a mere dead letter, and nothing but the appearance of the nomination will infuse any life into the betting.

December 27, 1830.

A brisker day than usual, and several important changes occurred. Bras-de-Fer is still receding, Colwick and Filagree being close at his heels,

and not half a point between them. Rattler was in very high favour—a Mr. F. taking 6000 to 300, and would have gone on. Blunder was driven to the very outside—a Mr. G—y laying 2000 to 100; and at the close of the room he was left without a friend. It is supposed something has happened to him. A very strong disposition was likewise evinced to lay against Bohemian and Caleb, and they both gave way a trifle. The others were stationary and firm at the annexed figures.—The OAKS and ST. LEGER nothing doing.

Yours truly,

Z. B.

RIDDLESWORTH.

3 to 1 agst Filagree.
7 to 1 agst Elvas.
7 to 1 agst Pastille.
9 to 1 agst Cressida.

DERBY.

13 to 1 agst Bras-de-Fer.
14 to 1 agst Colwick (taken).
14 to 1 agst Filagree (taken).
18 to 1 agst Caleb.
18 to 1 agst Hæmus (taken).
20 to 1 agst Rattler (freely taken).
20 to 1 agst Blunder (taken).
25 to 1 agst Varennes.
25 to 1 agst Bohemian.
25 to 1 agst Antiope.
27 to 1 agst Pastille.
30 to 1 agst Cobweb.
30 to 1 agst Cressida.
1000 to 15 agst Incubus.
1000 to 10 agst Miss Cantley.
6 to 5 ten agst the field.
11 to 1 Caleb beats Hæmus.
7½ to 1 agst Filagree and Blunder.
12 to 1 agst Varennes and Bohemian.
18 to 1 agst Lord Egremont's lot (taken).
10 to 1 agst Lord Exeter's lot (taken).

OAKS.

5½ to 1 agst Circassian.
6 to 1 agst Oxygen.
10 to 1 agst Delight.
30 to 1 agst Minuet.
30 to 1 agst Sister to Pastille.

ST. LEGER.

13 to 1 agst Zany (taken).
13 to 1 agst Circassian.
14 to 1 agst Bras-de-Fer.
16 to 1 agst Colwick.
18 to 1 agst Chorister.
25 to 1 agst Clarence.
25 to 1 agst Frederica.
25 to 1 agst The Saddler.
25 to 1 agst Rattler.
30 to 1 agst Camilla.

THE CHASE.

On Monday, November 29, Lord Anson hunted with His Majesty's stag-hounds for the first time since his appointment to preside over that establishment. The celebrated deer (Riply) was turned out. Many have cause to remember the day on which this deer was uncared at the same place last season, when he was taken full twenty-five miles from Mile House. A similar run was anticipated on Monday; but, owing to the dense fog, the animal could not get his line of country. Nevertheless, he did himself credit and afforded excellent sport. He was finally taken at Woburn Green, after a chase of an hour and half. His Lordship was much pleased with the day's sport.

Our readers will be gratified in hearing that Sir William Middleton has given permission to Mr. Mule, of the Essex and Suffolk Border Hunt, to draw the coverts on his estates, where foxes are said to abound. A few more such examples, and this manly sport, of which we profess to be the sturdy advocates, cannot fail of being revived in East Anglia with increased spirit.

COURSING.

North Meols.—The Cup at this Meeting was won by Mr. H. Hornby's r. d. Higler, by a son of Hetman out of Busy, beating in the deciding course Mr. Brockholes' r. b. Bess:—the Bold Stakes for aged dogs, by Mr. Alison's brin. d. Rector, by Mentor out of a bitch of Mr. Yates's, of Eccleston, beating Mr. E. Hornby's blk. and w. d. Helvelyn:—the Hesketh Stakes for all-aged bitches, by Mr. Wilbraham's blk. b. Wishful (pedigree unknown) beating Lord Molyneux's blk. and w. b. Malice:—the Southport Stakes for puppies, by Lord Molyneux's blk. d. Mute (pedigree unknown) beating Mr. Alison's blk. and w. d. Augustus:—the North Meols Stakes for beaten dogs, by Mr. Unsworth's blk. and w. d. Ultimo, by Turk out of Mr. C. Long's Love, beating Mr. Hesketh's w. d. Hengist:—the Ditch-In Stakes, by Mr. Wilbraham's f. d. Wamba, by

Merlin, beating Mr. E. Hornby's brin. d. Hawk:—the Church Town Stakes, by Mr. E. Hornby's blk. and w. d. Helenus, by Turk out of Helen, beating Mr. Ford's blk. d. Fitful.—Nine matches were run.

SHOOTING.

We beg to call the attention of our readers to a very useful and unique invention for the use of the gentlemen of the trigger, whereby a sportsman may carry, in a very small compass, a sufficient number of percussion caps for a day's sport, ingeniously packed into a small brass case, which gives out one cap at a time, and may be used in the coldest or most stormy weather, without the chance of losing a single cap, or the least disappointment in fixing it on the pivot.—See *Advertisement on our cover*.

EQUESTRIANISM.

A bay mare, the property of Mr. Charles Wagstaff, was backed to perform fifty miles in six hours (either to walk, trot, or gallop), in harness. The match came off on Wednesday, December 1st, 1830—the mare being driven by the owner—and performed the distance in five hours and thirty minutes and a half, without once breaking from the trot. The start took place from the first mile-stone on the Ely-road to the tenth beyond the town of Ely on the Littleport-road. A very considerable sum of money was pending upon the result.

VETERINARY SCIENCE.

SIR—An article in your last Number, headed "Veterinary Science," describing the operation of dividing the flexor tendons for the cure of lameness in the coffin joint, contains an assertion which in justice I consider myself called upon to disprove, namely, that "the operation has never been performed by any veterinary surgeon in England." I have now in my possession,¹ and in regular work, a wagon horse, which nearly three years ago became lame in the off-fore foot. Under the direction of Mr. Rose, veterinary surgeon of Worcester, the usual remedies were resorted to; but contraction of the tendons took place, and at length increased to

such a degree, that, like Mr. Cross's horse, he could only walk upon the point of the toe, and was of no use whatever. In this state he continued for upwards of eighteen months, when it was determined to divide the tendons as the only chance of relief; and the operation was successfully performed by Mr. Rose about five months ago. He has been at light work for the last two months, and is now doing very well. The same operation was also performed by Mr. Rose upon another of my horses in the year 1826; but in this case the original disease still existed in the foot, and occasioned a re-contraction of the tendons. I may add, that Mr. Rose was successful in a similar case in the year 1822, upon a horse in this neighbourhood, which had been lame two years in one hind leg, and had worn an iron and strap, which were found necessary to keep the fore part of the fetlock joint from coming in contact with the ground.—I am, Sir, yours, &c. THOS. THOULD.

Impney Lodge, Worcestershire.

Duglissism.

The 2d of December was the day appointed for making the third deposit of 20l. a-side in the Supplemental Stakes of 100l. between Ned Neal and Young Dutch Sam. On "time" being called, Tom Spring posted the poney on behalf of Ned, but nobody appearing for Sam, the 40l. down was claimed forfeit, and

on the following day the veteran Cribb, as stakeholder, handed the flimseys over to Spring on Ned's behalf. This, however, does not militate against the fight for the original stakes of 420l., though it makes Ned easy as to money matters. As we stated last month, he received 100gs. to forego law-proceedings and fight for the original battle-money, which, with the two deposits of 20l. each, make a total of 145l., and this deducted from Ned's original battle-money places him in the situation of fighting 75l. to 345l. We learn that the non-attendance of Sam's backers was purely accidental, having mistaken the week, and that the Phenomenon is very sore at the forfeit. He pledges himself to do his best to win, and, if successful, has expressed his determination to return to every one the various sums posted towards his battle-money, even including those who deposited the 40l. recently forfeited. He is in training in the neighbourhood of Harrow, and his opponent on the coast. It is a singular coincidence that the forfeit of the 40l. took place on the anniversary of the day on which the battle was to have been fought last year for the identical 420l. now the only "bone of contention."

The fourth deposit for the interesting match between Neal and Tom Gaynor—to come off within two months after the above—was regularly made good on the 30th. Ned fights 300l. to 200l.

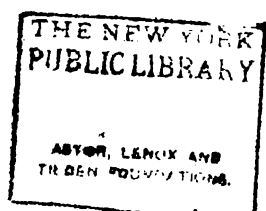
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

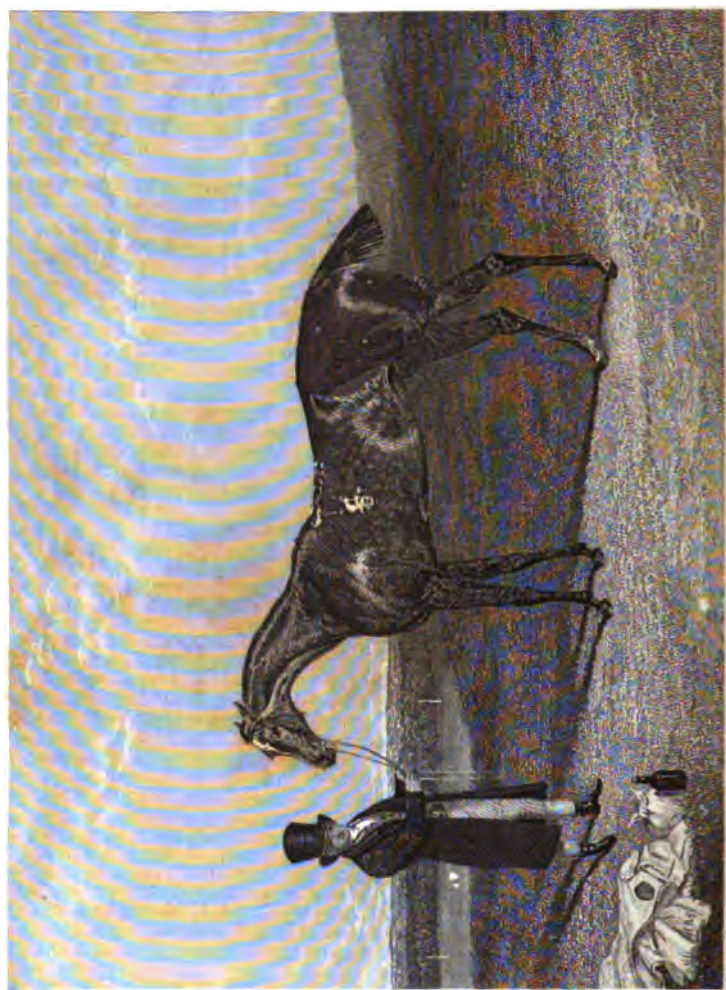
The continuation of the "Racing Season, by the YOUNG FORESTER," was received too late for insertion in the present Number.

Several other favours are under consideration.

BOGTROTTER, on the merits of Irish Horses, and "P. H." on Breeding, shall appear in our next.

In reply to SCRUTATOR, "Whether gamekeepers have the right, either by virtue of their appointment or otherwise, to destroy dogs found upon their master's property," we answer, *that they have no right*. This has been decided repeatedly. See the case of "*Vere v. Lord Cawdor and King*," reported in the 11th volume of *East's Reports*, page 568, where an action of trespass was brought for shooting a dog of the plaintiff's in pursuit of a hare on the land of the defendant; when the Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench said, "that even if there was any precedent for such conduct, which outrages all reason and sense, it was of no authority to govern other cases;" and a verdict was given for the plaintiff.





Fair Helen

FAIR HELEN.

J. B. Manning

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

**VOL. II.
SECOND SERIES.**

FEBRUARY, 1831.

No. X.

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Embellished with,

I. A PORTRAIT of FAIR HELEN.

II. NOSEGAY, a celebrated Brood Bitch, the Property of Lord Kintore.

PEDIGREE and PERFORMANCES of FAIR HELEN.

Engraved by SCOTT, from a Paint-
ing by HERRING.

FAIR HELEN, a grey mare, foaled in 1817, bred by and the property of the Marquis of Queensbury, afterwards sold to Sir John Heron Maxwell, Bart. was got by Viscount, out *Anna* by Coriander; grandam, *Young Tiffany* (Darling and Favorite's dam), by Highflyer; great grandam, *Tiffany*, by Eclipse; great great grandam, *Young Hag* (Desdemona, Laburnum, Oleander, and Fag's dam), by Skim—

Hag (Hydra's dam), by Crab—*Ebony*, by Childers—*Old Ebony* (Sister to Brown Betty), by Basto out of Duke of Rutland's Massey mare, by Mr. Massey's Black Barb.

PERFORMANCES.

At Middleham, April 10, 1820, **FAIR HELEN** (rode by B. Smith) won a Sweepstakes of 30gs. each, 20 ft. for rising three-years-olds; colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.; one mile and a half (4 subs.), beating Mr. Watson's Woodbine.—3 to 1 on Woodbine. Won very easy.

Next day, at 7st. she won 50l. for all ages, heats, once round, beating Mr. Powlett's Worthless, 2 yrs, 7st.; Mr. Wyvill's Shylock, 2 yrs, 7st.; Gen. Orde's High Sheriff, 2 yrs, 7st.; and Mr. Yates's Apollo, 2 yrs,

7st.—5 to 1 on the field. Won easy.

At Durham, August 30, at 6st. 11lb., she won the Silver Cup, value 50gs., by 11 subs. of 5gs. each, with 20 added, for all ages, beating, at four two mile heats, Mr. Lambton's Borodino, 3 yrs, 7st.; Mr. Lambton's Waverly, 3 yrs, 7st.; and Lord Queensbury's Gonsalvi, 3 yrs, 7st.

At Carlisle, Sept. 26, at 6st. 9lb. (J. Gray), she won the Gold Cup, value 100gs., by 12 subs. of 10gs. each, the surplus in specie, for all ages, three miles, beating Mr. James's Saucebox, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb., and Mr. Powlett's The Marshal, 4 yrs, 8st. 8lb.—Even betting on Saucebox, and 3 to 1 agst FAIR HELEN. A good race, and won by only a neck.

At the Caledonian Hunt and Dumfries Meeting, Oct. 11, at 6st. 8lb. (J. Gray), she won the Caledonian Gold Cup, value 100gs. by 5 subs. of 10gs. each, with 50 added, for all ages, three miles, beating Sir W. Maxwell's Monreith, 3 yrs, 6st. 10lb., and Mr. Oswald's Archibald, 4 yrs, 8st.

At Lancaster, July 4, 1821, FAIR HELEN, 8st. 4lb. (B. Smith), won 70l. for three and four-year-olds, two mile heats, beating Major Bower's b. c. by Prime Minister, out of Sister to Orphan, 3 yrs, 7st. 2lb.—2 to 1 on FAIR HELEN. Won easy.

At Preston, July 11, at 8st. 4lb., she won 70l. for three and four-year-olds, heats, two miles and a distance, beating Mr. Clifton's Arbiter, 4 yrs, 8st. 7lb.—5 to 4 on FAIR HELEN: after the first heat, 2 to 1 on Arbiter. Won easy.

At Carlisle, Sept. 25, at 7st. 13lb. (J. Garbutt), she won the Gold Cup, value 100gs., by 10 subs. of 10gs. each, for all ages, three miles, beating Mr. Ferguson's Jonathan, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb., and Mr. Ferguson's Lady of the Vale, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb.—Even betting on FAIR HELEN, who took the lead, was never headed, and won easy.

At Caledonian Hunt and Ayr Meeting, Oct. 10, at 8st. 6lb. (B. Smith), she won the Convivial Stakes

of 50gs. each, h. ft., two miles, 18 subs., beating Mr. Bogue's The Champion, 3 yrs, 7st. 4lb.; Lord Queensbury's Ledstone, 3 yrs, 7st. 4lb.; Lord Kelburne's Chance, 5 yrs, 8st. 12lb.; and Mr. Kirby's Canova, 4 yrs, 8st. 6lb. Won easy.

Next day, at 7st. 12lb. (B. Smith), she won the Caledonian Gold Cup, value 100gs., by 6 subs. of 10gs. each, with 50 added, for Scotch-bred horses, three miles, beating Mr. A. Thompson's br. c. by Stamford, 4 yrs, 8st., and Sir D. H. Blair's Maria, 3 yrs, 6st. 8lb. Won easy.

Next day, at 6st. 5lb., she won 50l. for all ages, two mile heats, beating Lord Kelburne's Chance, 5 yrs, 9st. 3lb., and Sir W. Maxwell's Ben Nevis, 3 yrs, 7st. A good race.

At Dumfries, Oct. 25, at 7st. 11lb., she won the Gold Cup, value 100gs., the surplus in specie, by 10 subs. of 10gs. each, with 50 added, for all ages, two miles, beating Sir A. Don's Gondola, 3 yrs, 6st. 11lb.; Lord Queensbury's Miss Syntax, aged, 8st. 9lb.; and Sir W. Maxwell's Monreith, 4 yrs, 8st. Won easy.

At Carlisle, Sept. 24, 1822, FAIR HELEN, 8st. 6lb. (B. Smith), won the Gold Cup, value 100gs. the surplus in specie, by 12 subs. of 10gs. each, for all ages, three miles, beating Mr. Ferguson's Jonathan, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb.—Even betting. Won easy.

At Caledonian Hunt, at Edinburgh, Oct. 9, at 8st. 2lb. (B. Smith), she won 100gs., for all ages, four miles, beating Sir W. Maxwell's Jock the Laird's Brother, 4 yrs, 7st. 12lb., and Mr. Gascoigne's Hamilton, 4 yrs, 7st. 12lb. Won very easy.

Next day, at 8st. 5lb. (B. Smith), she won the Caledonian Gold Cup, value 100gs., added to a Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, for Scotch-bred horses of all ages, three miles (5 subs.), beating Sir W. Maxwell's Monreith, 5 yrs, 8st. 7lb., and Mr. Carnegie's Meta, 3 yrs, 6st. 8lb. A good race.

At Carlisle, Sept. 23, 1823, FAIR HELEN, 8st. 10lb. (J. Garbutt), won the Gold Cup, value 100gs., by 12 subs. of 10gs. each, for all ages, three miles, beating Mr. Ferguson's Cham-

pages, 5 yrs, 8st. 9lb., and Mr. Bennett's Barrack Billy, 3 yrs, 6st. 12lb. FAIR HELEN the favorite. Won easy.

At Dumfries, Oct. 15, at 8st. 9lb. (J. Garbutt), she won the Gold Cup, value 100gs., by 5 subs. of 10gs. each, with 50 added, two miles, beating Mr. Hawthorn's br. f. by Filho da Puta, out of Mrs. Clarke, 3 yrs, 6st. 11lb.—2 to 1 on FAIR HELEN. Won easy.

Next day, at 9st., she walked over for 50gs., for all ages, two mile heats.

At Carlisle, Sept. 28, 1824, FAIR HELEN, 8st. 9lb. (J. Garbutt), won the Gold Cup, value 100gs., by 10 subs. of 10gs. each, for horses of all ages, three miles, beating Mr. Ferguson's Wanton, 5 yrs, 8st. 9lb.; Sir J. H. Maxwell's Springkell, 2 yrs, 6st. 12lb.; and Mr. Ferguson's Malmé Torn, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb.—Even betting between FAIR HELEN and Wanton. Won easy.

At Caledonian Hunt and Kelso Meeting, Oct. 12, she walked over for 100 sovs. given by the Hunt, for all ages, four miles. This was the last time of her starting in public.

ANNA,

THE DAM OF FAIR HELEN, was a bay mare, foaled in 1805, and bred by Colonel Mellish.—At Lichfield, Sept. 14, 1808, ANNA won a Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, for three-year-olds; colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.; two miles (5 subs.), beating Major Morris's bay filly, by Waiter, dam by Harper's Herod.—2 and 3 to 1 on ANNA. She was afterwards unsuccessful, and was put to the stud, and is also the dam of

Mr. Goddard's ch. c. Brian, by Selim, foaled in.....	1810
Mr. Andrew's br. c. by Sorcerer, Lord Queensbury's ch. c. Rinsmount Willie (died at 2 yrs), by Stamford	1816
Sir J. H. Maxwell's br. f. (died a yearling), by Viscount	1818
Sir J. H. Maxwell's ch. f. Helen Mar, by Viscount	1819
Sir J. H. Maxwell's br. f. Helen Aroon, by Epperston	1820
Sir J. H. Maxwell's br. f. by Viscount	1821

Sir J. H. Maxwell's br. f. Betty Brown, by Epperston	1823
Sir J. H. Maxwell's b.c. by Epperston	1826

BLACK DIAMOND'S LAST.

— Sunt quibus videor nimis acer, et ultra
Legem tendere opus. Hon.

There are—I scarce can think it, but am
told—

There are to whom my letters seem too
bold. POPE.

I Should have had great pleasure on sending you another "Black Diamond," Mr. Editor, because, if at all acceptable, they must be more particularly so at the present inclement season; but really the last one took fire so quickly, and burnt so sharply, that I confess I was nearly singed by the flames.

Joking apart—I can only say that I should be most sorry to write a single line, which by the remotest possibility, could be construed into a design to annoy or hurt the feelings of any one. I appeal to my letters if they contain one ill-natured remark; and though, for my own part, I have always acted upon the principle of taking no offence where no offence was meant, I am nevertheless most ready, and do now offer my apologies to those Gentlemen who may have felt aggrieved at seeing their names introduced in my lucubrations.

— Liberius si
Dixero quid, si forte jocosus, hoc mihi
juris
Cum venia dabunt.

Whatever may be the feelings of the parties themselves, I can safely say that the offence was unintentional. I have never knowingly uttered a single syllable to hurt the feelings of any one; I have never made the pub-

lic press a channel for propagating private slander; nor have I ever published anything under a fictitious signature to which I would hesitate to affix my own name*. I again repeat, that I should have been happy to have continued my correspondence with you; but I am sure, if it is to be productive of estrangement from Gentlemen with whom I have long been upon terms of intimacy, and for many of whom I entertain the highest respect and esteem, you would not desire it; more especially when I tell you that a spirit exists in this country as inflammable as a Wallsend pit heap, and equally retentive of heat, which might prematurely reduce to ashes your very obedient servant,

BLACK DIAMOND.

Newcastle-on-Tyne, January 1831.

ON THE VICIOUS HABITS AND PROPENSITIES OF HORSES.

BY T. R. YARE.

SIR,

IN my last letter to you I treated upon the subject of Crib-biting, and attempted to trace vice back to its predisposing cause, which I also endeavored to shew arose more from defective education than from innate vice. It is but fair, therefore, that, as I have condemned the system of others, I should at least shew them my own—the grounds of which I have attempted to set forth in the following pages.

He who undertakes the cure of bad habits in horses should at least understand the economy of

the animal on which he is going to practise, and should have an equal knowledge of the habits of the horse both in a domestic and wild state. Horses, it should be remembered, have no foresight: they draw no conclusions from facts; they never reason; but they have, in place of reason, a strong memory of cases that have happened to themselves, and which have been attended with results either pleasant or painful.

In short, they have memory and instinct, but of reason they are utterly devoid. When, therefore, a horse commits a fault for which he has been corrected or punished by his master, he retains a remembrance of the two; but, without reflecting on the latter as a consequence of the former, connects both together as one and the same thing; and, not separating the idea of fault from punishment, retains only that of fact and consequence, and therefore abstains from the former, because he remembers it has been accompanied or followed with pain to himself—a species of reason adopted by a child, who will not touch a tea-kettle of boiling water, not because he has been told it would scald him, but because he has already had personal experience that it will do so.

All animals have, to a certain extent, the faculty of imitation; and experience has taught me that the horse possesses it in very great strength. To this a great many of their bad habits and vices may be traced; such as kicking, crib-biting, weaving, &c.; or else they are the consequences of improper treatment in the stable.

* Those who know my signature will understand what I mean by this; to those who do not, there is no occasion to be more explicit.

Of the strength of this desire for imitation in the horse many anecdotes could be narrated; and there are few coachmen or others connected with driving horses but must have seen it exemplified. One miller* in a team is rarely seen; for if one sets to kicking, the rest catch the infection; and the quietest horse, being coupled with a miller, will imbibe the same vice, though he may be quiet with steady ones, and equally steady when drawing alone.

Most of the habits which are denominated vices are rather the consequences of ill-treatment than nature. A horse feels himself ill-treated, and, naturally enough, resents; and expresses his resentment either by kicking, biting, rearing, or some other of those habits which are denominated vices, but which he adopts either as a preventive to some supposed danger, or to rid himself of an incumbrance which is opposed to his comfort. If he is opposed in the first instance successfully, or finds his attempts fruitless either to unhorse his rider or rid himself of his annoyance, he will quietly desist. If, however, he is successful in the first instance, his success naturally emboldens him to further trials; and he will resort to such means as often as necessity or circumstances place him in a similar situation, or he is thereto encouraged by a show of fear in his groom or attendant. All animals eagerly follow a retreating enemy: few will face a determined foe. The courage of the horse is blind, is constitutional, and is the consequence of full health and condition. Moral courage is not

his; and when that is opposed to him, it will always be attended with success.

When a groom runs from his infuriated charge, he is followed, not for the purpose of revenge, but because the exciting cause is still in full force. He cannot attack his enemy without it; nor is he more furious than at the first moment of attack: neither does he regard future injuries or favours. Animal anger has memory for neither: he who follows must run as fast as the pursued. Violent actions create violent excitement; and half the stories of spite said to exist in horses may be traced either to the most shameful cowardice in the first instance in the groom, or else to a want of coolness or real judgment.

Horses, like men, have their passions, and the old axiom, *Ira est furor brevis*, is as applicable to the animal as to the man. If, therefore, the groom is culpable enough to continue the cause of excitement until it is past his controul, he is answerable for the consequences, and may justly be denominated the more vicious animal of the two.

All horses act from first impressions, and take the most simple and obvious ways of removing that which is uncomfortable to them; and every vice may be traced back to something which is inconsistent with their comfort in a state of nature, or else is adopted by them as a means of resistance, which experience has taught them to employ from a recollection of its success in similar cases.

Gregarious animals are never pugnacious; it is inconsistent with their existence. They are

* Kicker.

never known to attack others except when under the influence of fear; and violence induces fear in all animals.

Some writers have differed widely with me in this, and have not scrupled to say that horses are animals of inveterate habits; and that whenever they have taken a whim or fancy to any particular vice, though they may be prevented for a time, yet that preventive is but a temporary remedy; and that the vice will return whenever the absence of the preventive affords an opportunity.

One of these writers goes on to say, "that there is as much difference in the disposition of horses as of men; and, perhaps, there is nothing that more constantly descends in the stock than temper:"—adding, "but what I wish to establish as the point I have more particularly in view is, that, from whatever cause the vicious habits of horses may originate, whether from mismanagement, from natural badness of temper, or from what is called in Yorkshire a *mistech*—when these animals acquire one of them, and it becomes in some degree confirmed, they very seldom, if ever, altogether forget it."

This, Sir, is a strong assertion, and is followed by cases which appear to have occurred in the course of the writer's practice, and which he has stated at some length in support of his assertion; but which, I think, only prove that the parties who attempted the reformation of the various animals in question had yet something to learn of the temper and dispositions of their patients, which, as I have before stated, is a subject of much more

moment than is generally imagined; but once mastered, the treatment of the horse becomes easy: or, as the Yorkshireman said of the horse-knowledge of his landlord, "though he might ken buiks vara weel, yet there was something more under the horse's hide than he ken'd ony-thing about." Of this writer I know nothing; but I think I may without arrogance assert that he has yet much to learn of the habits and vices of horses.

Constant observation and experience are required to know the disposition of any animal; to acquire which a knowledge of tempers, and of causes which influence their habits, is absolutely necessary.

From my boyhood I have felt infinite pleasure in attending to horses, upon all occasions and at all hours, in sickness and in health; and my fondness for them increased with my years. "I have acted for them as doctor and nurse, tutor and groom;" and it has enabled me with some degree of certainty to trace effects to their predisposing causes.

This seldom comes within the routine of a military veterinarian (the writer in question), who, however skilful he may be in prescribing, I think would be puzzled to dress, ride, or drive a vicious nag. Added to this, I may speak more positively (*of his experience*), when he states, "that there is nothing better than a muzzle with spikes, or a strap round a horse's neck, to prevent crib-biting!" I should like to hear from him, or any one, upon what principle the strap acts. But enough of this! He also asserts, "that there is no remedy or cure for vice in a

horse after time has confirmed him in the practice of it, or when he has inherited what is called a mistech, or bad temper."

I deny the fact *in toto* that there is any habit or vice from which a horse may not be broken by proper treatment, provided always that the habit, from some physical cause, is not necessary to the positive existence of the animal: and I am prepared to prove my assertion, by undertaking to *lame or cure any horse, however violent*, of any of the tricks denominated vices; and this too in a way, that, if my directions be followed, shall prevent any future recurrence of it: and I pledge my professional character upon my success, without having any pretensions to the talisman of the *Irish Whisperer*, or the magic of the *Yorkshire Jumper*.

The arguments upon which the advocates for the incorrigibility of bad habits in the horse are founded, I imagine are these—viz. that when a horse has once contracted a habit, and time has confirmed him in it, he remembers it for life; and that the functions of nature have so accommodated themselves to it, that it becomes part of his disposition, and is as much attached to the animal as the hair that covers him.

To support this argument it is imperative to shew that the horse never forgets or alters his determination, and that nature and health become the better for any practice or habit he may have imbibed. Now I maintain, and it will be evident to every one who considers the subject, that no animal possesses memory of subjects which are not continually brought

to his notice by constant recurrence. The horse recollects only two things—pleasure and pain. When, therefore, that which causes pleasure predominates, it will be constantly practised in preference to that which is painful. No animal possesses or experiences mixed sensations: every feeling is positive, and affords no room for mixture: the experience of years is forgotten in the pleasure of the moment; and the habit which has given pleasure at one instant may be superseded the next by some other sensation.

That habit only is lasting which is consistent with nature and the formation of the animal; and that which is inconsistent with these may always be altered. Now every vice or bad habit is either inconsistent with their health and comfort, or is the occasion of increased and often painful exertion. The best way, therefore, to cure an animal of any vice is to restore those functions which are consistent with its natural habits, and to prevent those which have an opposite tendency, by substituting some positive obstacle to the gratification of them.

This requires both judgment and temper. There is no arguing with animals, or convincing them by any means short of positive prevention. It is, therefore, necessary, and should always be used in preference to correction, which should only be inflicted (and that always mildly) as an auxiliary to that end.

If any argument were wanting to induce us to give the preference to this course, it may be found in the fact that prevention can never be made the means of cruelty. The animal who finds

himself constantly foiled in the attainment of an end ceases to practise it: he does not reason upon the practicability of its attainment, but comes to a conclusion of its impossibility, because he has found an unexpected obstacle to its practice.

On the other hand, correction requires the greatest judgment. The horse finds himself exposed to pain without knowing where he has been in fault, or for what he has been punished; and unless the offence be attended with its own punishment, or be instantly followed by correction, the idea of both becomes unconnected: the consequence of which is, the habit continues, the horse looks on the inflictor as his enemy, and rebels: further punishment generally follows this, till he at length becomes unruly and dangerous, and *his temper is totally spoiled.*

(To be continued.)

FACETIÆ.

A BENGAL SPORTSMAN.

JACK BROOM was a worthy man, and fat withal, the latter a matter of no slight importance in these parts, as the person so gifted is held by the courtesy of the Bengalese to be both good-tempered and wealthy. He was besides a Magistrate of Calcutta. In his younger days he had been addicted to field sports; but as he advanced in years, and grew in grease, no horse could be found that would pretend to carry him in the boar hunt; so he satisfied himself with witnessing the chase from the back of an elephant, and admonishing all and sundry, that if they came across a fine fat old sow, not to spoil the best pieces by spearing her, but to shoot her, if possible, through the head. At the same time he had an utter antipathy to the in-

conveniences to which the chase too frequently subjects its votaries, and it was a favorite saying of his that he liked to *rough* it with all his comforts about him!

The Height of Boldness.—Some time ago an enraged bull or ox was observed running furiously through Cowcaddens, away out the Garscobe road, causing devastation to every minor object which came in the way. The hue and cry got up, and men, women, and children, asses, swine, and poultry, were seen flying in all directions, higgledy-piggledy. Amongst others, the old wag, Mr. C—d of C— hill, was observed scrambling over a dyke and climbing a tree, at least one quarter of a mile a-head of the enraged animal; but by the time he had got himself fairly seated in a bough of the tree, the brute was approaching within fifty or a hundred yards, upsetting one, jamming others close in to the side of the road, and keeping a great many in full chase. The old boy, knowing his own safety, and apparently enjoying the dilemma of others, roared out most lustily—"Oh, you cowardly —, what are you running at?"

The Last House.—At the seat of the Duke of Richmond, at Goodwood, in Sussex, the family vault in the chapel has, over the entrance, the inscription, *Ultima Domus*—i. e. the "Last House," which gave rise to the ensuing sarcastic impromptu:—

Did he who edified this wall
Not read, or not believe, St. Paul,
Who says there is, where'er it stands,
Another house, not made with hands?—
Or may we gather from these words,
That house is not a House of Lords?

IMPROMPTU

On reading MADAME VESTRIS'S Address on the Opening of her Theatre.

"Still aid the petticoat on old kind principles."

The Olympic stage will now run well,
Such legs has Nature made it!
While *Witch*-street will "bear off the
the belle,"

With but one Foote to aid it!

SWINE.

Antelope Hotel! Jan. 6, 1831.

REVIEW OF THE RACING SEASON FOR 1831, AND MATTERS
CONNECTED THEREWITH.—No. II.

SIR,

I Concluded my last in allusion to the great improvements which had been made at Goodwood by the Duke of Richmond; not only as regarded the course, but in the regulations which His Grace has adopted: not the least important of which is, that here the winner of a race is certain of receiving the amount of the stake without trouble, which is rarely the case at any other provincial meeting. For instance, I have reason to know that at several places where handicap races have been run this summer—Bath among others—more than a hundred pounds worth of the five-pound forfeits were not forthcoming; and the winner of such a stake is left to fish out some twenty or thirty people, who are scattered all over the country, and which ought, by right, to be the duty of the Clerk of the Course beforehand. But the truth is, the way in which the majority of these stakes are got up will always ensure great trouble where people are careless as to those who put down their names. It is the practice, during dinner at the ordinary, to solicit for subscriptions to the next year's stake; and the Clerk of the Course, to make the thing *look well on paper*, is glad to receive the name of any one who is willing to put himself in black and white: but that is all. At the twelvemonth's end many of these subscribers are not known, and the stake, from what appears in the Calendar, is deficient to the winner a hundred or two, and who is, perhaps, also induced to throw away a

great deal of time and trouble, to no purpose, in endeavoring to touch the moonshine.

None, however, of these objections apply to Goodwood; for so active and indefatigable are the members of the Duke's family, who act as Stewards and Treasurer, that no trouble is ever given to the winner of a race; and I know that for the Goodwood Stake (a race of the same kind as the Somersetshire and Gloucestershire Handicaps) the whole amount, to a fraction, was handed over to the winner without the least hesitation.

The Drawing Room Stake here is a little Derby, and from the chance given, by the time of its closing, to put down horses for it of which something can be known, will, no doubt, increase in interest every year. It turned up a trump this season for Mr. Maberly, having been won by his horse Erymus. This nag went to Brighton for the King's Cup, without, I believe, much idea of his coming for this stake; but having in that race run a good horse among old ones, induced them to send him here, and he proved himself a game horse; though I am inclined to think it would have been a very ticklish affair for him if Mahmoud and Cetus had not been at loggerheads all through the race.

Here one of the most extraordinary horses we have had for some time established himself quite of the first form—Mr. Stirling's Aaron having won the Goodwood Stake in the style of an Eclipse. This horse started for the Derby in 1829, but never

ran a yard, neither in that race nor two or three others which he subsequently started for: but that there was something to come out of him *some day* Mr. Forth was always convinced of; for having at two years old let them see some running once, when I suppose for the moment he forgot himself, so as to induce them to pick him out of three Derby nags which were at Michel Grove that year (Frederick and Exquisite were the others) to take odds about for the race. Age did something for him at last: his first race as a winner, at Bath, shewed what he could do when inclined; although his having run all over the course, and won almost against his will, made Whisker a better favorite than himself at Goodwood. But his race for the Brighton Stake, in the interim, ought to have opened the eyes of the people, for he won in a canter. This horse combines capital speed with great stoutness, and so strong a constitution that the work he requires to prepare him is only performed at the expense of his legs; and this it was that put his chance out for the Leamington Stake at Warwick.

His Majesty's stud cut a shining figure for the Cup, although, looking at the public form of the animals, the result could scarcely have been different. It was handed about as a joke, that when the King was asked which of the stud was to start for the Cup, His Majesty, on being told that there were three horses named for it, desired that "*the whole fleet should run, and the best win.*" That these orders were in some measure attended to was apparently the case, from

the struggle which took place between the old mare and Zinganee, after the rest were defeated: but if the best was to win, I would ask why were not all left to their own chances? why have shamefully, and, according to the terms on which he had to run with the others, wantonly butchered The Colonel, and have put his chance for the race totally out of the question, by forcing him to make the most destructive running, when he was compelled to give *five pounds* and *his year* to Fleur-de-Lis, and 4lb. to Zinganee, when it was evident he would have won had he waited? And besides the disadvantage of weight, every one knows that this horse's speed is his forte. The same use was made of him at Ascot; when, if the running of the two horses had been reversed, he would have won to a certainty.

On the whole the Goodwood Meeting stands pre-eminent among the provincials; and the promise for next year is most flattering, from the number of subscribers to the various Stakes: and I have only to wish the Duke may be more fortunate in the weather than he has been for the last season or two.

Warwick, which latterly had fallen off, this year redeemed its character, having afforded plenty of sport. The Guy Stakes put all who could see with unprejudiced eyes on the *qui vive* as to Birmingham; and, coupled with his previous running with a field of old horses at Ludlow, put money into the pockets of several who were wise enough to think he had a chance for the Leger. The *honour*, however, of winning the Guy here was all his

owner got—the Stake having since been awarded to the owner of Cetus, who was second, in consequence of the present owner of Birmingham having refused to pay some paltry 25*l.* forfeit for a Stake at Winchester, where the horse was engaged in the name of the person whom Mr. Beardsworth bought him of. It has long been one of the best acknowledged rules of racing, that no horse is entitled to be a winner until all the arrears due for such animal shall have been paid up; otherwise the field is open to endless fraud and chicanery. Nor is the least notice that such arrears are due necessary to be given; for the purchaser of a race-horse must look to his own interest, and assure himself that there are no forfeits, &c. due at the time of his buying. But in this case Sir Mark Wood most honorably refused to take what might be thought an unfair advantage, and apprised both trainer and master, previous to the race, of the objection he had to make: but it appears Mr. Beardsworth relied on having bought Birmingham without any actual engagements, but with liberty to run for any Stake that the horse was in, as he thought proper. But he surely ought to have known that such a bargain with an individual would not exonerate him from the rest of the racing world. As it is, he has now paid dearly for his experience, the Stake being worth nearly a thousand. “Save me from my friends,” has been the cry through many ages, and Mr. Beardsworth might on this occasion echo it; for some one in his behalf was injudicious enough to write a letter to a weekly print, impugning the

Jockey Club as a self-constituted body, and denying their right to interfere; when, in fact, the whole racing public is under the greatest obligations to them for the excellent laws and regulations they have established, and without which our system of racing could not exist.

Doncaster was not distinguished this year, on the whole, so much as it has been on former occasions; nor was the interest on the great race nearly so much as preceding years could boast of. There were two or three reasons for this:—the influence of the Stewards, as sporting men, was not so great; nor was the entry for the Leger anything like so strong as its predecessors; and “last, though not least,” the high favour which Priam held with the public in general, prevented anything else from becoming a favorite to any great degree. The only horse of any pretensions to dispute the palm with him, *on paper*, was Hassan; and certainly for such a brute to hold his place so long, (he was backed at 16 to 1 in the Spring,) every credit is due to the party which made use of him. He and Brunswicker may be called the “old boys” of the year; and they enable the North to stand pre-eminent in one accomplishment—that of having gammoned people to back as favorites two of the greatest brutes that ever pretended to the name of race-horses. Whatever, however, were the opinions among the various parties as to the other horses in the Leger on the day, but one idea prevailed as to Priam; and that was, that his success was certain: but, alas “the mutability” of racing matters! “there is many a slip,” &c.

and so it turned out, the Brummagem brass having easily taken the shine out of all his more glittering competitors. There have been many opinions as to whether the race could have been altered in Priam's favour; and divers wise prognostications as to the result of the race—*after it was run*: but if there is any excuse to be made, I believe we can only refer it to the state of the ground, which every one knows was in an excessively bad state, and very deep. This, I know, was the only thing William Chifney expressed himself as not liking on the day previous to the race. There is one other matter which I really conceive must have had some effect on Priam, considering the state of the ground; and that was, the extremely severe work which they gave the horse up to the very day of running, as both his companions, Flacrow and Kean, could testify. I am quite aware that without good work (and no one better than the Chifneys understand the value of it) no race-horse can be got ready for a large field of horses; but even that may be overdone, and staleness is the consequence. In this case, too, after all, it was thrown away, the pace having been very bad: so that, in fact, Priam, considering the work he had been doing, ought to have been nearer winning had he made his own running. After all there can be no doubt that for the Leger race, and on that day, Birmingham was the best. But I give Mr. Beardsworth credit for having judgment enough to decline any further meeting; and, if he wishes to save the credit of his horse, he will do well to keep for the

future out of Priam's path. As it was, poor Birmingham, considered, I imagine, to be made of the same metal which is the staple commodity of his master's worthy townsmen, and so able to stand plenty of hammering, was sent to Holywell from Doncaster; and, after winning the Produce in which he was engaged, was dragged out the same day to run for a Ten Sovereign Stake, and was beaten, in consequence of a mixture of hard usage and bad riding, by a third-rate animal of his own year:—as Sheridan has said, "give these people a good thing, and they never know when to have done with it."

To return to Doncaster: as if to make up for deficiencies in other respects, and to enable them to pocket sundry ponies and such "small deer," (the cunning rogues must be turning a penny,) the Yorkshiremen swelled the number of the field which started by dragging divers animals from the grass field; and to shew how bad was the pace in the race, none of this flight of Jays, Landrails, and others of that feather, were beaten off till within the distance; and the great brute Emancipator, who made the running, and was in front all the way, and had the honour of a place in the race, was "nowhere" in the Friday's mile-race, when Birmingham won with the extra half-stone on his back.

The most extraordinary race was that for the Cup. Retriever, having been beaten in a canter at only 5lb. for the year on the same day by Priam, was not expected to start, and even in doing so his chance was set down as quite out of the question; but

when other animals are brought on the same level, by being driven to a stand-still, the race is any one's, and so it proved here. Old Fleur-de-Lis could not gallop, and the others were about in the same plight; and the state of the ground put all true running on one side.

The Two-year-old Stakes are always races of interest here; and the result put Mr. Houldsworth's stables in a very prominent position for next year, his two Sultan fillies, Frederica and Circassian, having gallantly defeated all their opponents. I am inclined, however, to set down the whole lot of two-year-olds in the North as very moderate. The running has been the same, with one or two exceptions only, all through the season. Look at Victoire and Chorister, though this latter ought not to have started at Doncaster, unfit as he was. If there is anything decent in the field, then must the Oaks to a certainty travel into Yorkshire next year if Circassian keeps well. Out of all this running, can any one understand why an animal like Colwick is to be made nearly the best favorite for next year's Derby? I can only answer my own question by asking another. Supposing that Birmingham had not have won the Leger, how much less than 40 to 1 would have been taken about a common animal like Colwick, who has been out no less than five times during the season, and has been beaten thrice? The elevation of Bras-de-Fer is easily accounted for; the party—at least such as he is said now to belong to—can do anything; but the public must see another Little Rover's

performance before all the *on dits* can be believed.

The October Meetings at Newmarket were, on the whole, flat: the first has of late years been particularly so: the people have not recovered from Doncaster: but the Leger was so harmless this season that a better attendance than usual was the result. Augustus put both honour and profit into his Noble Master's pocket; and surely the Marquis cannot justly, for some time to come, complain of the dispensations of the Blind Goddess! The race of the greatest interest in this meeting was for the Anson Stake. But those—and there were plenty—who were foolish enough to back Folly, soon found out that honesty in a family is not always hereditary: and although Zinganee was possessed of some, yet his brother proved himself a great rogue. Oxygen, the winner, is to have the honour of contending, as the champion of the South, against the "fair Circassian" of the North, for the Oaks, and with good show of success. But what mare's-nest have the stable found out with regard to Bohemian, that he is to be made a favorite for the Derby? Verily it would appear that the getting beat is the best qualification for the race. It was not so with Priam; nor will it be when they have served the purpose with one half the brutes that now make so much noise—"more cry, less wool."

The two-year-old races give a great fillip to the Second October Meeting: even the Plate brought out a field of nearly twenty; and as the Camilla colt won cleverly, and the field have

since been winners in several instances, he has a right to be kept sight of for the Leger. The fields for both the Clearwell and Prendergast were wretched, and add nothing to the credit of either winner, though both races were won easily—the latter by the master of his art, little Zany, and the former by Oxygen, who only owns one superior. Poor Zinganee, in this Meeting, was compelled to undergo severe punishment, because he was considered to have some honesty left about him. This horse had been amiss ever since his race at Goodwood, and had, in fact, been some weeks on his road back to Newmarket. So infirm was he in consequence of this, that he had paid to Lucetta for the Cup at racing weights in the previous Meeting, and now was made to run with Cadland at high weights, only because the latter had been beaten by Gayhurst—at *fifteen pounds* be it remembered though; and such a wind-up of the remains of a good bit of stuff was never seen. Well may the Newmarket people want to get rid of the odium, and wish, most ungenerously, to saddle it on a stranger, as “a pilot who could neither hand, reef, nor steer;” but who, I am quite certain, can, when put on the right tack, do as much towards assisting the animal as any of his brother jocks.

In a race for a Gold Cup this meeting, which was won by Harold, two of the favorites, Tranby and Amphiarus, put their chance out by each endeavoring to savage the other during running.

The Houghton became at last

a complete scramble, the week not being long enough to satisfy every one. The Criterion Stake was anything but what it professed to be, and was won most unexpectedly. So little was the Duke of Rutland's Partisan colt thought of—having been beaten in the former meeting—that they had intended to have run him for the feather weight the last three miles of the course; and for that purpose had been giving him gentle gallops from the Ditch in: and there can be no doubt it was this preparation that won him the race, for the others had been driven to a stand-still while he had been getting fresh. Lucetta, the most uncertain animal ever foaled, and whose running had been wretched in the previous meeting, made those who treated her lightly pay for their temerity. 8lb. to Wandering Boy, who had better have wandered into any other path; nearly a stone to Varna and Gallopade, of the same year, and who were compelled to gallophard to no purpose; and 8lb. to Hindoo, who might as well have been on the banks of the Ganges—made a pretty wind up for her spirited master. The Audley End exhibited Lord Verulam's Albert in his true colours; and looking at the weight, which was the outside, the performance was a very handsome one. Mr. Sadler put up his Cup, which he won with old Jocko at Heaton Park; and Lord Worcester, who had had a shy for it with Carthago at that place, was here lucky enough to become the possessor of it with the same horse, for which he has to thank the failure of Carthago's legs, the latter horse having won twenty yards from home, and hav-

ing also defeated Carthago at the same weights not an hour before.

The country horses, with the exception of Gayhurst, cut a bad figure at Newmarket—Villager, Grimbald, and Busk having all been beaten in their matches shamefully. How any one could think of bringing such a little, stale, stinking jade as the latter, at the end of the season, and attempt to give 8lbs. to The Merchant, when to have had the least chance she ought to have received as much, I am at a loss to imagine. I have always given the party credit for better judgment. The truth is, those country animals who cut a good figure in the provinces, with a bit of speed, when they are running round a course which requires a pull every twenty or thirty yards, and so never appear to be going their best, cannot at Newmarket, where there is no ease for them all the way, bear the pace: and then out comes the

jade, as was the case with Busk, who tried to get anywhere rather than keep on to the end. This was also the case with Villager, or what pretensions had he to contend at Newmarket with one of the quickest? Villager was always a bad horse even among provincials, and never did, and never will, win without a great advantage in weight.

On the whole the year's racing has been satisfactory; and we have only to look forward with increased hopes, and I see no reason to fear any diminution in our sport. We have the greatest Derby approaching ever yet run for; and I have only to caution my friends against being too easily led to believe all that they may hear of the accomplishments of the present favorites; and to remember, with Shakespeare, that

"The event is yet to name the winner."

THE YOUNG FORESTER.

THE GREAT ST. LEGER.

THE following are the Nominations for the present year, alphabetically arranged for the convenience of reference. Those engaged in the Derby, Oaks, and York Spring St. Leger are designated by the initial letters, *D*, *O*, and *Y*.

Captain Andrew's ch. f. Tippet, by Swiss out of Wagtail by Young Woodpecker.
 Sir D. Baird names Mr. Bogue's ch. c. Darlington, by Cleveland—Orange Boven. .
 Mr. J. Barnett's b. f., by Alexander out of Miss Wilkes by Octavian.
 Mr. Beadsworth's br. c. Colwick, by Filho da Puta out of Stella by Sir Oliver.—*D*.
 Mr. Beadsworth's b. c. by Whalebone, dam by Stamford out of Alexina.
 Mr. A. Bower's br. c. Sir John, by Tramp, dam by Waxy.
 Mr. Bradshaw's ch. c. by Octavian out of Lady of the Swale by Mowbray.
 Sir R. Bulkely's br. c. Pickpocket, by St. Patrick—Sister to Lass by Hedley.—*D*.
 Lord Chesterfield's ch. c. Massaroni, by Emilius, dam by Selim.—*D*.
 Mr. Chifney's ch. c., by Emilius out of Pigmy by Election.—*D*.
 Mr. Chifney's br. c. Caleb, by Waterloo out of Enchantress by Sorcerer.—*D*.
 Mr. Chifney's br. f., by Emilius out of Surprise by Scud.—*D*. and *O*.
 Mr. R. Clark's b. c. by Emilius, dam by Whisker out of Castella by Castrel.—*D*.
 Lord Cleveland's b. c. Chorister, by Lottery, dam by Choque.

- Lord Cleveland's gr. c. Mr. Bink, by Lottery out of Snowball by Prime Minister.
 Lord Cleveland's br. c., by Emilius out of Camilla by Camillus.
 Mr. Cooke names Barkston, by Welbeck, dam by Pandelpha.
 Mr. Cooke's b. c. Incubus, by Phantom out of Katherine by Seethsayer.—*D.*
 Colonel Cradock's colt, by Lottery, dam by Smolensko.—*Y.*
 Mr. Crompton's ch. c. Edie Oaklins, by Tramp out of Zirza.
 Mr. John Day's bl. f. by Reveller, dam by Buffalo out of Enchantress by Volunteer.
 Mr. J. Dilly's br. f. Wilna, by Smolensko out of Snare.—*O.*
 Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. Croole, by Catton out of Deademona by Orville.—*F.*
 Mr. J. Foljambe names b. c. Chancellor, by Minos out of Angelica by Amadia.
 Mr. S. Fox's b. f., by Lottery out of Watchcote Lass by Remembrancer.
 Mr. W. Fox's ch. f. Gilana, by Tramp, dam by Walton.
 Mr. T. Gascoigne's b. f., by Catton out of Trulla by Sorcerer.
 Mr. Giffard's ch. c. Captain Bob (brother to Capt. Arthur), by Bobadil, dam by Cervantes.—*D.*
 Mr. W. Gill's br. g. Walter, by Waverly, dam by Orville.
 Mr. Golden's br. c. Thimbleman, by Tramp out of Maiden.
 Mr. Golden's br. f. Malle Gardée, by Lottery out of Morgiana by Muley.
 Mr. R. Harrison's br. c. Braithwaite, by St. Patrick, dam by Sir David.
 Mr. Hopkinson's b. c. Paul Clifford, by Octavian, dam by Comus.
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. Circassian, by Sultan, out of The Miller of Mansfield's dam.—*O.*
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. Frederica, by Sultan out of Fortuna by Comus.
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Simon, by Comus—Miss Maltby's dam.
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Bradley, by Filho da Puta, dam by Orville.
 Mr. Hunter's b. c. by Whalebone out of Agnes by President.
 Lord Jersey's ch. c., by Middleton, dam (Blunder's dam) by Rubens.—*D.*
 Lord Jersey's ch. c., by Emilius out of Filagree by Seethsayer.—*D.*
 Lord Jersey's b. c. by Emilius out of Cobweb by Phantom.—*D.*
 Mr. John's gr. c. Opifer, by Jock, dam by Orville.
 Lord Kelburne's ch. f., by Comus out of Georgiana by Woful.
 Mr. Kirby names b. c. by Lottery, dam by Smolensko.
 Duke of Leeds's b. f., by Champignon out of Lunaria's dam.
 Mr. Metcalfe's b. c. (Brother to Homer), by Calton out of Queen Coil by Sweet-William.
 Lord Milton's br. c. Hamilar, by Morisco out of Marianne, grandam by Orville.
 Lord Morpeth names gr. f. Lady Fractious, by Comus out of Vaultress by Walton.
 Mr. Neville's b. g. Higgler, by Tramp out of Mandarine by Filho da Puta.
 Mr. Nowell's br. c., by Muley out of Lady Ern by Stamford.
 Mr. G. Ogden's br. f. Sarah, by Tramp, dam by Sir Oliver.
 Lord Orford's ch. c., by St. Patrick out of Lisette by Hambletonian.
 Lord Orford's b. c., by Wrangler out of Medora by Selim.—*D.*
 Mr. Petre's ch. c. Rattler, by Reveller out of Trotinda by Ditto.—*D.*
 Mr. Petre's b. c. Shark, by Theodore out of Medora.
 Mr. Pettitt's ch. c. Adam Brock, by Blacklock, dam by Shuttle.
 Sir G. Pigot's b. c., by Merlin out of Active by Partisan*.
 Lord Queensberry's br. c. Wiladen, by Whisker out of Wilna by Smolensko.—*Y.*
 Mr. S. Reed's b. c. Pantan, by Arbutus, dam by Prime Minister.
 Mr. F. Richardson's b. c. Goodluck, by Lottery, dam by Woful.
 Mr. F. Richardson's b. f. Streamlet, by Thersias out of Bizarre.

* This nomination appears to have been by *mistake*—the colt, rising only two years old, not being qualified.—*Ed.*

- Mr. F. Richardson's b. f., by Bustard out of Miss Witch by Sorcerer.
 Mr. F. Richardson's b. f. Lady Elizabeth, by, Lottery out of Miss Wentworth by Cervantes.
 Mr. Ridsdale's br. c. Honest John, by Whisker out of Marion.
 Mr. Robinson's b. c. Liverpool, by Tramp, dam by Whisker out of Mandane.
 Mr. Robinson's br. f. Calista, by St. Patrick, dam by Smolensko.
 Mr. I. Sadler's b. f. Delight, by Reveller out of Defiance by Rubens.—O.
 Mr. I. Sadler's Achilles, by Rubens out of Atalanta by Walton.
 Lord Scarburgh's b. c. Brother to Tarrare, by Catton.
 Lord Scarbrough's bl. c. Clarence, Brother to Brunswick, by Comus.—F.
 Mr. Scott Stonehewer's b. c. Zany, by Morisco out of Bupta by Partisan.
 Mr. Scott Stonehewer's b. f. (Sister to the Lion), by Tiresias out of Emma by Orville.—O.
 Mr. Serjeantson's br. f. The Golden Pippin, by Swiss out of Castrella by Castrel.
 General Sharpe's b. c. Perlet, by Peter Lely out of Bessy by Young Gouty.
 Mr. Singleton's br. c. Tremaine, by Tramp, dam by Deceiver.—F.
 Mr. Skipsey's br. c. The Saddler, by Waverley, out of Castellina by Castrel.—F.
 Mr. Skipsey's br. c. Albion, by Octavius, dam by Vermin, out of Eliza's dam.
 Lord Sligo's ch. c. Bras-de-Fer, by Langar out of Velvet by Oiscan.—D.
 Sir T. Stanley's ch. f. Mima, by General Mina out of Maid of Lorn, by Castrel.
 Mr. Stanley's br. c. Frankenstein, by Manfred out of General Mina's dam.
 Mr. J. Thistlewood's Jonas, by Filho—Pedestrian's dam.
 Mr. W. Turner's b. c. Shrigley, by Macduff out of Eucrosia by Walton.
 Mr. Vansittart's ch. c., by St. Patrick out of Slight by Selim.—D.
 Mr. Walker's br. c. Roubilliac, by Filho da Puta out of Miss Chantry.—F.
 Mr. Walker's ch. f. Victoire, by Whisker out of Vourneen by Sorcerer.
 Mr. J. Westgarth's br. c. Goldfinch, by Helwith out of Julietta by Walton.

MERITS OF IRISH HORSES.

SIR,
 IN a Sporting Newspaper of some repute for the 28th of November, there is, as usual, an article headed *The Turf*, which contains a succinct account of the bettings for the previous week on the great races which commonly occupy the minds of Sporting men at this season of the year. In it appears the following remarks:—

"Caleb, who had been tottering for some time, gave place on Thursday—not to Colwick, Cobweb, or Bohemian, who have all along been treading on his heels, but to the Irish horse *Bras-de-Fer*. A strong feeling in favour of him has been evinced for a considerable period, and the odds

have been taken to a good sum. We did not anticipate, however, that a horse, whose only recommendation is his having run third to Circassian at Doncaster, would so soon have the call of a hundred and five others, many of whom have so much superior pretensions. Colwick, for instance, beat him in the race alluded to. To be sure, they say he was not then in force; that he is a very promising colt; and it is reported (we know not on what authority) that he has lately been purchased by a party who has influence enough to make a favorite of anything. If the report be true, then is the change in the odds accounted for: but taking the Irish horses generally, they turn out a queer lot; nor do we see any reason to expect that

Bras-de-Fer will long continue in his present station."

Now, Mr. Editor, being an old reader of your publication, also an old Correspondent, and moreover an Irishman (last, though not least) of some small patriotic feeling, I cannot allow such a remark to pass unnoticed. I do not mean to arraign the paragraph generally, as I think its argument is well founded; nor do I purpose to question that part of it wherein the merits of Bras-de-Fer are considered, as I think that the observations are just, and that the horse must ere long go back in the betting. The remark, that "*the Irish horses generally turn out a queer lot*," is what excites my Irish bile, and is what I seek to combat. If the writer of that article merely considered probabilities, he might be justified in his idea; but he ought to have investigated facts before he committed him-

self by delivering that incautious opinion. There are, as I have before remarked, (in vol. lxviii. of your Magazine,) three or four times as many horses foaled in one county of England as are produced in the whole of Ireland. We have few sires here; and such as we have are certainly not of the most fashionable description. His assertion, therefore, may be said to have been founded on probability; but, before he advanced it, why did he not give himself the trouble of examining the performances of the Irish horses that have during the last few years appeared on the English turf? If he had done so, he would have seen that they were worthy of a much better denomination than "a queer lot!"

The Irish horses that have appeared in England since 1814, and which I propose to advert to, are as follows:

Horse.	Sire.	Dam.	Importer or Breeder.
Friday	Washington	Louisa, by Buzzard	Lord Rossmore
Bull	Gauntlet	Consolation	Lord Cremorne
Hollyhock	Master Bagot	m. by North Star	Colonel Bruen
Shamrock	Sligo Waxy	Butterfly	Lord Rossmore
St. Patrick	Sir Walter	m. by Champion	Mr. Charlton
Canteen	Sligo Waxy	Castanea	Lord Sligo
Cant	Sligo Waxy	Castanea	Lord Sligo
Starch	Sligo Waxy	Miss Steavely	Lord Sligo
Sligo	Sligo Waxy	Coma	Lord Anson
Arrogance	Master Goodall	Folly	Lord Sligo
Felican	Oiseau	Miss Aide	Lord Sligo
Skeleton	Master Robert	Sir Walter mare	Lord Sligo
Valve	Bob Booty	Wire	Lord Sligo
Vat	Langar	Wire	Lord Sligo
Felt	Langar	Steam	Lord Sligo
Bras-de-Fer	Langar	Velvet	Lord Sligo
Tib	Langar	Wifful	Major O. Gore
Cardinal	Sligo Waxy	Medora	Mr. Allen
Hercules	Whalebone	Wanderer Mare	Lord Langford.

Friday and Bull were the first Irish horses that were for some years sent over. They ran for the Leger in 1814. That

they were good horses is not known, it must be allowed, by their public running in England; but it is notorious that

they were both of them better than Petuaria, who was then very nearly first favorite for the Leger, and was purchased by the party who brought over the two Irish horses. That their merit was not fairly shewn in that race is well known; so much so, that there is a remark in the Racing Calendar printed with your Magazine. It is inserted immediately after the report of the race, and has undoubtedly reference to them, as well, perhaps, as to other horses. It is to the following effect:—*"It is supposed that more roguery was practised relative to the above race, previous to the time of running, than ever known."* That Friday's running in it was not his natural running, is proved by the race which he ran the following year, after his return to Ireland, with the celebrated Wire, for the Great Gold Cup. The race he made on that occasion, with certainly the best mare that had for years appeared on the English turf, was most respectable; more particularly so when it is known that he was at least four sweats above mark; and that it is not known whether he was quite fairly dealt with in that preparation also. Bull was so near him that I think it must be allowed that both those horses rank above the grade of "a queer lot!"

I do not remember the exact succession in which these Irish horses went over to England; but shortly after that period *Hollyhock* made his appearance there. He was then an aged horse, had travelled all over the country parts of Ireland, running there, as well as at the Curragh, for all the heavy King's Plates for which he could be entered, and besides that had been rode for a considerable time as a charger by

Sir Nicholas Loftus. He was matched against Crispin; and Colonel Bruen, being anxious to ascertain what his chance of winning that race might be, hired Rival as a trial horse. That he beat him very cleverly, giving great odds of weight, was very well known, and that he thereby proved himself to be a superior horse. His leg, however, failed before he could be brought to the post, and nothing is therefore known from his public running in England.

Shamrock was another of our exportations; and surely his performances were at all events respectable! Mr. Charlton had the same year another Irish horse, *St. Patrick*; and with these two nags, as the OLD FORESTER says (p. 166, vol. lxxviii. of your Magazine), "*he swept the country clean enough.*" These two, therefore, the trainers of the circuit that they went that year found to be "a queer lot," but not in the sense of the writer of the observations alluded to.

Canteen comes next. His performances in 1824 for the Leger, the Gascolgues, and the two races he won at Richmond that year, besides those he afterwards won while in the possession of General Sharpe, shew him to have been a horse of some merit.

Lord Sligo brought over to England at that time also a bay colt, *Arrogance*. He ran some races indifferently, from want of preparation, early in the year; but his race at Doncaster in 1824 for the King's Plate, when he beat, in a common canter, *Bordeaux*, *Barefoot*, and *Bugle*, shewed him to be a horse of superior powers, and certainly equal at heavy weights to any horse in the North. He was sent to

Russia afterwards, and sold there for a thousand Louis-d'or.

Starck is the next horse that we must advert to. He ran very little in England owing to the failure of one of his legs; but the gallant manner in which he won the Pontefract Cup, shews that, when well, he had pretty good use of them.

Pelican also appeared about the same time. His running for the Gascoignes, and other races subsequently, till his legs began to fail, and he was in consequence constantly nursed to bring him out, shewed that he was by no means a contemptible sort of horse.

Cant, the own brother to *Canteen*, was undeniably by many degrees the best of all the Irish horses that have been sent over; as was clearly demonstrated by his two heats under the guidance of Tom Nicholson at Pontefract, and the gallant manner in which he won the Champagnes, though well known to be far from well at the time. So superior did he shew himself on that day, in spite of his illness, that he became at once first favorite for Derby and Leger, and continued so till he died of inflammation. That he would have won the Derby will not now be doubted, when the very inferior character of the horses that ran first is recollected.—*Sligo* about this time cut a conspicuous figure; and though he was not the same class of horse as *Cant*, it cannot be denied but that he was a most true runner and good-hearted little horse, very far indeed from "a queer one."

Felt and *Vat* were brought over by Lord *Sligo* the same year as *Cant*. Of the latter, whatever opinion her owner may have en-

tertained of her, her public performances must class her amongst the bad ones. *Felt* was so bad when a two-year-old that he was sold by his Lordship to his trainer, Mr. Thos. Pierce, for 100gs. It may be said that such a sale would rather prove that he was good; but it must be remembered that Mr. Pierce himself, after keeping him three months, sold him to Mr. John Scott for the same sum, which proves his real opinion of him. That he was grossly mistaken in that opinion, and that the horse is a first-rate one, will not, I fancy, now be denied by any one.

We will say nothing of the *α πολλοι*, *Skeleton*, *Valve*, *Brine*, *Canker*, *Tib*, or *Hesperus*, excepting, perhaps, that the latter is a shade better than the rest.

The last that remains to be adverted to is *Sir Hercules*. Surely it will not be asserted that he is a "queer one!" His running must be much too fresh in the memories of the readers of the *Sporting Magazine* to make it necessary to offer any remarks on it. No person can deny that he is a magnificent horse; and his race for the Leger, till his leg failed him at the distance, and his race after for the Clarets, must prove him to be a good one. Shortly previous to that race his leg became suspicious, and he was in consequence put out of training immediately after it, and sent back to Ireland. He has been ever since at Summerhill, the seat of his Noble owner, Lord Langford; and it is hoped that his days of triumph on the English turf are not quite over yet. It is expected that he will come out next Spring with all his former energies renewed,

What will be the nature of the career of *Bras-de-Fer* it is impossible for us to see. He may be the best horse of "*the whole queer lot*," or he may not be worth sixpence; but having done nothing as yet to place him where he is, back he must go, and that speedily.

I trust that the enumeration I have ventured to make above will shew at least that our Irish horses deserve something of a better character than the writer

of the article in question has been pleased to give them.

I forgot to mention that though *Rowton* and *Cardinal* were both foaled in England, the sire and dam of the former, and the dam of the latter, *in foal*, were sold by Lord Sligo to Mr. Allen, of Malton, the year before those horses were born; and though we cannot call them Irish, we think that we have some slight claim for a share of their reputation.—Yours, &c. BOGTROTTER.

TRAITS OF TRAVEL—SPORTING SKETCHES IN IRELAND— THE KILKENNY HOUNDS.

SIR,

I Agree with my Lord Byron that there is nothing more difficult than a beginning; that is, if you take too long to consider before you "set-to;" but my maxim has ever been, like Shakspeare's, that

"If it were done, when 'tis done, then
'twere well
It were done quickly."

Thus then do I leap *in medias res*, even as on the 11th of December last I jumped into my travelling carriage and rolled merrily over the M'Adam to Liverpool, bound for Kilkenny: thus, with my two constant companions, biped and quadruped, my flunky and bull-terrier, I danc'd

"O'er the glad waters of the dark blue
sea;"

like Arion, ferried to the Emerald Gem by the "*Dolphin*," a very meritorious *bateau de vapeur*. I have many acknowledgments to make to Capt. Sm—tt for his polite at-

tention. In his own way he is a sportsman—this the perfect order of his vessel and her splendid machinery declare; and when people do come to hunt upon their tea-kettles, my eyes how he *will* cross a country!

It would not suit your pages to launch into a description of the Bay of Dublin. I reserve a detail of its beauties for my next paper in the *Landscape Annual*, and at once place my foot on the pier of Kingstown, quite the most magnificent artificial harbour in the world.

Five mortal miles, which I was an hour and a half in accomplishing, set me down at Morrisson's, a superior hotel, where breakfast and soda-water made me "fit to sin again!"

It was Sunday—here, as in England, *fatale Dimanche*—so again posters were ordered; and Naas fixed upon for dinner and repose. It was 4 P.M. as I quitted the Irish metropolis, with eigh-

teen miles to achieve. Bland reader! thou, who formest thy travelling analogies from Newman's yellow silk-jacketed "dilburies," who haply may have driven thee to Epsom on a Derby-day; or eke from seeing the trick done on the Birmingham "Tally-ho," seated beside my friend Flack, behind his bay team to Whetstone — courteous reader! how long deemest thou that I did "tarry by the way?" Four hours and forty minutes doing eighteen miles, so help me, shade of Harry Stevenson!

Two more desperate hours did they keep me while they cooked a live duck; while I, with an appetite digestible of a donkey stuffed with a grenadier with his bayonet fixed, wandered round my *parleur*, cheating my hunger with the penciled anathemas of other wretches, writhing perchance under parallel despair!

"I wonder any man would live at Naas, 'Tis such a stinking, dirty, nasty, place,"!! &c. &c.

At length my feathered songster waddled in, flanked by a bushel of potatoes;

And, as in Ireland you can get no beer, Port wine and whiskey finished my career.

The morning of Monday the 13th beamed cheerily through my lattice; and really for an *Irish sun* it was a most respectable glimmer.

Over the Curragh, perhaps the finest piece of turf in Europe, I bent my way. How its green elasticity did delight mine eye: it was as the desert spring to my wearied, jaded spirit!

And now let us hasten to Kilkenny, where better things await us, with but one episode by the way. We had been jogging at the rate of about three

miles an hour—a pace which no human sufferance could tamely endure—when I shouted out in my agony, "you d—d rascal, do you want to make me a *felo de se*? if you don't get on I'll cut my throat; and, by G—d, my ghost shall torment you every time you draw on your boots!" On this "dilbury" stopped altogether, and, respectfully doffing his cap, exclaimed, "Arrah, wait yer honour till I *pulle* a bit of a whin!" In a moment he returned with a furze-bush in each hand, which having properly tucked under the tails of his steeds, away they kicked, plunged, and galloped into Abbeyfeix with a poultice of gorse to their respective bums!!!

The last ten miles of road from Ballyragget — Phœbus, what a name!—into Kilkenny, gave but little promise of approach to the Mekon of Ireland. The country looked like anything but fox-hunting — swamp, bog, morass, all was redolent of snipe, widgeon, and catarrh. I turned from it with that death of hope which "maketh the heart sick," and I was grateful when I alighted at the Club-house, where a devil'd kidney and a glass or two of white brandy-punch made me in peace with myself, and in charity towards all mankind.

One of the first questions one usually asks of the waiter on arriving at an inn is, "Who have you got in the house?" I had put this interrogatory, and he had run over a list of names, when I said, "Stop; I know Mr. J—M—r; is he at home?"—"Yes, Sir."—"Say to him that Mr. — is arrived, and wishes to see him."

In a few minutes the door was

thrown open; Mr. M—r was announced; and to my surprise a Gentleman I had never seen before entered, and accosted me. "My name," said he, "is J—M—r; your friend is my relative. I have often heard him speak of you, and I am happy in this opportunity of making your acquaintance, and bidding you welcome to Ireland." This was *comme il faut*, and worthy of that sporting name which has long been in the first flight in Leicestershire, and, whether in the field or under the mahogany, in the front rank on its native soil!

After luncheon I strolled into the kennel: it was a hunting-day, and the dog-pack was out. This gave me an opportunity of quietly scraping acquaintance with the ladies, to whom I was in duty bound to make my first bow.

I requested the kennel-huntsman, an intelligent servant, to call them out singly. This was done; and as he named them I gave him my opinion as to their descent. I found the Beaufort blood very much to abound, and I was not mistaken in a single hound of this breed. There were a good many too from Sir Richard Sutton's *stud*, all quite distinct in their character; and a peculiarly handsome speckled race, which he said was the Irish stock, but which Mr. Power since informed me he had originally from the kennel of the celebrated Colonel Thornton.

When all together, these pitches, consisting of twenty-four hunting couples, might, I think, challenge competition with any pack in England. They average about

twenty-two inches; and for substance, bone, and symmetry, I do not think they could be excelled. Perhaps to an eye accustomed to the racing condition of our hounds, they might seem a little short of gloss in their coats; but, to use the words of their Master, "they were in an *unbecoming* kennel;" and, besides, the weather had been singularly trying.

Returned to the house—and, occupied in discussing a glass of brandy-toddy and a weed, I was joined by a friend, to whose quarters I adjourned at seven o'clock, where good cheer and the smiles of some of my own fair countrywomen crowned the whole. "And the morning and the evening were the first day."

I have a most happy facility of accommodating myself to localities. At eight this morning I breakfasted in my bed on roasted potatoes and butter. At eleven I rose, made my toilet, and again *dejeuné'd* upon devil'd chops and brandy: then started to see the town. Here is a goodly bridge to spit over—a billiard-table restricted to *two* balls: yet all this "*availeth nothing*"—*il dolce far niente* fails of its point. The truth of this axiom was never proved at Kilkenny. Here the Genius of *Ennui* has set up his horn—blue devils elbow you in the streets, and "push you from your stools."

I have been promised a mount for Friday, to which I look forward with bright anticipations. In the meantime my diary will run thus:—11 A.M. kyan, kidneys, and brandy:—from 1 till 7 P.M. soda and ditto: then dine at the Club-house—claret very good:

"from ten till dewy morn" a little quiet hookey and Bishop.

N.B. My Tiger gaineth great applause for achieving that condiment—a wrinkle gained when with me at Oxford,

"I read old books—he mull'd old Port—Which had the better bargain?"!!

Friday 17th, 7 A.M.—"What sort of a morning?" was my question as my curtains were thrown open—"A fine one, Sir"—soon saw me out of my nest; and, with leathers, boots, and pink mounted, I descended joyously to the breakfast-room. Here was a merry group: grub was soon discussed; and at eight exactly we ascended a break, with four posters, belonging to the Club—a most social covert-hack—and off for the place of meeting.

This was the Chapel of Erck—a rather awful distance on a bitter December morning—about eighteen Irish miles, say twenty-four English. We got there about eleven, and found the ladies awaiting the arrival of us Corinthians; when, hastily vaulting into our saddles, we dashed to the covert-side.

You will not expect the names of places from me, Mr. Editor, for this plain reason—if I knew them. I could not pronounce them; if I could pronounce them, I could not *write* them.

We drew the first blank; ditto second. We now tried a plantation on the summit of a hill; and here the scene was truly impressive. About two hundred mounted men in scarlet, and two thousand dismounted men in nothing at all, crowded its verdant side. Here, indeed,

"Hunting was a type of glorious war."

I gazed upon this "bold peasantry," each flourishing "his handsome new shillelagh." I thought upon Vinegar-hill—then upon Billesdon Coplow: slowly I turned my horse's head, and whistled Patrick's-day!

They were now rattling their fox in covert, but with small chance of getting him away. I did not think a Bengal tiger would have faced the dense, hallooing, shrieking multitude. At length Fortune smiled—a momentary opening in the human palisade offered, and through it he gallantly dashed. Tally-ho! roared a thousand voices—Tally-ho! repeated a thousand echoes. I was well in for a start, and got away with about four couple of leading hounds—but I was not alone: beside me flew a *lathy* young savage, with nothing on but his shirt, and an apology for a pair of breeches, gracefully suspended over his right shoulder by a bandeau and tassel of *straw*! Here a wall, somewhat of a teaser as I calculated, floored this disposer of superfluous finery; and as with my gallant chesnut I charged, and flew over the strong barrier, I heard him, with a halloo fit to put an Indian war-whoop to open shame, and a caper that would have astonished all Cross's menagerie, shriek out, "Arrah, by Jasus! but he's mortal supple." It was a sad place to get away from; but now I thought we were in a for a run. Many had bit the dust—all that was visible of "old Con" the huntsman, or the grey he had bestrode, was the red nose of the former just peeping above the green surface of a bog-drain, like a poppy in a corn-field. Then,

alas! it was manifest there was not one particle of scent. All that patience, perseverance, and talent could do was well done by Mr. John Power, who, in the absence of his father, was first in office. By-and-bye we had the resurrection of old Con "upon his pale horse," but in vain—they could not hunt him: so away we trotted to another covert about six miles off, and hoped for better things in the afternoon. We had now got well clear of the bipeds, which afforded an opportunity of looking about one. I have seldom seen so large a field so well appointed; it is true the general stamp of horse would not be considered among us as hunters, but I have reason to believe here they can do the trick: still there were some splendid nags. I saw two stallions, a brown and a bay, belonging to one Gentleman; they were magnificent animals—all that hunters ought to be. This Gentleman, he will pardon my naming him—Mr. William Quin—has a stud, as far as my judgment goes, perfect; and which, with him for a steersman, is not, I believe, to be beaten.

I had been riding by the side of Mr. John Power, who was politely expressing his regret that our sport had been so bad; when he added, "if I cannot ensure you a run, I will at all events shew you the most beautiful covert in the most beautiful country you will allow you have ever seen."

And here, for once, my expectation was more than realised. It was called "the Rock:" and it was, indeed,

"All that Melanctons picture when they dream:"

and for the country around it, to the eye of a sportsman the Elysian Fields would be but as the dreary swamps of Canada! But, who is me! here again disappointment awaited us—it was blank! though we had hardly left it, when a plebs discovered reynard quietly snoozing between two rocks in a mossy, sunny nook.

Another ten acres of gorse ditto: and at four o'clock such was the varmint of this gallant young fox-hunter, he cheered his hounds into a plantation, where, had we found, we must have called for candles, as it was so dark I could scarcely see my horse's ears. Luckily this was also "no go;" and "home" was the order of the evening.

The party to which I belonged had ordered a chaise, which was placed at a village as central as possible, 'yclept Freshfort. Here, as our presiding evil genius ordained, on this day a fair was held. Now these events are Saturnalia at which all good Paddies hold it a sacred duty to get "royal." Was it likely that our charioteer would prove a base exception? St. Patrick forbid! Ere we had gone a mile it was painfully evident that he was as drunk as Jacob's sow. In this situation, with his pole-pieces unbuckled, he was about to plunge manfully down a hill as smooth and as steep as the roof of the Coliseum; when, in my agony, I jumped into the road, and in my soul I believe, that had I not done so, instead of dining at eight o'clock at the Club with my two fellow-travellers, at that very hour we should have been all three supping together in Paradise! I now mounted the

box—the pole-pieces were fastened—the drunken wretch comfortably extended on a heap of broken-stones by the road-side—crack went the whip—

“And we left him alone in his glory.”

Ten miles over a hilly road to which I was an utter stranger—a pitch dark night—two gibbing devils to work after a fatiguing day, would be a teaser to one whose life was spent

Capering nimbly in a Lady's chamber :

but, thanks to a dad who brought

me up “in the way I should go,” I got safely through all ; and landed my companions at their Club, at a pace and in a way to claim their approbation, notwithstanding, as they told me, they had long patronised the establishment from which came our “yellow agony,” the landlord of which piques himself upon his *superior cattle, and sober, steady drivers!*

Yours, &c.

J. W. C.

Dec. 31, 1890.

(To be continued.)

BARTON-UPON-HUMBER COURSING MEETING.

JANUARY 4, 1891.

FOR THE CUP.

WINNERS IN EACH CLASS.

	1st Class.	2d Class.	3d Class.	Dec. Cours.
Burkill's wh. d. Cliff	Cliff	Cliff		
Burkill's wh. b. Fleur de L'as	Spot	Cliff		
West's blk. ticked b. Spot	Spot			
Nicholson's blk. b. Venus	Bras de Fer	Bras de Fer	Bras de Fer	
Graburn's spotted d. Regent	Bras de Fer	Bras de Fer	Bras de Fer	
Richardson's bl. d. Bras de Fer	Chance	Bras de Fer	Bras de Fer	
Marshall's w. and brin. b. Venus	Chance	Bras de Fer	Bras de Fer	
Everatt's blk. and wh. b. Chance	Nelson	Caroline	Caroline	Bras de Fer the winner.
E. W. Smith's blk. d. Nelson	Caroline	Caroline	Caroline	
Elmhurst's brin. and wh. b. Minna	Louisa	Wing		
Nicholson's blk. & wh. b. Maiden	Wing			
Healey's bl. b. Caroline	Lord Rivers's Regent out of Venus.			
Burkill's blk. p. b. Nymph				
Winn's blk. b. Louisa				
Richardson's red d. Roman				
Wigglesworth's brin. b. Wing				

THE SILVER GOBLET.

Everatt's red ticked b. Lady	Cadland	Easy.	
Healey's blk. and wh. d. Cadland	Easy	Easy.	
Richardson's brin. and w. d. Patch	Harlequin	Harlequin.	Easy the winner.
Healey's blk. ticked b. Easy	Squib		
Everatt's cream col. b. Slink			
Nicholson's brin. d. Harlequin			
Healey's blk. d. Squib			
Burkill's wh. b. Emma			

The APPLEBY CARR STAKES and the ANCHOLME STAKES were not run in consequence of the frost.

MATCH.

Mr. Healey's blk. d. Nelson beat Mr. Everatt's blk. and wh. b. Chance.

The hares ran stoutly, and many thanks are due to Charles Winn, Esq. of Appleby, for his kindness in preserving them. Bras de Fer shewed himself an excellent greyhound in his contest for the Cup, which, with that for the Goblet, gave great delight to all lovers of the “long-dogs.”

EAST KENT HOUNDS.

SIR,
HERE is FRANCIS VAUX again in the field—all gloomy, all cast down, and all humbled as he is, at the grand and mighty political events which have taken place since he had the pleasure of hunting with the East Kent fox-hounds in the month of March last year, at Postling Lees. But a truce to the blue devils! Let us turn to what is more cheering, more enlivening, and more delightful—an animated, picturesque and beautiful fox-chase! It is a glorious scene—aye, far more so than the three heroic days in the *grande semaine*, or the bivouacing of sixty thousand National Guards in the streets of Paris in the *petite semaine*—all are forgotten in the hunting-field.

Last Monday morning, Jan. 3, most fortunately for me, the E. K. fox-hounds met at New Inn Green, near Hythe—a capital meet—where they seldom or never draw blank! And what could I do better than mount my hunter and join them? Away I rode, and soon came to New Inn Green, where was assembled a large crowd of horsemen, and my good friend Tom Arnold, who appeared to be as good-humored and as hearty as ever.

It was a good scenting morning, and Tom soon threw the hounds, brisk and fresh, into Pedlinge Wood; and never better hounds ever gave tongue or broke covert. We had almost immediately a challenge; and in ten minutes, more or less, the fox—and a sly and cunning one he was—made towards Graddling Park, the property of Squire

Deedes. We had some fair running; and after a variety of turns, and two or three sharp, beautiful, and picturesque bursts, sometimes up and down the steep and rugged Beachborough-hills, and now towards Postling Lees, and then back again to the home-farm of Sandling Park, where reynard was killed in most glorious style in an out-house. He died game—and struggled to escape from the *ladies* to the very last. It was a delightful day's sport. The country was heavy, and there were many stiff fences for the youngsters to clear. Ever and anon we had several delicious glimpses and views of the mighty deep! There is a sentence for you and many others to curl their lips at. The field was considered as very select; and there were all the tip-top riders of the Hunt present. Among them were, Mr. Henry Oxenden, who was mounted on a very sporting-looking black horse; Sir Edward Dering; Mr. Cholmondely Dering, who had a most serious fall, but whether it was his fault or his horse's I am not prepared to say; Lord Charles Wellesley, who has the character of being a *bruiser*, but as he did not single himself out, I cannot take upon myself to judge whether the character is just or not; Mr. Tollemache, a good rider, though he seems to be a little too careful of his tops and Anderson leathers; Captain Sullivan, a better rider on the Marine Parade at Dover than in the field; Mr. Ashton Oxenden, a neat rider, and always well up to the hounds; Mr. Brydges, who was mounted on a very fine brown horse, yet I must say that he did not appear to make the most of

him; Mr. Bayley, mounted on a black rat-tail horse—it may be a very good one, though he did not display his powers. I must not fail to mention the names of Sir John Fagg, who is of the Old School, and Mr. Jesse White, whose broad-brimmed and low-crowned hat excited the mirth of the ever-amusing NIM SOUTH.

It is impossible to speak too highly of the condition, the order, the spirits, the swiftness, and the health of the hounds: they are a model of a pack, and are a living monument of Mr. O.'s knowledge, taste, and judgment in these matters.

We may truly apply to hunting what that wise and excellent man, Sir William Davenant, said of plays: "that it is the wisdom of a Government to permit plays, as it is the prudence of a carter to put bells upon his horses to make them carry their burthens cheerfully:" and so we may say that it is the wisdom and prudence of the Aristocracy and country Gentlemen to support and encourage fox-hunting and sporting of every description, that they may bear their burthens the more lightly.

I return in a few days into Leicestershire, where I hope I shall have some good sport with the Duke of Rutland's hounds: perhaps I shall trouble you with a letter containing a few brief remarks on His Grace's establishment.—Yours, &c.

FRANCIS VAUX.

Jan. 9, 1831.

THE TICKHAM HOUNDS.

SIR,

IN sitting down to give a description of a certain pack of fox-hounds in this neighbourhood,

you and your worthy readers must give all due allowance for a willing mind, but by no means a fertile imagination. I fear my remarks will savour not of Homeric fire; but a fondness for the sport, and gratitude for the supreme diversion which a certain pack 'yclept the Tickham hath, and still affords me, compelleth me to take up my pen and write.

The establishment of the Tickham fox-hounds is supported by subscription, and, although still in its infancy, promiseth mighty deeds. A great portion of the country is very good, as good at least, if not better, than that which the old-established East Kent Hunt can boast of. The hounds meet twice a week, viz. Tuesdays and Fridays; the E. K. H. on Mondays and Thursdays; so that the county of Kent is by no means destitute of sport. It is rather singular that the huntsman and whipper-in to the Tickham are known by the same name, viz. Morgan; but they are not related to each other. Mr. Giles Morgan, the huntsman, is a kind, open-hearted, enthusiastic man, and truly

"An honest man—the noblest work of God!"

a good companion, a good rider, a good huntsman!—ye Gods, how cheering is his note!

Jern Morgan, the whipper, comes out of Cambridgeshire, he having last season hunted a pack in that county. He comprises (as you read in the daily advertisements) the "civil, active, and obliging," with the bold, neat, and judicious rider. The echo of his tongue will charm away all melancholy, and big yawning fences will diminish at the sight. The Tickham hounds have this year afforded excellent sport, and have

given birth to the following production of my Muse, who will feel extremely obliged if you will condescend to notice her by inserting the following lines in your valuable work.—I remain, Mr. Editor, yours very truly,
 “STAUNCH AS OLD LIMNER.”

With the joys of the Chase no sport can compare;
 Thrice happy the man who hath money to spare :
 And then is the time, lads, when all things well suited
 At covert-side meet we, well togg'd off and booted.
 Hold hard, there, my kiddies, they soon will have found him,
 And then how the valleys will rattle around him !
 Hurrah for the Tickham, rare devils for speed !
 'Tis better to hunt, than dry volumes to read.
 Hurrah for Giles Morgan, I hear his horn blow—
 A good 'un to look at, a good 'un to go.

“Go hark to him, Tidings!”—In ecstasy Morgan
 In practice preserves his articulate organ.
 “Yoicks, that's it !” cries Jem, “forward over the hill !”
 Now press along, fast ones, and ride if you will.
 The courage of nags soon beginneth to fail,
 And nothing will wag but the end of the tail.
 Hurrah for the Tickham, &c.

Not being well versed in poetical lays,
 My Muse doubts which sportsman most highly to praise ;
 Suffice it to say, that they all well can go it :
 A Leicestershire ramming cove quickly would know it—
 His thorough-bred's bottom would surely be tried ;
 He'd find that in Kent there were those “as could ride.”
 Hurrah for the Tickham, &c.

Here's a health to all those who are fond of the sport,
 But chiefly to Giles, in a bumper of Port !
 The sound of his cheering melodious tongue
 Will make the heart glad, and the old man feel young :
 Pick through the plough'd ground, lads, fly over the hill,
 Is oft put to the test—you may ride if you will.
 Hurrah for the Tickham, &c.

I will bring this, my song, if I can, to a close,
 Lest some one should give me a twitch of the nose ;
 But those who should act so would afterwards rue it ;
 I know that friend Giles would not offer to do it.
 O long may he live to hunt hounds and drink beer,
 With rapture old Limner and Tidings to cheer !
 Hurrah for the Tickham, rare devils for speed,
 'Tis better to hunt than dry volumes to read.
 Hurrah for Giles Morgan, I hear his horn blow—
 A good 'un to look at, a good 'un to go.

Canterbury, January 12, 1831.

A BRILLIANT CHASE WITH MR. FARQUHARSON'S HOUNDS.

SIR,

ALTHOUGH destined to be almost a novice in the delightful sport of fox-hunting, yet I would even attempt to entertain the lovers of that manly exercise by the relation of a run I witnessed this season—a run not remarkable for its length, but for the circumstances attending it, and the completeness of the thing; and for that it exemplifies the correctness of the good old sportsman's maxim, "Let not wind or weather prevent you from joining the hounds, nor induce you to leave them."

Well, I was on a visit in Dorsetshire the beginning of November last, and had the gratification of several times joining in that crack and well-known cry of fox-hounds belonging to Mr. Farquharson; and most excellent sport they afforded us. You may remember that the Saturday of the sixth of that month was a very tempestuous rainy day; the hounds that morning met at Longbredy Hut, and threw off at Combe Wood, near the Great Western road, and within a few miles of Bridport. We started notwithstanding upon the chance of meeting them; and so outrageously bad was the weather, that it was with difficulty we could keep our seats, and we got as wet as drowned rats long ere reaching covert; where we found only a solitary scarlet stuck up, looking as miserable as possibly could be painted, and evidently debating whether he should return home again. Our arrival, however, somewhat rallied him, and we learnt they had unkennelled a fox, and were gone

over the hill to Askerswell; but on coming up with them, we soon found that the scent was so bad the hounds could not pick it a yard.

In spite of the inclemency of the weather, which continued unabated, and ten miles from kennel, perseverance resolved on going on to Berwick coverts (still nearer Bridport), and try for another fox; where soon the sure challenge of a well-known hound was heard, and a most gallant fellow broke covert, taking an easterly direction to Chilcomb, where he was tallied. On the horses assembling at the hollow, such an exhilarating and pleasing sight was there as perhaps I shall not see again, heightened probably in some degree by the disappointment before experienced, and by the contrast of the howling tempest around us. Every countenance was depicted with joy in the extreme, and every mouth gave utterance to the view halloo.

The hounds took upon the scent in a beautiful style, threading a little covert near Chilcomb, and presently took a northerly direction across a large open field, running him in view full half a mile, packing well together, led by a fallow-coloured hound: passed Stourtel Farm House, thence skirting the Hamilton coverts to the earths on Shipton Hill; again taking an easterly direction, and crossed the great Western road at Traveller's Rest, and took, in a zig-zag direction, that inclosed wet and difficult country near Askerswell to a covert on Egerton Farm; thence to the Bilstone earths at the foot of Egerton Hill, a very high spot of land, commanding the most extensive and finest view in Dor-

setshire, and renowned of old as a strong Roman station: with scorn reynard passed over the earths, although open, ascended the hill, and crossed the entrenchment. Here for a moment the horses all paused, at a loss how to get on, as the steep was inaccessible, in order to live with the hounds, but at one point, which was at the turn or point of the hill, narrow, steep, and rocky, and the wind blowing a hurricane, with a sudden and dangerous precipice in the direction of the wind immediately on the left. At this about fifteen of us made as desperate a sally as, we would fain think, was ever attempted by the bold and sturdy Britons of yore—although theirs the better patriotic impulse, yet ours the noblest sport. In a very short time a most curious and confused scene presented itself, horses and men sprawling, some rolling back again, others struggling, and all but being driven headlong down the precipice (and it was a miracle some of us were not). However, suffice it to say, that about six of us accomplished the pass, whilst the others were obliged to retreat and skirt round with the remaining stragglers; although our difficulties were not here at an end, as the wind was so tempestuous that two of our select party were actually blown completely off their horses on the top of the hill.

By very hard riding we could just keep the hounds in sight, going at the pace straight a-head in an easterly direction, which they continued for about four miles, when they suddenly made a turn to the left, sunk West Compton Valley, and on reaching Woolcombe five of us came up

with the principal part of the pack; and presently a glorious sight presented itself. About five hundred yards a-head two couple of the staunch-mettle hounds ran in upon our gallant but vanquished enemy in open view; the thrilling death-halloo was given; we pressed on and vied for glory; and I was fortunate enough to get in second, and secured the pad. This, indeed, was an exulting triumph for us; and to shew the goodness and merit of the run, after we had out of the brush and pads, even the ears were eagerly sought for by the second horses; and before the stragglers came up, there was not a bone of poor reynard left to tell the tale.

Thus ended the chase, which lasted one hour and fifty minutes, without scarcely a check, and the distance run was at least seventeen or eighteen miles, it being full eight miles as the crow would fly from the covert where we found to where we killed; and perhaps a more excellent and complete thing has not been seen for many a season. It was extolled as such by that staunch and well-known sportsman, Mr. Butler, who, by the bye, I should observe, came up in *good time* to see his friends mumbling and growling over the last bone.

I must add that I returned home not a little proud; and after dinner, elated with the sport, I proposed we should have a bowl of punch served up in the jolly old fashion of fox-hunters of yore, that is, with the pad floating in it, to give a *sportsman-like relish*. This was agreed to, and accordingly done, and I cannot but say I never drank better punch, nor enjoyed myself more.

And now, Mr. Editor, after

apologising for the prolixity of my letter, I take my farewell, not only wishing you many happy returns of the season, but your friends many returns of such sport as I have attempted to describe.

H. B.

December 1830.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF CRIB-BITING.

SIR,

THE reading of your December Number was particularly interesting to the lover of that noble animal, the horse. The perusal of the able article on crib-biting by Mr. Yare (where every description of that habit is detailed with minuteness) has induced me to offer to your notice, and to those of your readers, if it should be your pleasure, the account of a habit which a mare of mine has contracted—not of crib-biting properly so called, but of crib-biting in reality, to a greater and more extraordinary extent than I believe was ever heard of. She is valuable; is fifteen hands and a half high, of a rich brown colour, with jet black legs, having no white mark of any kind; is nearly thorough-bred, of considerable power, and being particularly well-formed in the loin. She was got by Filho da Puta, dam by Teaser, grandam by St. Patrick; great grandam by Blemish, out of a mare by High-flyer. She is five off, and has been in my possession since she was eight months old. I have given her pedigree, being of opinion that much, both of good qualities and bad, descends from very remote ancestors.

Whenever any person ap-

proaches her, whether it is one she is accustomed to see or not, she immediately throws back her ears, and seizes the manger or the partition-board with her teeth, and by this means has so *completely worn the edges of them away*, that I am sure she would not be able to crop short grass were she now turned out. She probably amuses herself by seizing the manger when alone, or she could not have worn her teeth in the manner she has done, I conclude, by doing it only when she is approached, and when any one passes backwards and forwards in the stable. I need scarcely state that the manger is made of iron: I have none other, being convinced that none are better for horses, for a variety of reasons, but particularly for those that are inclined to be crib-biters or wind-suckers. What I have were cast from a model of my own, with very broad *edges*, to prevent as much as possible the teeth from getting a firm hold.

But to return to the mare. It is proper to mention that she is the gentlest and best-tempered animal I ever met with; but were you to see the manner in which she bites at the manger, &c. you would suppose her to be very much the reverse. She does not retain possession with her teeth of what she takes hold of for more than a moment, but frequently *rubs her teeth laterally on the object*, before she leaves off. How she has contracted the habit I cannot imagine; never having had a wooden manger for her to practise upon, and having been always accustomed to a cast-iron manger and rack, and the partition boards being covered with sheet iron. This I had done a

few years ago to prevent a favourite horse from biting the wood, which he did to so great an extent, that he would, I am convinced, by this time (had I not adopted this plan) have been a complete crib-biter. The mare, I am glad to say, has not yet contracted a habit of wind-sucking, to which I have been much afraid the propensity I have attempted to describe would have led.

I have never seen one of "Yare's Anti-Crib-Biters," which I felt very anxious for after I had read your December Number, and to-day made inquiries if there was such a thing to be met with here. I found my saddler, who is an intelligent man, had made a *muzzle-halter*—I think I shall be understood by the term—having iron bars across the mouth, but wide enough for a horse to take his food by means of his lips. This I learnt he copied from one he had seen on a horse on travel, and which I am inclined to think must have been one of Mr. Yare's: for it appears it will answer all the purposes which are enumerated in Mr. Yare's article on "Vicious Habits in Horses." I have put this *muzzle-halter* on to-day, and if it should answer the purpose intended, and prove to be one of Mr. Yare's invention, shall gladly give him the credit of it. In placing the *muzzle-halter* (as I have named it) on the mare, I was astonished to find that the upper lip was covered with running sores, and bruised by the hasty manner in which she seizes the manger.

I am aware, Mr. Editor, that this is a dry matter-of-fact letter, and that the generality of your readers will wish me *muzzled*;

but to the lover of horses, and to those who wish to investigate the habits, whether good or bad, of the noblest of animals, I flatter myself it will not be altogether devoid of interest, from the developing a case which I hope is unique. I have been induced to write thus much, with a hope that some one of your numerous readers will favour me (through the medium of your Magazine) with some remarks as to the probable cause of the habit; whether he has ever met with a similar instance; and what are the best means of counteracting such a propensity.

Whether this is deemed worthy of a place or not in your amusing and valuable Work, I shall still be, Mr. Editor, your very humble servant,

G. R. HOLMES.

Retford, January 5, 1831.

PRESENT SYSTEM OF PRESERVATION OF GAME.—POACHERS.—BATTUES.—LORD CHANDOS'S ACT.—SALE OF GAME.

SIR,
THE public attention being so much engrossed in considering the landed interests, I have deemed the present the most fitting time to say a word or two on the preservation of game; and especially as my Lord Chandos is about, by passing an Act, intitled "An Act to consolidate and amend the Laws in England relative to Game, and to authorise the Sale of Game," to materially alter the existing law.

I am, I believe, *unus e multis* who think the present system of preservation of game carried on on a much too extensive scale,

and consider it a most unfortunate circumstance for any county, or at least that district of any county, in which any Nobleman or large landed proprietor resides, who is a preserver to the extent now practised—both from the extreme jealousy with which any accidental trespass on the part of the gentlemen in the immediate vicinity is viewed, and, what is the greater evil, the temptation held out to the loose and idly-inclined fellows of the neighbouring towns or villages (and that there are plenty of these the Special Commissions have sufficiently proved) to become poachers—a crime which generally, if not always, from its very demoralising tendency, proves the instigator to worse crimes, and in the end consigns the perpetrator either to temporary or perpetual banishment, or else brings him to an ignominious end.

I was so much struck with the late account in the COUNTY HERALD newspaper, of the affray between the gamekeepers of G. Wentworth, Esq. of Wooley Park, and a gang of poachers, that I am induced to insert it, for the inspection of those of your readers who may not have met with it. I allude to the following:—

“Early on the morning of ——— last, Francis Child and Matthew Ellis, gamekeepers to G. Wentworth, Esq. of Wooley Park, met with a party of poachers in Seckar Wood. An engagement commenced between the poachers (five in number) and the keepers. Ellis was first knocked down, and when rising he was shot at and wounded in the thigh and hand: he instantly discharged his gun, and disabled

two of the party; the others then attacked Child, and beat him severely. One of them fired at him, but he fortunately at the moment turned the muzzle of the gun, or otherwise he must have been shot dead. Child then discharged his gun, and wounded one of the poachers severely. On the approach of some others of the keepers, the two poachers who were not wounded made their escape. The two keepers and the poachers were all found lying wounded on the ground, in a helpless state, where they were obliged to remain till a cart could be obtained to convey them to the house. After their arrival at Wooley, medical assistance was immediately procured.”

The rest of the paragraph merely states “that one of the poachers had his leg amputated, and the other two, after their wounds were dressed, were sent to Wakefield. Child is much wounded, and it is feared his skull is fractured. Appleyard, one of the poachers, is since dead.”

I am not acquainted with Mr. Wentworth, nor any Gentleman in his neighbourhood, and therefore have no means of knowing to what extent he preserves: but sure I am, that, when he beholds his table covered with game, he will reflect with sorrow on the loss of life, probably lives, and the serious wounds and injuries which have been occasioned in procuring and defending it.

And now for the great desideratum of all this expense—viz. a “Battue.” There is, after all, very little amusement in standing outside a covert for two or three continuous hours, while men and dogs are collecting and driving the pheasants up into a corner of

the said covert, whence they are at length put up by the hundreds, with a man behind you, who, the instant you have fired your double-barrel, snatches it out of your hands, and substitutes a loaded one for it; and so you continue hitting your pheasant—not unfrequently your friend—till the wood is cleared, when dogs and men meet together on the outside, the game is collected and counted, and finally sent home in a game van.

This is not exercise in the which, next to seeing your dogs behave well, the pleasure of shooting consists. But "*ohe jam satis est!*"—*Anglice*, "Hold hard!"—I fancy I hear a reader exclaim.

That the Game Laws of our country have required great alteration, nobody has ever yet, I believe, doubted; in fact, it has been the cry of every man, from Dan to Beersheba. Lord Chandos has attempted this Lernean task, and has, I think, suggested a most important improvement, by proposing to legalise the sale of game.

This, I think, is the only effectual mode which presents itself, in order to lessen (if not totally prevent) poaching. As the price of game will of course decrease with the facility of procuring it, the market, not the keeper, will be the competitor of the poacher, who, when the reward for the gamethus purloined becomes less, will naturally think more of the risk, and will, I hope, betake himself to some more creditable profession—for such it now is.

With success and long life to the *Sporting Magazine*, allow me to subscribe myself

MEDIATOR.

London, January 16, 1831.

P. S. *Quere*, Will the assignees of a bankrupt landed proprietor be allowed to sell the game on his estate for the benefit of his creditors? I think there should be a clause to this effect in the Bill.

EFFECTS OF SOIL ON HORSES' FEET.

SIR,

THE memoranda from which I intended to send you some extracts on breeding I find have got mislaid. I shall therefore make some observations on the effects which different soils, &c. have upon the horse; but as they will be from memory I am afraid will be less perfect than if I had my notes by me to refer to. The feet of horses being one of the most important parts of that valuable animal, and one on which their value mainly depends, the effect which soil has upon them must be interesting not only to the breeder but the sportsman, as this knowledge will enable us not only to produce hoofs of the most lasting texture, but enable us to treat each kind of hoof in the way best calculated to keep it in the most perfect state. Every person purchasing a horse, being aware of the foot's importance, lifts it up to examine, or rather with too many I should say to look at it, as they are not aware whether the foot is good, bad, or indifferent, sound or diseased, unless we except a thrush, and for this trifle often reject a good horse and take a worse with very faulty feet, and in a greater state of disease. But any person who has paid great attention to breeding, on looking at a horse, or even the hoof, which is only a small portion of that animal, will

at once tell the country, or at any rate the soil he was bred or reared on; while it will require nearly the whole of the other parts of the horse to ascertain the same thing.

But before I proceed farther, (as for the breeder this paper is more immediately intended,) I should observe there are two sorts of feet which are faulty. The one is too hard, and subject to contraction; the other is too soft, and of course liable to a very opposite disease, expansion, and letting the sole of the foot on the ground: this is the worst disease of the two. The horse generally possessing the first sort of foot is light about the head and neck, with high thin withers, the shoulders slanting well backwards from the neck towards the back, or obliquely, and goes near the ground. The horse with the other foot is of an opposite make, having heavy fore quarters, upright shoulders, and high action. The first are bred on high, dry, and hilly soils; and the horses of part of Germany, Poland, Persia, Turkey, and all hot countries, where the soil is dry, possess these hard hoofs. In Persia and Poland some of the horses are never shod. I had a nutmeg-grey Polish mare (a very good hackney), fourteen hands three inches high: she was five years old when I first had her brought to this country, and had never been shod, though she had at all events been rode sufficiently to make her exceedingly handy; and I have frequently rode her about London and its neighbourhood for ten days or a fortnight without shoes (between the times of her being shod), before she has shewn any signs of feeling (or going differently from when her shoes were on): and I have no

doubt from the strength of her hoofs, unless this had been done, her feet would have become very contracted.

The soft hoofs are the produce of low wet soils, as Flanders, part of Germany, &c.; or, to come nearer home, upon seeing the horse first described, we should say he was Yorkshire; or, as he differed, belonging to some other county or soil; the other, Lincolnshire or Leicestershire, or according to the difference as in the first case. Why the horses of high dry countries should possess strong hoofs is evident, as the soft hoofs could not stand the wear and tear of the hard dry soil they inhabit, with the distance it is necessary for them to travel for food, as these soils are naturally most barren and the produce less succulent—here we have nothing to do with what man has effected in making these lands fertile. Besides being in high situations, which are naturally colder, they require more exercise (or play) to keep themselves warm and in health, and the ascending and descending heights lays back the shoulder blades; consequently the withers are thinner from being raised higher above them; and they go near the ground, having no impediments to low progression, and from the great wear which they would receive from concussion were they to lift their legs unnecessarily high.

Those on low marshy grounds, on the contrary, are generally more sheltered, and, from the richness of the soil and more succulent food, have not so far to travel nor the same urgent necessity for exercise. They therefore generally grow to a greater size upon the soil only (*i.e.* without artificial means), from the

same cause (the easiness with which they get their food) stand feeding with their legs under them, scarcely taking necessary exercise, but eating, like the sloth, as far round them as it is possible to reach by leaning before their legs before they move. These are the causes of their upright shoulders; and from the miry state of the ground they are obliged to lift their legs high

to clear them over the mud. This is the cause of their high action. The wet accounts for their hoofs being soft, and their high action for their flatness. I need not observe more on either hoof to excess being bad—as there is no doubt but you will be occasionally troubled with observations on breeding from, Sir, your obedient servant,
P. H.

Worthing, November 30, 1830.

A DAY WITH THE WEST LOTHIANS.

SIR,

THE inclosed account of a day with the West Lothian fox-hounds has been sent to me anonymously; and also the little pathetic Song, which is the first of a series of *original* Ballads, of very great antiquity, extracted from a Manuscript, intituled *Ye Songs of ye Affections*, by FELIX HUM'MAN; and from which little Tommy Moore has evidently parodied the words of his *Irish Melodies*.

I am, Sir, &c.

SCREWDRIVER.

Scarce had morning the folds of its grey mist withdrawn,
And the shrill voice of Chanticleer welcomed the dawn,
Ere our hackneys we mounted and lighted our weeds,
And to Craigie Hill covert hied on for our steeds:
Where a field of at least fifty sportsmen were met,
Tho' on all kinds of cattle, yet each on his pet—
From the short-legg'd well-bred 'un the country that suits,
To the veriest garran "vot 'obbles in boots."
Having trush'd round this wilderness half of the day,
To Winchborough's green gorse the hounds trotted away,
Of a rattling good fox the most certain resort—
Thanks to old Mrs. Brown who looks to our sport.
Davy's poultry-yard suffers, 'tis most true, but then
He's the last man to grudge a good fox a fat hen;
For in truth he's the "varmintest sportsman as is,"
"Von on 'em"—Heaven prosper his jolly old phiz!
In fine form the hounds, WILLIAM HAY's choicest lot,
Had scarce been thrown in by old CHRISTOPHER SCOTT,
Ere a good fox is view'd breaking gallantly forth
To the wood of Duntarvie, which lies to the North:
Headed back from his point, hark how lengthen'd and loud
Are the curses bestow'd on the meddling crowd!
Till the "view," given by TOM from the top of a ridge,
Shews that reynard has cross'd the canal by the bridge.
And now he must face our best country, nor lag,
If his bacon he'd save, till he reach Binnie Crag.
See how eagerly burst forth the whole of the pack,
With a fair start for each scarlet coat at their back;
While Echo replies with wild chorus of sounds
To the melody burst from the throats of the hounds.
"To their game how they settle!" old CHRISTOPHER cries;
Only give the hounds time, and in vain the fox flies.

" Pray, Gentlemen, hold hard—Yoicks! Merlin is right!
 Forward! ' now catch them who can in their flight.
 Bold NORMAN SHAIRP eager to shine in the lead,
 His loose rein and merry heel rousing his steed,
 With the nerve of an artist a rasper o'ertops,
 And a *splash* in the eyes of the cocktail who stops.
 On bay mare, whose fencing can ne'er be outdone,
 See young RAMSAY approve himself BARNTON's own son,
 And, as Master of Hounds, shew most nobly maintain'd
 The bright name which his sire as a sportsman has gain'd.
 Putting Hartlepool well at his fences observe
 In FRANK GRANT's straight line, eye to hounds, and best nerve;
 While the WILKIES on cattle " vot can go the pace,"
 Despite of their weight, in the first flight keep place:
 And on bareboned old Miracle GRIEVES making play,
 O'er an " upstanding twod" of a wall shews the way.
 See FORBES, planted fast in a bullfinching hedge,
 Act unwilling the part of a well-driven wedge;
 While STRAIN on clipped screw, head and tail up, away,
 The role of sledge-hammer is destined to play,
 Holding hard vainly tries to avoid the stopgap,
 And involves both the riders in dismal mishap.
 Next in buckskins comes BINNING, who always pretends
 To see farther through millstones than most of his friends;
 And to prove it, he seldom endangers his neck,
 But trusts to M'Adam, and the chance of a check.
 Now the depth and the pace have exhausted the pith
 Of those modern Athenians, SPROTT, KENNY, and SMITH,
 Of MELVILL and MAXWELL, CRAIG, THOMSON, and HAY,
 Nor will " Richard's himself" be again for the day:
 And Wood's bay, to moisten his *whistle*, I think
 Of the water of *Lethe** would fain have a drink.
 Still fresh, harking forward, we view the *elite*,
 The middling nags sobbing, the bad ones dead beat;
 And of those who have long since been brought to an end,
 Some blame the lost shoe, some shew " bellows to mend."
 Now the hounds run more mute, and more eagerly press
 Poor reynard, who, doubling, shews signs of distress,
 Run in to, in open, the varmint at last
 Yields his brush. Hark, woo-whoop! the struggle is past!

Oft in the silly fight,
 Ere watch-house chain has bound me,
 A broken lamp has brought the lights
 Of sleepy Charleys round me.
 I've smiled to hear the boys who jeer
 At words in anger spoken,
 'Bout lamps that shone, now dimmed and gone,
 And tender heads now broken.
 When I remember aught
 Of friends, in muddy pickle,
 I've seen around me caught
 Like bees in pots of treacle,
 I've felt like one who trode alone
 Some beat by watch deserted,
 Whose mates are led to station bed,
 And he for bail departed.

* *Quere*—*Leth*!

A DORSETIAN SKETCH,

No. IV.*

“There was a little woman, as I’ve heard tell.”—*Old Song.*

SIR,

I KNOW not if such an unsophisticated emblem of modern divinity as a Flannel (ay! reader, even nothing more or less than a *Flannel*) Petticoat! may be deemed a subject sufficiently sportsmanlike in its form and fashion for your pages: but this I know, that had you, Sir, derived as much real benefit therefrom as many (my horse included) have done, you would regard with feelings very different from the generality of mankind this very useful (I cannot in my conscience say ornamental, nor will I add sentimental, for that might be carrying sentiment a step *too far*!) article of female clothing. Although arrived at a certain period of life (*id est*, having gained an unattached “majority” not many years since), it was only a short time ago that I discovered, quite accidentally believe me, that ladies, *bona fide* ladies, were in the habit of adopting what till then I considered the *purely plebeian*, conceiving that patrician petticoats never extended in substance beyond dimity! and even now, though the others may occasionally be worn in the country by way of novelty, or as a preservation against cold, I cannot yet bring myself to believe that such things are actually sported in May Fair! and (tell it not in Gath, nor in thy *beau* window, Boodles) at Almack’s! Did ever anybody HEAR of “The Countess Exclu-

sive!” in a Flannel Petticoat! Hymen defend her! but the very idea is pregnant with absurdity! perfectly preposterous!! a libel on the liberty of the subject!!! and would you a witness, Sir, call her Ladyship’s own milliner, “*Bussell, late Heavybody,*” to prove the fact. To decide which important point a special commission shall, moreover, “next season” be opened, and in the meantime I will let you in for a little bit of a secret, on your promising not to divulge it to any save your readers!

Returning once upon a time, no matter when or where, very late on a cold, dark, drizzling evening in December from hunting; and having yet some ten or twelve weary miles to make ere I reached home; my horse too beginning to feel the effects of two brilliant runs we had that day had; I resolved to pull up at the first house, be its size what it might, that I came to in the unfrequented part of the county, where human abodes, like Angel visits, were “few and far between,” in order to treat the Old Boy to “summut hot,” as we sometimes say here. After jogging on about a mile and a half farther, I arrived at a poor though neat-looking cottage by the road side; and, knowing that a handful of meal and a kettle of warm water constitute at all times the “widow’s cruise” in every poor man’s domicile, I stopped at the little wicket leading thereto; and calling out, the door was presently opened by a fine curly-headed boy about five years old, who, the moment he discovered I was on horseback, ran screaming back,

* No. V.—First Love-scene in Bere Wood, in our next. “The Boa” is also in preparation, and will appear with the “Spring Fashions.”

"Oh, mother! mother! if here be'n't a great gentleman stopped!" A matronly-looking female with an infant in her arms, and followed by five or six more children of different grades and dimensions, (bless the woman! and "happy the man who hath his quiver full of them;" and I am sure their bliss, numerically speaking, must have been perfect!) now came out, and hearing what I stood in need of, the former begged I would *unlight*, at the same time bidding her eldest boy fetch a candle, and shew the gentleman's horse the way to the shed. "'Tis but a poor place, Sir (she continued), but it's the best we have to offer, and you are more than welcome to that." Well, thought I to myself, it has at least sincerity to recommend it. Many a *better* would not have offered its *best*; and, accordingly, tied my horse up to a rude kind of manger, where, I'll answer for it, Mr. Editor, the dog was never found. The next point was to get something to throw over him; but this, however, proved a case of greater difficulty, there being nothing in the shape of a cloth of sufficient warmth, saving and except the good lady's new red cloak, which she could not find in her heart to let me have, fearful of its getting stained with the mud and dirt; and will you believe it, Sir?—I blush even while I write it—I am afraid I spoke somewhat harshly at the seeming delay the poor creature evinced in searching for something else. I shall never forget her answer, stamped, I really believe, in indelible cha-

acters on my memory, as if in judgment against me: "Well, there, don't ee be impatient now, and I'll find something present; for I should be mortal sorry for the poor beast to meet wi' harm here." And so saying, and giving the infant to one of the girls, she opened a little narrow door at the end of the room, and went up stairs. I heard her open a drawer above, and the next minute she returned holding in her hand a huge "*flannel petticoat**!!" more than a fit by a good deal for the sylph-like form of the "Great Welch Giantess" I once was Tom Fool enough to pay a shilling to look at, at Shroton fair—she being, I am sure, anything but fair either in face or figure. I am not in the habit, Mr. Editor, of bending the *knee* to woman, however often the *heart* may bow in adoration to her charms: but, I candidly confess, I never felt greater inclination to fall down and do homage than at this moment to the kind-hearted being (I don't mean the Welsh giantess) who stood before me. Truly was it in every sense a Flannel Petticoat! and belonged, she told me, formerly to "*The Lady*! up at the Great House yonder," who gave it to her Abigail†, of whom she purchased it for, I think she said, half-a-crown, or thereabouts: "and there, Sir," she added, "my Lady had it made big for travelling occasions, as she likes at all times to be warm and comfortable:"—the first time I ever heard of ladies wearing such things even on such occasions!!!

Dear old "Black Bob!" I wish

* I wonder, Sir, if Howell and James, who undertake to furnish everything, from a white elephant to a field mouse, sell flannel petticoats! I don't recollect ever having seen one there.

† Whence and *wherefore* this term is applied to that very useful class of beings once denominated Ladies Maids!

you, Sir, had been there to have seen his look of astonishment, poor fellow! as I threw the "garment of mystical sublimity," as Lord Byron (who actually did go out fox-hunting once in his life, asking next day, "If men ere hunted twice?") calls it, over him. There was even in his (Black Bob's) nature an innate shrinking at the very idea of being under petticoat government (he never could be brought to carry a lady), derived perhaps from his master, who has, and ever had, boy and man, an invincible dislike to be ruled by a rod of any kind, however fair might be the hand to apply it! But then, plague take them! women have such a way, such a magical wand, of working on the feelings, that there is no resisting them any how! No wonder that petticoat influence then should be the all-prevailing policy of the day!—and night too, when Parliament is sitting; but I shall be "called to order" for not having an eye to the main point, the petticoat! While Black Bob was digesting his half-pail of gruel, and a handful or two of oats I found in a box for the use of a game hen sitting on thirteen of *bona fide* her own eggs in the corner, I returned to the cottage, mine hostess, whom I shall always love, with one exception†, better than any woman in the whole world, having in the mean time thrown a coarse yet clean cloth over the deal table, on which was placed some bread, cheese, and butter, she herself being engaged at the fire mulling some finely-flavored elder wine—the *fare*, with the

feeling which prompted it, being both I trust duly appreciated on my part. I shortly after took my leave, not without leaving, you may be sure, Sir, my mite with the good woman, to whom I afterwards forwarded a piece of flannel of sufficient dimensions to make petticoats for herself and progeny for the next five years to come. On remounting Black Bob I found him as fresh as a four-year-old, and he trotted home with me as if nothing had happened.

There is nothing so good for a horse, on his road home, after a hard day as half a pail of warm water with two or three handfuls of meal thrown into it: though I have found great benefit also from giving about a couple of quarts of warm beer and water, far better than oats, or anything you can offer in the eating way.

The following anecdotes (though not occurring in this county) I believe, Sir, have never yet appeared in print. A gallant Son of Mars, a Captain in the — Regiment of Foot, ordered his servant (a young raw Irish recruit) one morning to take his horse to a certain covert, and wait there his coming. On arriving himself shortly after, to his utter dismay and disappointment he found his horse without a saddle; and on asking the cause thereof, the reply was — "Sure your Honor tould me to bring the baast, but the morsel a word, by St. Patrick, did your Honor spaak about the saddle!" Luckily, however, for the gallant Officer—than whom a bolder rider is seldom seen—the saddle on which he came to covert

* I dare say, Sir, if the truth was known, you would like of all things to hear the name of this one exception to her sex. It is—it is—it is too sacred for lip to utter, or for pen to write!! He lies (under a mistake) who says "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

See yon Cornish lad, by Jove, he's a clipper ;
 I never did see such a desperate leaper ;
 Over hedge, gate, or rasper, 'tis all one to he,
 He springs like a tiger—to be sure he can't see.
 How capital is bowling along,
 At a long striding rate, and singing a song ;
 Takes a seven-foot fence, and sings out " Oh, zounds !
 What a tremendous jump. Pray where are the hounds ?"
 And yonder in the long run or burst
 Rides steady, and sure the first mongst the first.
 . . . goes like the devil—that's devilish straight—
 He's a man of big heart, though not of big weight :
 He rides past ould and says with a sneer,
 " Ah, there you are, old one, I leave you in the rear."
 There's a Gent on a black nag who's doing the trick,
 He gangs thundering on, like the fine of Old Nick.
 I tried much to pass him a gallop up hill ;
 But he laugh'd, and he left me at a stand still.
 Though with whip and with spur I tries all to pass,
 Yet 'tis vexatious, I always am last.
 When the flyers are past, we, who travels behind,
 Asks questions 'bout hounds, as if we were blind.
 At fences we boggles, our cattle refuses ;
 'Tis funny to hear our humbug excuses.
 Aha, we are lucky, the hounds are at check,
 I've been rode over once, and ha'nt broke my neck.
 I hopes they won't hit it again : no, 'tis over.
 The Squire cries hark back ! the fox is in clover.
 For innocent sheep, which has no discerning,
 Runs over the scent, and saves the red vermin.
 Then homewards we goes, and boasts of much fun ;
 Though the devil a bit have we seen of the run.
 My faith ! 'mongst the flyers there's one I forgot,
 And he the most useful and best of the lot :
 Though he rides like a madman—his name is
 So here I conclude, my dear ANDREW FERRIS :
 And I hope from these sportsmen I never shall part ;
 For I loves 'em all truly—I does from my heart.

NOTE BY WESTERN ALOPEX TO TIM JOULTER.

You ask my opinion, friend TIM, on thy letter ;
 I think 'pon my word you could write a better ;
 And had you been there when those artists drew Grange,
 I think in thy Joulter-head there'd been a change.
 For you never heard, TIM, and you never saw
 Such a musical find, such a beautiful draw :
 They wanted no yoicksing, they needed no lash ;
 They jump'd in, and found him—ye Gods ! what a crash !
 Poetical TIM, you should not miss a find,
 When they go you can't hear them—you ride too far behind.
 Plymouth, Jan. 9, 1831.

**MORE SPORT WITH THE NORTH SOMERSET FOX-HOUNDS
—THE PERFORMERS—THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT IN
GLOUCESTERSHIRE—MR. HORLOCK.**

SIR,

I Have to inform you of some excellent sport we have had with these hounds since my last. Indeed, taking the season through, the aggregate has been very good; and on three or four occasions sufficiently so to gratify the most keen or most fastidious admirer of fox-hunting.

Tuesday, the 22d of December, met at the New Inn, Broadfield-down, a large and dashing field, among which were several of the 9th Lancers quartered at Bristol. The morning was anything but promising for sport, it having been a sharp frost, which hardly dissipated itself before one o'clock. From the New Inn we trotted away to Kingswood, a covert about three miles distant, and of great extent. We tried nearly the whole of this without hearing a hound. At length, in one extreme corner, a challenge from Graceful; and so near was she to his kennel, and so quick did he fly, that the bitch and pug had gone three miles (to Buckwell Coombe) before we could reach them with the main body of the pack. Buckwell Coombe is a deep glen composed of fir plantations. Here he ran short once or twice, and then breaking, flew away across Broadfield-down for Ashwick, passing Nimlets to Fir Stoke, where a wide and difficult brook stopped all except five; on to Hurptree, Sutton, and Shoole, where he lay fast in an orchard. At length jumping up in the midst of the pack, he soon broke view, and thence over Camely to Clutton,

and away for Houndstreet coverts: here we were close to our fox; but the evening, which suddenly set in pitch dark, obliged us reluctantly to whip off, and prevented us giving that account of this gallant fox, which a few minutes light would, I am convinced, have enabled us to do. —Distance from point to point seventeen miles.

In the beginning of the thing I must allow there were a great many more than half the field got a bad start; and, from the pace being good, saw nothing of the sport: at the same time, there were at least twenty well placed. Out of this field they gradually declined to four—Messrs. Bisday and Dunger, the huntsman, and, I am fortunate enough to say, your humble servant, being the only persons up when we whiped off at Houndstreet. In fact, with the exception of Mr. Emery, the sporting landlord of the York Hotel, Clifton, the rest had disappeared at the Fir Stoke Brook; and I have since heard that three or four were in at the same time; and, owing to the hollowness of the bank on either side, had much difficulty in extricating themselves from it. Mr. Bisday, on his little grey mare, went admirably throughout the day, as did Mr. Dunger, the manager of the hounds, on his old horse Boxer; and I need hardly add I had every reason to be satisfied with Little Killarney, the horse I rode.

The frost now set in; and al-

though I understand they were out two or three times, when the weather at all admitted, and had some business-like things, I did not join them till Friday, the 14th of this month, at Cheddler Wood. Here we immediately found, and, without a moment's covert-running, away we went for Shipham; skirted off through Rosewood, Kingswood, to Winscombe, on to Loxton, where we came to a fault, but by judiciously lifting the hounds forward for Hutton Wood, we again got on our fox. Now he took us along a ridge of the Mendip Hills, by Bleaddon and Locking, down into Uphill, and away through the moors for Weston Super Mare. For the last three or four fields we had him in view, and run beautifully up to him in the open at Weston aforesaid. — Distance from point to point twelve miles.

Perhaps I should here make some mention of the performers with these hounds. First and foremost, beyond a doubt, must rank Mr. John Townsend, who, with neatness of execution, possesses pluck and judgment to ensure him a first-rate place in any country and with any hounds; and, mounted on his horse Bob in a cramp fencing country, is quite a treat to look upon, for those who can see him, which I can assure you are but few. Mr. Furdell is a regular bruiser, and will not be denied. This, I understand, is only his second season; but it must indeed be a good one, with a start, to keep a place with him. Mr. Brown, jun. goes neatly and well; as do also Messrs. Bevan and Cullies. Of course there must be many others who get

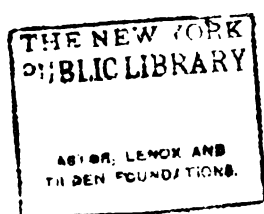
along: I have only enumerated those to whom my attention has been most particularly directed.

I was in hopes to have given you some information relative to the Duke of Beaufort's hunt in Gloucestershire, which has been this last week; but has been of such a description, owing to the foggy weather, together with a great paucity of hounds, that I have seen nothing worth writing with this special reference to hounds and altogether to the establishment. If, however, your readers, I shall give you an account of what may see with the Duke of Horlock; and in the meantime remain, yours, &c.

P. S. I understand that Horlock has had two or three things in his Christmas Country. I have seen one of him myself this week in his home country, and that was satisfactory, indeed, and void of sport. However, I hope for other things when I go the field with him to Corsham-Wells, when I may glean something for my next epistle.

NOSEGAY.

THE engraving of this favorite brood-bitch, the property of the Earl of Kintore, is by Scott, from a Portrait by BARENGER of Tattersall's. The execution of the plate needs no comment from us.



THE GRAND FIGHT BETWEEN YOUNG DUTCH SAM AND NED NEAL.

THE long-anticipated battle between these men has at length been gallantly fought, and nobly won; and the *Young Phenomenon* has not only justified the opinion of his backers, and wiped away all doubts of his *quality*, but has proved himself entitled to the distinguished appellation awarded to him on his first defeat of his gallant antagonist. Newmarket was fixed on as the "head-quarters," and Burrough-green the arena, where at an early hour on Tuesday the 18th of January, as Deaf Burke chants,

"A ring was form'd by Oliver
And frosty-visag'd Fogo,
When, lo! a *Beak* display'd his mug,
And himed it was no go!"

In other words, one of the Quorum insisted that no fight should take place in his bailiwick, which included the counties of Suffolk and Cambridgeshire. Of course it was deemed needless to contend against the Powers that be; and a move towards Essex being resolved on, a simultaneous advance of horse and foot commenced amid a general feeling of mortification—many of the *bipeds* being unable to *toddle* farther, and some of the *quadrupeds* being quite knocked off from the distance they had travelled. At three o'clock the cavalcade arrived at Bumstead, and a fresh ring was formed in a field, kindly proffered by a farmer for the accommodation of the belligerents. At half-past, everything being in readiness, the men approached, and were received by their partisans with tremendous cheers. Sam first threw his castor into the ring, instantly followed by Ned; and, when stripped, both shewed the finest condition. Ned had the pull in weight, being 12st. 4lb., whilst Sam only turned 11st. 2lb.; but in height and length of arm he had an evident advantage. The *Pet of the Fancy* and Harry Holt officiated for the Jew, and the two Toms (Spring and Oliver) for

Neal—betting rather in favour of the former at guineas to pounds. At exactly 32 minutes past three, the men shook hands, and put themselves in attitude, each appearing confident, whilst the utmost anxiety prevailed round the ring.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. The position of each was defensive, and both seemed desirous of his antagonist commencing, and a long pause followed. Sam at length hit slightly at Neal's body, and Ned sprang back. Sam tried his left short, but Neal again threw up his right, and was well on his guard. At last Sam let fly his left, catching Neal slightly on the nob. Neal countered with his right, and this brought them to a rally, in which facers were exchanged right and left; Neal bored in; Sam retreated fighting to the ropes, against which he was forced; Neal then closed, and a struggle took place for the fall, which Neal obtained, falling heavily on Sam in a cross-buttock. Neal's friends were loud in their cheers; but, on rising, the marks of Sam's right on Neal's left eye were obvious from a slight swelling, while Sam shewed a blushing tinge also on each cheek. In the hitting Sam had the best, and while in fibbed prettily.

2. Both men again assumed the defensive, Ned waiting for Sam, and Sam trying to get an opening, but for some time in vain. At last Sam let fly with his left, and Neal countered, but not effectually. A smart rally followed, in which Neal was hit heavily right and left; good fighting on both sides; Sam fought to the ropes, but got well out, and again went to the attack with quickness and precision. Ned hit with him, but not so much at points; all head work; at last Sam planted his left well on Neal's *mug* as he was on the move, and dropped him prettily on his nether end, amidst loud shouts of applause—thus winning the first knock-down. Neal, on coming up, shewed a flushed *phiz*, and Sam exhibited trifling marks of additional hitting on the face.

3. Again both cautious; Neal stopped Sam's left with neatness, but had it in a second effort; he returned with his right. Neal popped in his left cleverly on Sam's mouth; good counter-hitting followed, left and right; Sam had it on the left ear, and Neal on the left eye, which increased in swelling. A spirited and determined rally, in which Sam swung round on his leg, and then renewed the attack; Neal rushed to the close; Sam endeavored to get from his grasp, and fibbed at his nob; Neal, however, seized him round the waist, lifted him from the ground, and threw him heavily. The exertion on both

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sides was great; Neal, though most punished, was loudly cheered by his friends, and was now the favorite from his superior strength. He, however, showed first blood, giving Sam the second point.

4. Sam, on coming up, began to blow a little, and was clearly on "the pipe" from the exertion in the last round. He was steady, however, and both kept on the defensive. Neal tried his left, but was short, catching Sam under the right eye. Sam, ready, returned with his left, but Neal jumped away. Each tried to plant his left, but without success; the stopping was excellent; long sparring; Sam popped in his left, and Neal countered; a rally, in which Sam shook the *peppercor* in good style; both were rather wild, and in the end fell from their own exertions on their hands and knees. Ned, in this round, tried his right-handed chopper, but, hitting round, it went over Sam's shoulder.

5. Sam having caught it on the nose in the last round, came up with his eyes blinking. Neal tried to pop in his right, but was beautifully stopped. Ned put in a left-handed nobber, but had it in return on the neck. Ned stopped the left of Sam with the effect of a brick wall, and caught him on the shoulder with his left. Both awake, and the slaps and returns excellent; a pause; Sam put in his left on Ned's body, and made him curtsy; the blow was rather short. Ned stopped right and left, and made a chopping return with his right, which caught Sam on the right side of his mouth; had he been an inch nearer, the effect would have been severe, and as it was it made Sam look serious. Both again on their guard, and each waiting for the attack. Ned again stopped the left, and tried his return, but his blow shot over Sam's shoulder, and his arm caught him on the neck. Sam put in his right, and a spirited rally followed; Neal bored him to the ropes, but Sam hit as he retreated, and broke away; Neal after him, closed, and tried for the fall; he could not succeed in getting the lock; Sam kept his pins *à la distance*, and each grasped the other's neck; Holt cried to Sam to go down, and Sam at last fell on his knees, Neal falling over him.

6. Neal, again on the waiting system, stopped Sam's left-handed lunge with great precision; Ned hit out with his left, and in a rally heavy blows were exchanged; Neal again missed his right-handed lugger, which went over Sam's shoulder; he then rushed to the close, but Sam began to fib; Neal pinioned his arms, and at last, finding he was wasting his strength, went down himself, Sam upon him. On getting up, Neal exclaimed, "You may punch me as much as you

like, but don't put your finger in my eye," alluding to Sam's touching his eye when on the ground.

7. Neal again kept his hands well up, and waited for the attack. He stopped a slashing hit from Sam's left; Sam tried his left again, but did not get home. Neal dashed in right and left, and a terrific rally followed; severe counter-hitting took place, Sam catching it on the nose and the side of the head and neck, and Neal on the nose, mouth, and both eyes; Sam retreated to the ropes, but still hit with vigour, and ultimately shifted his ground, and got away; Neal rushed after him, and the flush hitting was repeated; both men strained every nerve; at last Neal jumped in to catch Sam for the fall; Sam received him in his arms, and fibbed; Neal pinioned his arms, and, finding he could not gain the throw, fell. On getting up, both shewed additional marks of punishment, as well as distress. The fighting had been extremely fast, and the wind of both was touched. Sam especially pined, but was still steady and collected. Neal's left eye was nearly closed, a slight glimmer only being open.

8. Ned pursued his system of waiting, and again stopped Sam's left-handed lunge beautifully, and almost immediately caught Sam a left-handed chop on the mouth, which he repeated. Sam looked serious, but shortly after put in his left on Ned's body. A severe rally followed; the hitting on both sides was quick and effective; Sam caught a desperate hit on the neck from Ned's arm, which almost put it awry; nevertheless, he fought fearlessly, gave Neal a smasher on the mouth, and closed. After a struggle both went down, and Sam, being raised on his second's knee, was faint and sick; his colour changed, and he was clearly in a ticklish state. Ned's friends called out he was "going," and urged Ned in the next round to go in and finish. Ned was himself, however, piping and distressed from punishment.

9. On being brought to the scratch, Sam was weak and groggy on his legs. "Go in," cried Ned's friends; but he did not obey the call: he was himself in such a state as to be incapable of making this effort with safety. At last Ned rushed in, hitting with his right, which went over Sam's shoulder, and caught him on the back of the head; Sam retreated to the ropes, Ned after him; but here Sam shewed his quickness even in distress; he hit away with precision right and left, catching Ned flush in the *mug*; at last both got from the ropes, and after a sharp rally and close, Neal went down.

10. Ned made himself up for mischief, and, after stopping Sam's left, got into a desperate rally; the hitting was severe

on both sides, but Sam's mazzlers told most; the men got on the ropes, where a hard struggle took place, Ned leaning heavily on Sam, and Sam hitting away, while Neal was not idle; at last both went down, Ned uppermost. Sam was now more distressed than ever, and all hands were busy in fanning him with their hats.

11. Sam came up evidently weak. Ned pushed in, and hit left and right. Sam was bored to the ropes, and Ned kept hitting away, but wild. Sam, though distressed, jobbed with vigour left and right. Ned got away, and Sam was after him. A spirited rally—and both fought boldly, but Sam had the best of the hitting. In the close, Sam fibbed, and Ned finding he could do no good, got down, heavily punished, his left eye quite gone, and his right fast closing, while the blood poured from a wound at the top of his head.

12. Ned came up steady, but cautious, and Sam, though somewhat groggy, was well on his guard. Ned put in his right on Sam's body, and succeeded in jobbing him twice on the mouth with his left. A rally, in which both caught knobbers, but Ned the worst of it from Sam's length; at last Ned caught a flush hit on the mouth, and falling on the ground, rolled over very weak.

13. Sam came up more collected, and commenced the attack with his left, which Ned stopped. Sam, after trying a feint to bring Ned out, gave him a tremendous hit on the swollen eye, from which a stream of blood effused, and light was again partially restored. After a short rally Ned closed for the throw, but could not get his lock. He at last pulled Sam down, and fell himself.

14. and last. Both weak, but steady. Ned tried his right, but his hand opened, and no damage was done. Sam countered beautifully with his left, and put in his right at the body. Good fighting on both sides. Ned put in his right at the body. A pause; both on their guard—Neal's face streaming with blood. Another short rally, and both away; Sam getting more steady and collected, but still disinclined to throw a chance away by trying too much. He hit short at the body, to see whether Ned could return; and Ned returned weak with his right, and his hand opened. Another pause, in which neither seemed capable of doing much. Ned kept his hands well up for some time, but appeared too cautious for a rush; at last Sam hit out left and right, catching Ned on the phiz. This was the finisher; Ned fell; and on being again picked up, he slipped from his second's knee, stupified with the repeated hits on his head, and could not be again brought to the scratch. Sam was now well on his legs, and the welcome sound of "victory" restored all his vigour. The

shouts of his friends were deafening. He was borne off in triumph, after shaking hands with his vanquished but gallant antagonist, whose "tic-up" was quicker than had been anticipated; but it was clear he had received enough to satisfy an ordinary glutton even before the last round, and he had not strength enough to make a turn in his favour. The fight concluded at twenty-four minutes after four o'clock, thus making its duration fifty-two minutes.

REMARKS.

This was decidedly one of the best fights on record for science and good generalship. It was admitted that Neal never fought so well before; but the superior length and tact of Sam gave every advantage, and it should be added that this was the *seventeenth* battle fought by Ned, several of which were no *child's play*. It was remarked that Sam, in counter-hitting, always caught Neal first, so that the force of Neal's blows was diminished—added to this, all Neal's heavy lunging hits at Sam's ear passed over his shoulder, and this saved him from certain destruction. Had the return in the fifth round been an inch nearer, it was thought Sam's jaw would have been broken. In the ninth round, too, could Neal have summoned sufficient strength to make an impression, his chances would have been certain; but what Sam had lost by his exertions, Neal was also in want of from Sam's hitting. The precision and straightness of Sam's blows told with unerring certainty, and, even when piping and in distress, his presence of mind never left him. He was always ready for opportunities, and invariably seized them with success. Throughout the battle was fair and honorable. There was no wrangling or dispute, and even those who lost their blunt could not but confess that Neal did all that his natural powers permitted. Neal was himself dreadfully mortified; and, however reluctantly, must now admit that Sam is the better man. By the result of this battle, Sam has fully confirmed his claim to the title of "the Young Phenomenon," and of his weight he may now be considered as matchless.

Sam arrived in town on Wednesday night, and exhibited little punishment

beyond a black eye, and some contusions on his mouth and cheek, as well as on his neck and head. Neal did not arrive till Thursday: his face and head were dreadfully swollen, and when he shewed at Spring's the sight of his left eye had not been restored.

The result of this battle has terminated all animosities between the men and their friends; and bids fair to give new vigour to those old British sports, which, from former disappointments and vexatious quibbling, had excited very natural disgust.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

The Chase.

THE month of January is generally considered by sportsmen to be better adapted for the exercise of the pointer or setter than the hunter, though the one which has just drawn to a close has been chiefly marked by a kind consideration for we poor Cits, who, pent up within the limits of a large city for the greater portion of the year, sally forth like school-boys at Christmas to partake alike of the pastimes and the party which are to be found in the country.

As if aware of the danger of cloying the appetites of men who are not accustomed to follow any field sports in particular, it has neither been "*toujours perdrix, toujours faisan, nor toujours fox*," and if Monday has been a thaw, Tuesday has been a frost; while again on Wednesday afternoon, perhaps, the hounds would be able to throw off, to be rode up to by such aspiring Nimrods as value the chase by the number of leaps they take, or times that their horses slip up with them.

On the whole, though the regular sportsman may find cause for a murmur, yet there are very few countries in which hounds have been stopped for more than a week, which, when compared with the last season—when a two months' frost and snow created such an interregnum between the commencement and the end, as almost to make it appear like two seasons—we opine that there is no just cause to repine. Besides, if we are not much mistaken, the former part of the season was so propitious to the sport—a time too when many horses are lamed, owing to the stiffness of

the fences—that, whatever the riders might feel, a little rest would not be at all unpalatable to many of them.

Moreover Christmas has ever been devoted to social enjoyments; and though much of that hospitality in which our forefathers indulged, and which is so truly characteristic of the English nation, is fast declining before the influence of modern refinement, still a lingering feature yet remains, recalling scenes of early life, when roast-beef, plum-pudding, a foot of snow, and a rough pony, were the order of the day.

In many counties we lament to state that the past Christmas has been converted, from a season of joy and festivity, into one of riot and confusion. Armed bodies of the peasantry—many acting under the influence of fear or delusion, though in some cases we fear driven to it by real distress—have traversed the country, striking terror and dismay into the minds of the inhabitants.

Hunger makes men bold; and though we deprecate the means which were made use of to attain the end, yet we do think that the most rigid casuist would find something to extenuate in the conduct of these poor men. We appeal to the great body of our readers—to the liberal, generous, open-hearted fox-hunters—men who we know can feel for the unfortunate:—we ask them, surrounded by all the comforts and luxuries of life, and to whom want has ever been a stranger, to place themselves but for a moment in the situation of the poor labouring man, who leaves at early dawn his humble cot, his wife, his children—all that human ties make dear

to him—to labour through the live-long day beneath a burning sun, or in a winter's cold, with a crust of bread his only fare—eaten amid the embittering reflections, that ere another sun may rise his family may want even that:

All men must have some bright prospect, some object, either real or imaginary, to occupy their minds and direct their thoughts.

"He's not the happy man to whom is given
A plenteous fortune by indulgent Heaven,
Whose gilded roofs on shining columns
rise,

And painted walls enchant the gazer's eyes.

E'en not all these in one rich lot combined
Can make the happy man without the
mind."

Nor is the poor man's mind the less occupied with his little property than is the rich owner's of five thousand acres: but how can the poor renter of a hovel be expected to feel an attachment for his hired home, when the splendid lessee of a castle fails to acquire one?

We hesitate not to say that the English labourers, taken as a body, are not to be surpassed by any class of men for honesty, faithfulness, and contentment; but knowing, as we do, that in some counties in England the wages which have been paid to a working man with a family have been barely sufficient to support one of the number; and knowing also the influence which the class of readers to whom we have addressed ourselves possess in their respective districts; we have not scrupled, though wandering somewhat wide of the subject to which we usually devote our pages, to join in the general supplication to the great landed proprietors to inquire into the condition of their peasantry; and to consider, whether, by the granting of small allotments to each cottage, they would not ultimately benefit themselves by reducing the poor-rate, as well as attach the peasant to the soil, and assimilate the present time to the past—

— "ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained
its man."

A knowledge of the value of punctual payments induces us (though we trust not at the hazard of offending) to remind our readers that the present period is the one generally adopted for the receipt of the subscriptions to hounds.

The public is much indebted to those Gentlemen who take upon themselves the arduous and oftentimes unthankful duty of master, and as (with the exception of the Buck Hounds) it has never been found to be an office of emolument—though, on the contrary, one by which most Gentlemen are great losers—the subscribers to each Hunt should do all in their power to remove the weight from the master's shoulders to their own, [than which nothing is more conducive than a punctual payment of subscription.

Country Gentlemen in general either are not aware, or else forget this fact, and many consider a payment in July equivalent to one in January; whereas in reality it makes all the difference in the world to the master of the hounds, who must either carry on the war at his own expense, or submit to buy the *materiel* at credit price.

Though we have never filled the honorable situation of feeder or purveyor to hounds, and knew nothing of the relative properties of rice, meal, or yet Maidenhead biscuits, save from the pages or cover of our Magazine, we are nevertheless aware of the fact, that, with a punctually-paid subscription, one of the best packs of fox-hounds within twenty miles of London (a place where some people say everything is dearest, and where from what our cat consumes we can vouch for horse-flesh being) was kept for two-thirds of the sum that is expended on many middling establishments farther off. Colonel Cook also, if we remember right, in his excellent "*Thoughts upon Hunting*," mentions the satisfaction he experienced in receiving his punctually-paid subscriptions from his London friends, when he hunted Mr. Conyers' present country in Essex.

We are induced to make these observations in the hopes of benefiting

the cause, and not from any motives either of self-interest or idle speculation.

We have heard with regret of the intended resignation of one great sportsman and master of hounds, to whom at present we shall not allude more particularly, in the hope that the subscribers may yet be able to arrange matters; and we are quite sure, from the information we are in possession of, that similar steps will be taken by others, unless something is done to produce a more healthful system in the treasury department.

Sir James Musgrave, who unfortunately fractured his right collar-bone in hunting a few weeks since in Leicestershire, and being thereby disabled from following the amusement of the chase, invited his friend Ford, a gentleman resident in London, to make use of his stud during his confinement. Mr. F. set out immediately, and on the day of his arrival at Melton took the field; when, by a strange but unlucky coincidence, in taking the first leap, he fell and broke the left collar-bone, and was thus compelled to occupy the fireside in an opposite easy chair with his hospitable host—a *tête-à-tête* of all others the most insupportable to a real sportsman.

Our readers are doubtless aware that His Grace the Duke of Rutland has given up his magnificent pack of hounds to Lord Forrester and Sir Harry Goodricke, until his eldest son, the Marquis of Granby, who was seventeen years of age last August, attains his majority. His Grace also accompanied the loan with an annual subscription of 1500*l.*; and from the excellent hands in which he has placed them—Sir Harry Goodricke is well known in the Sporting World—we anticipate a great acquisition to the Chase; and a few years more will place the young Marquis in the same position that his revered father occupied.

We understand that Sir John Gerard, Bart. has signified his intention to the subscribers to his Hunt (late Lord Anson's) of giving up the

country at the end of the present season. We have not yet heard who is likely to succeed him.

We also hear that Mr. Horlock, who has for many years hunted the west side of Wiltshire and part of Somersetshire at his own expense, is going to take a subscription, and hunt the country three days a-week with a huntsman, he finding the exertion too great to undertake it himself. We doubt not that the Gentlemen who have so long been indebted to his liberality for the pleasures of the Chase will come forward liberally on the occasion.

Death, we lament to state, has, during the last month, been more than usually busy among the members of the Sporting World. Three Gentlemen have died in the hunting field—two in the county of Surrey, and one in Sussex, in the space of a few days.

On Saturday the 15th January, John Bristow, Esq. of Beddington, was out with the Surrey fox-hounds, and was observed by some of the Gentlemen to drop suddenly forward on his horse's neck, who was going in a canter at the time, and ultimately to fall from the saddle to the ground. Several persons stopped on seeing the occurrence; but, on raising the unfortunate Gentleman, life was found to be extinct. His death is attributed to apoplexy.

On the Monday following, Captain Bridges, of Chessington, near Kingston, formerly of the Fourth Dragoons, joined Mr. Meager's harriers at Riddlesdown near Croydon, and on a sudden pulled up his horse, and, beckoning to a shepherd in an adjoining field, told him he was very ill, and desired him to proceed forthwith to Croydon and procure a chaise, which having arrived, he was removed to the nearest public house, where, we lament to add, he shortly afterwards expired.

The Captain was well known as a sportsman in Surrey, and also as a tandem-driver in London, where his eccentric costume generally attracted the attention of the passers by. His

tandem, which was one of the old-fashioned order, was exceedingly high, and the foot-board was generally graced by a bull-dog: indeed the *tout ensemble*—driver, horses, and carriage—were in the highest degree “varmint.” His hunting costume was described by NIM SOUTH in p. 116 of the December Number, in his SOUTHERN TOUR, to consist of “a black jockey (not hunting) cap, a scarlet frock coat lined with yellow, mother-of-pearl buttons with engravings in black upon them, boots and breeches to correspond;” to which should be added some two or three different coloured silk handkerchiefs round his neck.

He obtained considerable celebrity some years ago by riding full gallop down the Devil’s Dyke, near Brighton, for a wager of 500 sovs., which he won. The Dyke forms a deep ravine at one extremity of the Brighton Downs opening upon the Weald of Sussex, and is a very favorite dance for the Down hares to lead the “Old Harriers,” as Hood calls them in this year’s *Comic Annual*, where he represents them in full cry, the field rolling over one another down the Dyke.

The Captain’s feat has been since decried by modern adventurers, who, laying hold of the back of their saddles, manage to navigate down the sides at a gentle creep in a zig-zag line, reckoning that they are performing the same exploit: whereas, as the late Lord Forrester used to say, “it is the pace that kills;” and we remember an Officer of a Hussar regiment who *crept* his horse down the Cliff from the Marine Parade at Brighton, to the beach—a much greater feat, had the pace been the same.

We do not anticipate that the Captain has taken *the same ride* on the present melancholy occasion, for never was there a better disposed man in this world—always ready to do a good office; and, what is rarely the case in these degenerate days, he was never heard to speak an ill-natured word of any one. He will long be remem-

bered, and regretted by a numerous class of friends and acquaintances.

The subject of the Dyke reminds us of the races which took place on Brighton race-course at Christmas. The first was two miles, with five rows of hurdles in the last quarter of a mile, for which five horses started, the contest lying chiefly between Colonel Charité and Captain Hunter, the latter winning with difficulty. A second race then took place between these two gentlemen over a clear course, which was also won by the Captain. If we mistake not, the gallant Colonel rode the winning horse some few years ago in a similar match.

The third death we have to record is that of a promising youth of 18, Mr. George James Wood, only son of Thomas Wood, Esq. of the Regent’s Park, and grandson of James Burton, Esq. of St. Leonard’s, Hastings. It appears that Mr. Wood had been out hunting, and on his return, near Saint Leonard’s, he attempted to leap his horse over a high pair of bars, contiguous to which there was an embankment, and in the effort he was thrown from his saddle over the horse’s head to the opposite side, when the animal immediately fell upon him, and the unfortunate Gentleman’s skull was fractured, the blood issuing from his nose and mouth. Medical aid was promptly on the spot, but the nature of the injury was beyond human aid.

His Grace the Duke of Beaufort’s hounds met on the lawn at Badminton, on the 13th instant, for the first time in that country this season. There was a field of some hundred of horsemen; but the day was foggy, and did not afford much sport. Foxes are rather scarce we also understand.

The Hon. Mr. Moreton and the spirited subscribers to his hounds, gave a grand ball at Wadley House, near Faringdon, late the residence of Lord Kintore, on the 28th, of which we will give the particulars in our next.

Mr. M. had a narrow escape of his life the other night. He was re-

turning home from hunting on a favorite hack, when, owing to the darkness of the night, the animal came in contact with a gig, the shafts of which entered the flanks of the horse, and killed him on the spot. Mr. Moreton was thrown under the carriage, but we are happy to add received no serious injury.

A Steeple Chase, to take place in Hertfordshire on the 28th of February, is in embryo, 10 sovs. stakes; five horses to enter or no match; the winner to pay 10 sovs. to the Clerk of the Course at St. Alban's, and be sold for 500 sovs. if claimed within three hours after the match. Particulars may be learned at Messrs. Tattersall's (we believe), or of Clerk of the Course, St. Alban's.

In this district there has also been a hunting accident. The Marquis of Salisbury was galloping over Pansanger Park, when he came upon a rabbit warren, which threw the horse. His Lordship fell on his head, and the stoutness of the hat (not the head) alone prevented a serious fracture. Though hurt at the time, we are happy to add that he is nearly approaching convalescence.

SIR—In your last month's Magazine, page 215, I read a postscript to a letter signed SOM-ER-SET, censuring the conduct of the present Master of the Conock Harriers, Mr. Hall of Butleigh, for having purchased a fox which was taken from the best meet of the North Somerset Hounds. No one can deprecate such behaviour more than myself; and as SOM-ER-SET hopes to prevent conduct so *un-gentlemanlike*, by *public exposure*, I must through your Magazine inform him and the other Gentlemen of the N. S. Hunt, that the manager of their hounds, or some other interested person, bought last Spring of the well-known Quantock broom Squire*, John Palmer, no less a number than *eighteen foxes*, which were taken from the heart of the country belonging to the Somerset Subscription Fox-hounds.—Yours, &c. LIBERATIS.
Jan. 22, 1831.

The Turf.

BETTINGS AT TATTERSALL'S, JAN. 24.

SIR—Business was very slack the early part of the day. Towards the afternoon, however, some heavy engagements were entered into. Colwick continues firm, his friends increasing every day, and anything beyond 12 to 1 finding ready takers. Filagree and Blander are decidedly giving way, a Noble Marquis laying 800 to 100 against the two, and would have gone on. Bohemian, exhibiting signs of improvement, was supported by two of the leading stars of the room. He was offered to be backed for 500 against anything, barring Colwick, and at one time became second favorite. This position in all probability he would have maintained but for the arrival of a Mr. G—e, who immediately laid 15 and then 16 to 1 against him, and afterwards 500 even Hecuba beat him and Varennes. The most spirited thing of the day was three heavy bets made by Mr. C—d, at the following figures: 8000 to 100 against Brother to Monche; 4500 to 100 against Incubus; and 3500 to 100 agst Lord Orford's lot. Another influential speculator, a Mr. G., subsequently laid 3000 to 90 against the same, independently of several other large offers. In fact the preceding nomination engrossed considerable attention, although it is pretty well known that the three are scarcely above mediocrity. Incubus was in great force, the odds being taken with avidity; and, from what transpired, will unquestionably become a better favorite. He is an exceedingly promising colt, and several good judges are backing him. Cressida, Pastille, and Caleb stick at the old price, a Mr. S— making large offers against them, and few takers. This is matter of surprise to many, as all three are quite the crack of their parties, and very improving. Cobweb is looking up, and, from the movements which were exhibited, bids fair to displace Filagree or Blander. Varennes is recovering his lost

* A title given to the Quantock broom-makers.

ground, the odds being freely taken. He is a very fine colt, having every appearance of training on, and must eventually see a better day. The number of outside horses in the market is beyond parallel; and, from the very liberal offers which are made against them, appear not to be thought much of.

The OAKS is quite lifeless, Circassian and Oxygen monopolizing the whole of the market, and scarcely anything else mentioned.—The St. LEON likewise remains in the same dull state, and excepting a few offers to back Colwick and Zany, and lay against Lord Cleveland's two, there is very little doing.—Z. B.

DERBY.

- 12 to 1 agst Colwick (layers shy).
- 14 to 1 agst Bras-de-Fer (taken).
- 16 to 1 agst Bohemian
- 16 to 1 agst Filagree } offered.
- 16 to 1 agst Blunder
- 17 to 1 agst Caleb (taken).
- 18 to 1 agst Hæmus (taken).
- 20 to 1 agst Rattler (taken).
- 21 to 1 agst Varennes (taken).
- 25 to 1 agst Cobweb.
- 25 to 1 agst Pastille.
- 33 to 1 agst Cressida (taken).
- 35 to 1 agst Africanus.
- 40 to 1 agst Brother to Recruit } no
- 40 to 1 agst Caroline } takers.
- 45 to 1 agst Incubus (freely taken).
- 50 to 1 agst Massaroni.
- 50 to 1 agst Tears (taken).
- 1000 to 35 agst Slight (taken).
- 50 to 1 agst Brother to Mouche (taken).
- 5 to 1 agst Lord Exeter's lot (taken).
- 1000 to 15 agst Lord Exeter winning Riddlesworth and Derby.
- 1000 to 50 agst Lord Orford's three (taken freely).
- 8 to 1 agst Filagree and Blunder (taken).
- 8 to 1 agst Filagree and Bohemian (taken).
- 18 to 1 agst Lord Egremont's nomination.

OAKS.

- 5 to 1 agst Circassian.
- 6 to 1 agst Oxygen (taken).
- 11 to 1 agst Delight.
- 16 to 1 agst Dahlia.
- 20 to 2 agst Duke of Grafton's lot.
- 105 to 80 the field agst three, offered.

ST. LEGER.

- 13 to 1 agst Circassian (taken).
- 15 to 1 agst Zany (taken).
- 15 to 1 agst Colwick (taken).

- 18 to 1 agst Bras-de-Fer.
- 20 to 1 agst Chorister } freely offered.
- 20 to 1 agst Camilla
- 22 to 1 agst Rattler.
- 27 to 1 agst Frederica (taken).
- 30 to 1 agst The Saddler.
- 30 to 1 agst Clarence.
- 1000 to 15 agst Massaroni.
- 1000 to 30 agst Circassian winning Oaks and St. Leger (taken).
- 1000 to 5 agst Bohemian, Oxygen, and Zany all three winning.

MIDDLESWORTH.

- 7 to 2 agst Filagree.
- 8 to 1 agst Pastille.
- 8 to 1 agst Cressida.
- 10 to 1 agst Augusta.

Tattersall's, Jan. 28.

There was scarcely any business done yesterday, and nothing in the shape of alteration occurred in the bettings as above given.

Doncaster.—The Stakes have closed for the present year, as respects numbers, in a highly satisfactory manner. There are 86 subs. to the Great St. Leger—31 to the Champagne—31 to the Two-year-olds—11 to the Gascoigne—23 to the Three-year-olds, &c.

The Hon. E. Petre, Sir John Gerard, and G. Walker, Esq. are appointed Stewards for the next Spring Meeting at York.

The Hon. E. Petre and G. Thompson, Esq. are appointed Stewards for the ensuing Beverley Races.

STUD SALE.

The stud belonging to the late Richard Griffiths, Esq., of Thorngrove, has been recently sold by auction at Mr. Jones's Training Stables, Prestbury, and produced the following prices:—

- Fanny Leigh (brood mare), by Castrel :—185*gs.*
- Palatine (brood mare), by Filha da Puta :—100*gs.*
- Sylph (brood mare), by Spectre :—85*gs.*
- Harry (a stallion), by Sir Harry, aged :—75*gs.*
- Mosquito, by Master Henry, 5 yrs :—60*gs.*
- Barabbas, by Banker, 4 yrs :—55*gs.*
- Thorngrove, by Smolensko, 3 yrs :—50*gs.*
- B. c. by Spectre out of Fanny Leigh, 2 yrs :—55*gs.*
- B. c. by Champignon out of Sylph, 2nd year :—50*gs.*

Foals.—*Ch.f.* by Reveller out of Fanny Leigh:—70gs.

B.f. by Reveller out of Palatine:—45gs.

B.f. by Master Henry out of Sylph:—20gs.

COURSING.

Southport.—The All-aged Cup was won by Mr. T. Ridgway's bl. d. J. Allan beating in the deciding course Mr. Broadhurst's d. York:—the Puppy Cup, by Mr. Alison's bl. and w. d. Augustus beating Mr. Smith's brin. d. Rex:—the Southport Plate, by Mr. T. Ridgway's w. b. Bess beating Mr. Knowles's br. d. Filho:—the Hesketh Plate, by Mr. T. Alison's r. d. Colonel beating Mr. R. Smith's r. d. Hector:—the Ridgway Plate, by Mr. Smith's w. b. Trippet beating Mr. Anderton's w. d. Gradus:—the Scarsbrick Plate, by Mr. Borrows's bl. d. Corsair beating Mr. Anderton's f. d. Jerry:—the Churchtown Plate, by Mr. Anderton's brin. b. Miss beating Mr. R. Smith's r. d. Scott:—the Crosson's Plate, by Mr. Orrell's bl. d. Snowball beating Mr. Kenworthy's bl. b. Fly.—Eleven matches were run.

Andoversford.—For the Cup, Mr. Cook's Brandy beat Mr. Taylor's Spring, and Mr. Guy's Fly beat Mr. Turk's Tender; Fly then beat Brandy, and won the Cup, Brandy the Guinea.—The Sandywell Stakes were won by Mr. Butt's Nettle beating Mr. Turk's Trinket:—the Hampen Stakes, by Mr. Fletcher's Felt beating Mr. Lambert's Lignum:—the Andoversford Puppy Stakes, by Mr. Guy's Spring beating Mr. Freeman's Faithful.—The Sevenhampton Stakes were divided between Mr. Hurlston's Hercules and Mr. Lambert's Lily.

Boughton.—This Meeting took place on the 12th and 13th of January. The Silver Cup, given by C. Tempest, Esq. to the Graziers within the Craven Hunt, as a compliment for sporting on the lands in their occupation, was won by Mr. W. C. Chew's Spring beating in the deciding course Mr. J. Cockshot's Radical: and the Subscription Cup (by two sovs. each), by Mr. J. Anderton's Miss beating Mr. E. Ford's Jerry.

Aberystwith.—For the All-aged Cup, beautifully chased with emblems

of the Club, Mr. Davies of Tanybwlch's Dissen, named by Mr. Williams of Cwm, beat Mr. J. Davies's Daphne; and Mr. Hughes's Mabus beat Mr. Rees's Rapture: Dissen then beat Mabus, and won the Cup, Mabus the Sovereigns.

On Monday, January 3d, Mr. Wilkinson's valuable dog, which won the Cup at Newmarket last year whilst running a course near Elvedon, came in violent contact with a tree, and broke his neck.

STALLION GREYHOUNDS 1831.

BLUE RUIN, by Mr. Peel's Tippee, out of Brunette by Mr. Best's Steamer, at Roughton Hall, near Horncastle, at five guineas.—The portrait and pedigree of this dog will be found in our Number for January 1830, vol. xxv. N.S. p. 188.

SENATOR, a yellow dog, the property of Captain Lidderdale, at Hungerford, Berks, at three guineas.

SNAIL, a blue dog, also the property of Capt. Lidderdale, at the same place, and on the same terms.

The pedigrees and performances of these dogs are fully detailed in our xxvth vol. N.S. p. 350.

ERRATA.—In the Deptford Union Meeting, given in our last, p. 216, Mr. Goodlake's Great Ben, winning the Sovereigns, is stated to have been got by *Whisker* out of a Sister to Goldmine; and the same Gentleman's Grimaldi, in the Derby Stakes, to have been also out of a Sister to Goldmine. Great Ben and Grimaldi are both sons of *SNAIL*—the latter out of Mr. Bennett's bl. b. by Mr. Lawrence's Lamplighter, her dam by Mr. Pettat's famous dog Platoff.

RIDING OVER WHEAT.

We have frequently alluded to the outcry raised by certain individuals of the damage sustained by farmers in having their young wheats trampled down by fox-hunters; and as frequently have exposed its hollowness. If farther proof on this point were required, in addition to the testimony of a Gentleman, every way competent to decide—who unequivocally declared in our Magazine for July 1830, p. 235, "that on a farm in the centre of the Sussex Union Hunt, a field lying between two favorite coverts, literally a thoroughfare, was so completely cut up, that not a blade of

wheat was to be seen at the beginning of March; but that on the 15th of June there was not the slightest difference, in luxuriance of growth or in healthiness of appearance, between the part so awfully riddled and the remainder of the field!"—we lay before our readers the following anecdote, confessing we know not which most to admire, the *benevolence* or the *wisdom* displayed by the illustrious individual alluded to: for, while doing a noble act of generosity, he was handing down a lesson of integrity to another generation. —A farmer last season called on Earl Fitzwilliam to represent that his crop of wheat had been seriously injured in a field adjoining a certain wood, where His Lordship's hounds had, during the winter, frequently met to hunt. He stated that the young wheat had been so cut up and destroyed, that, in some parts, he could not hope for any produce. "Well, my friend," said the Noble Earl, "I am aware that we have frequently met in that field, and that we have done considerable injury; and if you can procure an estimate of the loss you have sustained, I will repay you." The farmer replied, "that anticipating His Lordship's consideration and kindness, he had requested a friend to assist him in estimating the damage, and they thought that, as the crop seemed quite destroyed, 50*l.* would not more than repay him." The Earl immediately gave him the money. As the harvest, however, approached, the wheat grew, and in those parts of the field that were most trampled the corn was strongest and most luxuriant. The farmer went again to His Lordship, and, being introduced, said, "I am come, my Lord, respecting the field of wheat adjoining such a wood." His Lordship instantly recollected the circumstance—"Well, my friend, did I not allow you sufficient to remunerate you for your loss?"—"Yes, my Lord, I have found that I have sustained no loss at all; for where the horses had most cut up the land, the crop is most promising; and I have, therefore, brought the 50*l.* back again."—

"Ah!" exclaimed the venerable Earl, "this is what I like; this is as it ought to be between man and man." He then entered into conversation with the farmer, asking him some questions about his family—how many children he had, &c. His Lordship then went into another room, and, returning, presented the farmer with a 100*l.* Bank note, saying, "Take care of this, and when your eldest son is of age present it to him, and tell him the occasion that produced it."

AQUATION.

A Special General Meeting of the Members of the Coronation Fleet, a Society instituted in honor of His late Majesty George the Fourth, was held at the British-Coffee-house, Charing-cross, on Monday, January 3d. The greater part of the Members were in the uniform of the Society. On the motion of Lord Cholmondeley the Commodore, the President was called to the Chair, who made some observations on the propriety of dissolving the Society, because, as it was instituted to commemorate the Coronation of His late Majesty, to pursue that object further would be indecorous and improper.—On the motion of the Noble Commodore, seconded by Admiral Sir Sidney Smith, it was resolved unanimously, that the object of this Society ought not to be carried any longer into effect, in consequence of the demise of His late Majesty. This motion being carried, the Institution known by the name of His Majesty's Coronation Fleet was dissolved, and a Committee appointed to arrange the affairs of the Society. Thanks were then voted to the Duke of Cumberland; the Patron; to Lord H. Cholmondeley, the Commodore; and to the other Officers of the Society. After the business of the Meeting was over, the prospectus of a new Club was handed round, and it is generally anticipated that before the sailing season commences a Society will be established under very high patronage and support, having nautical science for its chief object.

SHOOTING.

SIR—A Constant Reader of your Sporting Miscellany begs that you

will insert in your next Number the following fact, which fully proves that it is quite possible for pheasants to exist in the same covert with foxes. The Blackmoor Vale Hounds have, during the present season, drawn the coverts of the Earl of Ilchester at Redlynch Park, and its immediate vicinity, several times, and have found no less than three or four brace of foxes there. The Noble Lord, with three friends, arrived at Redlynch, on a battue party, at the latter end of December, and in three days killed 363 pheasants, 58 hares, 9 woodcocks, 9 rabbits, and 1 snipe—making a total of 429 head. I hope this fact may be seen by those selfish persons called *vulpecides*. W.M.L.

Jan. 22, 1831.

FINE ARTS.

A very beautiful print, intitled *The Tight Shoe*, has just been published by Ackermanns (father and son), of the Strand and Regent-street. It is engraved in mezzotinto by H. Richter and J. P. Quilley, from an original picture by Henry Richter, in the collection of J. Marshall, Esq., of Hallstead, Cumberland. The characters represented are true to Nature; and reverse the old adage, "that no one can tell where the shoe pinches but him who wears it;" for here every one who casts his eye on the print must feel for the unlucky wight who is vainly endeavoring to get on the shoe, and remonstrating with the village snob as to its tightness, whilst the latter is persuading him that it will fit like a

glove. The Chelsea Pensioner at the back of the sufferer's chair, urging him to unavailing efforts; the cobbler's boy chuckling at his master's gammon; the village barber just popping his head into the stall and enjoying the joke, whilst a little girl is pressing him to go home and thin her matted hair; together with the barber's wife in the distance angrily calling to her "guid man" for wasting his "precious time"—the *tout ensemble* forms a picture of real life evidently the touch of a master hand.

SPORTING OBITUARY.

On New Year's Day, at Middleham, in the 80th year of his age, John Mangle, of Breconhill Lodge, Yorkshire. On the Turf he was well known as a first-rate jockey. Six times he succeeded in bearing the palm for the Great St. Leger at Doncaster; viz. first in 1780, riding Mr. Bethell's Ruler by Young Marake; in 1786, on Paragon, by Paymaster; in 1787, on Spadille by Highflyer; in 1788, on Flora by Highflyer, three years in succession, for Lord A. Hamilton; in 1789, for Lord Fitzwilliam, on Pewet by Tandem; and again in 1792, for Lord A. Hamilton, with Tartar by Florizel.—To the strictest integrity he added true benevolence, which made him universally respected and sincerely regretted by a large circle of friends and acquaintance. To posterity he has left an example worthy of imitation, having, by perseverance and industry, acquired a competence with unsullied reputation.

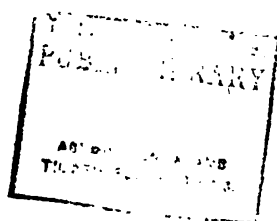
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A letter has been for some time lying at our Office addressed to the "Member of the Burton Hunt;" but not knowing that Gentleman's address we are precluded from forwarding it.

A "Well-Wisher's" advice needs no apology—"We would if we could; if we couldn't, how could we?"

The article intitled "Recollections of the Dead" having already appeared in print, is of course inadmissible in our pages.

Several favours are under consideration.





THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.
SECOND SERIES.

MARCH, 1831.

No. XI.

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Embellished with,

I. A PORTRAIT of SKIFF.—II. THE HERON.

PERFORMANCES OF SKIFF.

Painted by WOODMAN, from a Portrait
engraving by MARSHALL.

Those lovers of art and the admirers of that most useful of all animals to our wants, and the greatest contributor to our pleasures—the Horse—will, we flatter ourselves, contemplate with pleasure the fine specimen we here submit to our numerous Sporting Subscribers.

SKIFF has all the elegance, fire, and speedy appearance of his sire Partisan, with all the Herculean strength and constitutional hardihood of his grand-

sire Walton, and the beautiful symmetry and lasting game qualities of his other grandsire, Gohanna. Those who are about to breed horses for the useful purposes, where blood, bone, and soundness are required, and those who breed for the higher gratifications of pleasure, would do well to look at SKIFF—taking into consideration his perfect good temper and list of winnings, which is nearly equal, if not superior, to any horse that ever lived. SKIFF is in the stud of W. Sowerby, Esq., of Newmarket; and his stock, which are now foals, promise to prove what is here said of him.

SKIFF—a bay horse, foaled in

Q q

1821, bred by His Grace the Duke of Grafton, sold to Lord Kennedy, who disposed of him to Mr. Howe, and now in the possession of W. Sowerby, Esq. — was got by Partisan, his dam by Gohanna; grandam, *Kezia* (Sir Ferdinand and Marplot's dam), by Satellite; great grandam, *Maria* (Dolly, Jemima, Keren Happuch, Waxy, Worthy, Punch and Wowaki's dam), by Herod; great great grandam, *Lisette*, by Snap; great great great grandam, *Miss Windsor*, by the Godolphin Arabian—Sister to Sir M. Wyvill's Volunteer, by Young Belgrade—Bartlett's Childers—Devonshire's Chesnut Arabian—Sister to the Duke of Somerset's Westbury, by the Curwen Bay Barb—Old Spot—Woodcock.

PERFORMANCES.

At Newmarket Craven Meeting, on Tuesday, April 20, 1824, *SKIFF* (rode by F. Buckle), 8st. 7lb., won a Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. D.M., beating Mr. Rogers's Silkworm, 8st. 4lb., and General Grosvenor's Virgilius, 8st. 4lb.—6 to 4 agst Virgilius, 7 to 4 agst *SKIFF*, and 5 to 2 agst Silkworm. Won easy.

On Thursday in the same Meeting, he (rode by F. Buckle) won a Sweepstakes of 150 sovs. each, h. ft., for colts, 8st. 7lb., fillies, 8st. 4lb., D.M., beating Lord Exeter's Conviction, Mr. Neale's The Scholar, and Sir J. Byng's Edward—6 to 4 on *SKIFF*. Won by a length. He was afterwards sold to Lord KENNEDY.

At Montrose, on Wednesday, Aug. 3, 1825, *SKIFF* (rode by J. Garbutt) won 50l.—three-year-olds, 6st. 10lb.; four, 8st.; heats, twice round (one mile and 651 yards)—beating Sir D. Moncrieffe's Benvorlich, 3 yrs old, Mr. Anderson's Rosebud, 4 yrs old, and Mr. Carnegie's The Nick, 4 yrs.

At Aberdeen, on Wednesday, Aug. 31, at 8st. 3lb. (J. Garbutt), he won the Meeting Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., for horses of all ages, two miles, beating Mr. Farquharson's North

Star, 5 yrs old, 9st. Won easy. Two subscribers paid 15 sovs. each, and 16 others having declared by the time prescribed, paid only 5 sovs. each.

On Friday in the same Meeting, at 9st. 12lb. (J. Garbutt), he won the Caledonian Welter Stakes of 30gs. each, 10 ft., for all ages, two miles (11 subs.), beating Mr. Ferguson's North Star, 5 yrs old, 10st. 5lb.

Same day, at 8st. 7lb., he walked over for a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for all ages, two mile heats (4 subs.)

At the Northern Meeting, on Wednesday, Sept. 21, he, at 7st. 10lb., (G. Geekie) won the Trial Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for all ages, two miles, beating Mr. Dobbie's Theodore, 6 yrs old, 9st., and Mr. Laing's bay horse by XYZ, aged, 9st. Theodore the favorite.

Next day, at 8st. 7lb. (G. Geekie), he won the Ross and Cromarty Gold Cup, value 100gs., for horses of all ages, two mile heats, beating Mr. Dobbie's Theodore, 6 yrs old, 9st. 7lb.

Same day, at 9st. 4lb. (G. Geekie), he won 50l. for all ages, two mile heats, beating Mr. Davidson's Candidate, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb., and Mr. Rose's L.D.D.B.T.R.D., 6 yrs old, 9st. 5lb.

Immediately after the above race, he, at 9st. 4lb. (G. Geekie), won 50l. for all ages, three miles, beating Mr. Fraser's Richmond, 4 yrs 9st. 4lb.

At Perth, Oct. 6, at 7st. 10lb. (W. Boynton), he won a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added, for all ages, heats, twice round (3 subs.), beating Mr. Maule's Ledstone, aged, 8st. 12lb. A good race. He was afterwards sold to Mr. Howe.

At Montrose, Aug. 3, 1826, *SKIFF*, at 8st. 10lb. (A. Gordon), won the Forfarshire Gold Cup, value 100 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages, once round and a distance (10 subs.), beating Mr. F. Carnegie's The Major (who received 25 sovs. out of the Stakes); Lord Kennedy's Grecian Queen, 3 yrs old, 7st. Sir D. Moncrieffe's Barossa, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.; and Mr. Taylor's Hurry, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. A good race.

At Aberdeen, August 30, at 9st. 11lb. (W. Boynton), he won the Meeting Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 5 ft., with 20 added, for horses of all ages, twice round, (19 subs.) beating Sir A. Ramsay's Gift, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.

Next day, at 9st. 2lb. (W. Boynton), he won the Dunnottar Stakes of 100 sovs. each, for horses of all ages, once round and a distance (3 subs.), beating Mr. Carnegie's The Major, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.

On the same day, at 10st. 3lb. (W. Boynton), he won the Caledonian Welter Stakes of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft., with 10 added, twice round (8 subs.), beating Sir A. Ramsay's Gift, 4 yrs old, 9st. 12lb.

He also, at 9st. 4lb. (W. Boynton), won 100l., added to a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for horses of all ages, twice round, beating Mr. Carnegie's The Major, 4 yrs, 8st. 12lb.

At Fife, Sept. 26, at 8st. 9lb. (W. Boynton), he won a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses of all ages, heats, once round (6 subs.), beating Mr. Carnegie's The Nick, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb., Mr. Maule's Apostate, 3 yrs old, 7st. who bolted.

Same day, at 9st. (W. Boynton), he won 50l., twice round, beating Mr. Thompson's Louisa, aged, 8st. 12lb., and Mr. Smith's bay filly by Ardrossan, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.

Next day, at 8st. 11lb. (W. Boynton), he won a Silver Cup, value 50l. added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, for horses of all ages, one mile and a half (5 subs.), beating Mr. Carnegie's The Major, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.; Sir D. Moncrieffe's Barossa, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.; and Mr. Maule's Prosody, 6 yrs old, 9st.

At Caledonian Hunt, Oct. 4, he walked over for the King's Purse of 100 sovs., four miles.

On Friday in the same Meeting, he walked over for 50l. added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages, two mile heats (2 subscribers).

Same day he came in first for a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added, for horses of all ages,

twice round (5 subs.); but it was proved he was 3lb. short of weight, and the race was given to Mr. Dawson's gr. f. by Grey Walton, who came in second.

At Newmarket Second Spring Meeting, May 14, 1827, SKIFF, 9st. (W. Wheatley), won a Handicap Stakes of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages, A.F. (5 subs.), beating Mr. Prendergast's Garnish, 3 yrs old, 6st. 3lb.; Mr. S. Stonehewer's Wings, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.; and Lord Warwick's Double Entendre, 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.—6 to 4 agst Double Entendre, 5 to 2 agst SKIFF, and 3 to 1 agst Wings. Won by half a length.

He was afterwards sold to W. SOWERSBY, Esq., and in the Houghton Meeting, at 8st. 12lb. (W. Wheatley), he won a Handicap Purse of 100l. for four-year-olds and upwards, D.I., beating Mr. Stanley's Thales, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb.; and Mr. D. Radcliffe's Mortgage, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.—6 to 4 on Mortgage, 5 to 2 agst SKIFF, and 9 to 2 agst Thales. Won easy, by three lengths.

At the Hoo Meeting, April 13, 1828, SKIFF, 9st. 9lb. (T. Goodisson), won the Gold Cup, by 6 subs. of 20 sovs. each, for horses of all ages, two miles, beating Mr. Heathcote's Syntax, 4 yrs old, 8st. 13lb.; Lord Verulam's bay colt by Orville out of Venom, 2 yrs old, 6st.; and Mr. Phillimore's Smuggler, 4 yrs old, 8st. 13lb.—SKIFF the favorite.

At Stamford, July 17, at 9st. 7lb., he won the Gold Cup, value 100 sovs., by 12 subs. of 10 sovs. each, for all ages, thrice round, beating Mr. Platel's Tantot, 4 yrs old, 8st., Dr. Willis's Candy Ginger, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.; and Lord Exeter's Marinella, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.

He started only once afterwards, and ran second to Mr. Day's Liston for the Gold Cup at Egham, beating Lord Mountcharles's Constance and Gen. Grosvenor's John de Bart. He served mares at Newmarket in 1829, 1830, and is announced to stand at the same place for 1831, at 10 sovs., groom's fee included.

SPORTS OF THE PEOPLE.

SIR,

I Was much pleased with your late appeal in behalf of our distressed rustic population, and sincerely hope it will not be without its effect on those to whom it is more particularly addressed; of whom, unfortunately, I am not one, as the whole of my landed property consists in the mud which adheres to my boots: and though I am a friend to fox-hunting, and a constant reader of your Magazine, you well know that it is as impossible for every man to partake of that amusement as it was of old to go to Corinth. However, I think Spurzheim would find the organ of *sportativeness** fully developed on my skull: taking the word *sportsman* in its widest sense, not as applied to one addicted to two or three diversions only, nor at all to the speculating gambler, but to all those attached to manly, athletic, and active exercises, from fox-hunting and yacht-sailing—those patrician pleasures—to the more common, though not less hardy diversions of wrestling, boxing, &c. Thus I consider sportsmen as one great clan or family, between all branches of which there should be sympathy, whether they be more particularly addicted to the chase, the gun, the bat, the oar, or the gloves, &c. &c.; whether they be of princely or plebeian blood.

I look back with regret to the time when England itself was one great SPORTING MAGAZINE; and with fear to that when steam will have superseded horses,

and the country will be so intersected with rail-roads and other sublime and beautiful productions of *intellect*, that hunting, shooting, &c. will be altogether out of the question, and the game will have migrated for ever to more genial shores. I am afraid there are many of our modern experiments, which have been prematurely called *improvements*, and that it may be discovered too late, that we should have attended to the warning on the tomb of a Spanish Nobleman (I think), whose epitaph ran thus: "I was well: wished to be better: took physic: died." Still I have no doubt but that England might be again what she once was—the happiest as well as greatest nation in existence—would all classes of her sons but pull well together. That the agricultural part of them, at least, might be rendered contented and happy with but a moderate degree of attention from their employers, I think certain. Allow them but a sufficiency of the necessities of life, and encourage, or at the least abstain from discouraging, their sports, and I suspect that Special Commissions would be wholly unnecessary, and that the happiness of the people would be more effectually promoted than by fifty Societies for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

From all I have seen and heard of sportsmen (which term I hope still includes most of our country gentlemen), I think that a manliness of temper and open-hearted generosity may be said to be their general characteristics,

* I believe the phrenologists have omitted this organ; they should certainly find a place for it if they wish to make converts to their system, for there is scarcely a stronger propensity in human nature, or one more lasting.

though of course they possess these qualities in various degrees. Why then should they refrain from doing justice to their inferiors in station, and particularly when it may be effected without impeding their own true worldly interest? Even as a matter of taste, I own it surprises me that a gentleman should delight in improving the physical appearance and qualities of his horses or dogs, and take no honest (and patriotic) pride in promoting a healthy and decent exterior amongst his tenants*. I think, Mr. Editor, I shall not be suspected of disparaging in any degree the noble animals I have alluded to: but is the breed of man of less consequence? In days of old, when the military service of the people was required by their Lords, it was clearly not the interest of the latter to suffer the strength, appearance, and spirit of their retainers to decay; nor is it so now, as late events have shewn, though it may be of less immediate importance than formerly, in a purely selfish point of view, to promote martial qualities amongst them.

I hope most of the gentlemen of England only require to have their attention called to the fact of existing distress (which the change of manners may have given them fewer opportunities of observing than their fathers, who were more patriarchal in their habits, possessed), to prove that they inherit the sterling virtues of their sires. There are, I am aware, self-styled Liberals, who taking, an unnatural delight

in disparaging everything of English growth, would have us believe that the virtues I have alluded to are but a poet's dream, and that we have never been better than any other people. History, tradition, the testimonies both of foreigners and natives, and the experience of all who are acquainted with those remote districts, where some remains of ancient manners still linger, give them the lie, and prove that there are many and great virtues, which, if not altogether peculiar to Englishmen, have yet been exhibited by them in so superior a degree, that they may be fairly called *national*. The scribblers I have mentioned, as destitute of "free Nature's grace" as if actually hatched by the steam they delight in, assert that the squalid inmate of a cotton manufactory is a superior being to the healthy and hardy rustick, and hail with delight the probable Cockneyfying of the whole empire by the extraordinary facilities afforded to travelling. Such are, I hope, *not* the opinions of the majority of the readers or contributors to the *Sporting Magazine*. With respect to *improvements*, I think a saying of Sir John Shelley, before quoted in your Magazine, worth a volume on the subject: "We have gone on very well so far, and licked all the world when necessary; and why alter the national character?"

February 19, 1831. JOHN STUMP.

P.S. I have sometimes thought

* Let me not be misunderstood here: I do not mean by *crossing the breed*. Perhaps this mode of improvement is too often had recourse to already.

† Unless he be a foreigner. It is amusing to observe the consistency of these worthies, who fill whole chapters with the praises of fine qualities, real or pretended, of *foreign* peasantry, when they are seeking by every means to degrade and even to destroy our own.

that there is a needless tone of asperity in the strictures of your Correspondents on each other. Perhaps, however, they may understand each other, and it may be all very proper and Parliamentary. However this may be, I have no complaint to make of the temperate and good-humored observations of C. H. CHESTER, on a few remarks on Cricket which you honoured me by inserting in your November Number. There was much in them which I could have wished altered, and defects look worse in print than in MS. I mentioned the circumstance of Broadbridge's walking to Brighton, &c. merely as an instance of his power of enduring fatigue—not supposing he adopted that mode of travelling as a matter of necessity: and if incorrect, "I told the tale as 'twas told to me."—I have really no good excuse to offer for the omission of Lilywhite's name in my eleven. Still I do not think his merits, great as they are, would be sufficient to turn the scale against my men; and I only contend for their collective superiority. Many, I know, would place Searle, Pilch, &c. above most of them. With respect to Lilywhite, he is comparatively a stranger to me, and I was scarcely aware of all that C. H. C. has advanced in his favour, though I knew him to be a first rater. But when I have seen him play, he has been, on the whole, rather unfortunate. I have weighty reasons for wishing to ascertain the height and age of that great little player: should this meet the eye of C. H. CHESTER, perhaps he will oblige me by stating them, as it is likely he may be able to do.

GUY STAKES AT WARWICK.

SIR,

IF there is one thing more absolutely requisite than another in a letter which is intended for the public eye, it is accuracy; or, to speak more plainly, Truth—a qualification that your Correspondent THE YOUNG FORESTER has in your Magazine of this month (February) unhappily overlooked.

In page 247 he says, "The Stake at Warwick has been awarded to the owner of Cetus, who was second, in consequence of the present owner of Birmingham having refused to pay some paltry 25l. forfeit for a Stake at Winchester, where the horse was engaged in the name of the person whom Mr. Beardsworth bought him of."—This is notoriously untrue; and, by the manner in which the writer speaks of the transaction altogether, it is to be feared it is wilfully so.

The next paragraph I apprehend too is incorrect; but which I will not speak so positively about, because I know but little of racing, and therefore am unwilling to compete with so precocious a youth as this appears to be.

He says, "It has long been one of the best acknowledged rules of racing, that no horse is entitled to be a winner until all the arrears due for such animal shall have been paid up."—Is he sure of that?—Where is the rule to be found? Has he not made a mistake? and instead of the words "to be a winner," should he not have said "to start?"—This talented gentleman may not see the difference.—Great

wits, they say, have short memories—perhaps they are shortsighted too!—In my humble judgment, there is a great deal of difference.—By making use of the word “start,” you afford the owner an opportunity of paying the Stake in arrears if applied for, instead of letting the *onus* hang over his head till he has defeated his antagonists.

And now I would ask, did Sir Mark Wood “most honorably” make any application to the Stewards or Clerk of the Course before Birmingham started at Warwick for the paltry 25*l.* forfeit at Winchester? THE YOUNG FORESTER answers this question partly, asserting, “he apprised both trainer and master, previously to the race, of the objection he had to make.” Now if he had done so, I should say they (that is, the trainer and master) were not the proper persons to apprise. The Stewards (or at all events the Clerk of the Course) were the proper persons; but, unfortunately for the THE YOUNG FORESTER’s veracity, here is another untruth: Sir Mark Wood did *not* “most honorably” apprise Mr. Beardsworth (the owner), previously to the race, of the objection he had to make.

“Save me from my friends,” he says, “has been the cry through many ages:” but, instead of Mr. Beardsworth echoing it, I guess the Jockey Club and Sir Mark Wood are more likely to apply it to this doughty genius, and conjure him, if he is determined to attempt to take their part, that he will assert only that which is true.—I am, Sir, your humble servant,

J. MYTTON.

Halston, Feb. 19th, 1831.

BETTINGS.

SIR,

Tattersall’s, Feb. 26.

THE room was rather thinly attended on Monday, but the betting was tolerably brisk. Colwick is gradually going, his party becoming much weaker every day: six to five was taken Bras-de-Fer beat him; and at the close a Mr. J. offered 14 to 1 against him, and no takers. Lord Jersey’s lot with difficulty maintain their station, several of the speculators appearing exceedingly anxious to lay against them. Filagree retrograded two points, Blunder at one time having the call; at the finish 11 to 10 was laid between the two, the former being taken for choice. Varennes looks promising, having a very strong party; and, from the slow but certain movements which are going on, must ultimately become the leading favorite. Bohemian was in great force, a Mr. M. backing him for 500 against Varennes, and 6 to 5 was taken he beat anything. At the early part of the afternoon 17 to 1 was laid, but this and 16 being eagerly taken, not more than 13 could be obtained, and at that figure the layers were rather cautious. This had a corresponding effect upon Hæmus, who at 18 to 1 was scarcely noticed. Caroline was all the rage, three of the most influential speculators freely backing him: at one time the odds got as low as 18 to 1, a Mr. G. taking 1200 to 1000 he beat Filagree for the Riddleworth. In fact the Egremont stable was rapidly on the advance until a Mr. T. and Col. R. entered the room. The former immediately laid 1650 to 75, and would have gone on. Notwithstanding this, it is strongly suspected he will become a rattling favorite. Rattler exhibited strong symptoms of going, and nothing less than 25 to 1 would have been taken. Caleb could not maintain his ground; and from the frequency with which the odds was mentioned, he must inevitably go back: a Mr. S. repeatedly offered

16 to 1, and not a bet was accepted. Pastille is defunct for the present, the rumour of his lameness daily gathering strength, and he is quite out of the market. Incubus and Medora, two outside ones, were highly fancied, and from the avidity with which the odds were caught at, a more favorable tale will shortly be told.

Oxygen and Circassian still engross the whole attention for the OAKS, to the complete exclusion of every other: in fact it is difficult to say which has the preference, both mares being supported with great spirit—if either had the call, I think it was Oxygen. Delight, whose performances are equal to the best of them, is only a nominal favorite with nothing doing—barely fluctuating a point for the last six months.

The St. Leger partially revived, Zany and Circassian having plenty of friends. A Mr. B. offered to take 1500 to 100 about each of three, but not more than 14 could be obtained, and even that was proposed with some timidity.

There was more doing upon the RIDDLESWORTH, three of the favorites being heavily backed. Filagree receded a trifle, Caroline and Cressida treading close on his heels, and much betting between them.—Taken altogether it was a very brisk day, and a strong precursor to other and more important changes.

Yours truly,

Z. B.

RIDDLESWORTH.

- 7 to 2 agst Filagree (taken).
- 5 to 1 agst Caroline.
- 6 to 1 agst Cressida (taken).
- 6 to 1 agst Elvas.
- 7 to 1 agst Augusta (taken).
- 6 to 5 three agst the field.

DERBY.

- 14 to 1 agst Colwick (taken cautiously).
- 16 to 1 agst Bohemian (freely taken).
- 16 to 1 agst Varennes (taken).
- 16 to 1 agst Filagree
- 16 to 1 agst Caleb } offered.
- 16 to 1 agst Blunder
- 17 to 1 agst Bras-de-Fer (taken).
- 19 to 1 agst Hæmus (no takers).
- 22 to 1 agst Caroline (freely taken).
- 23 to 1 agst Rattler.
- 26 to 1 agst Antiope (taken).

- 28 to 1 agst Medora (taken).
- 30 to 1 agst Incubus (taken freely).
- 30 to 1 agst Cressida.
- 30 to 1 agst Cobweb (taken).
- 35 to 1 agst Pastille.
- 50 to 1 agst Africanus (taken).
- 50 to 1 agst Pickpocket (taken).
- 50 to 1 agst Elvas.
- 50 to 1 agst Tears.
- 50 to 1 agst Slight (taken).
- 65 to 1 agst Brother to Recruit.
- 65 to 1 agst Tredrille.
- 65 to 1 agst Mortimer (taken).
- 65 to 1 agst Philip.
- 1000 to 2 agst Washington (taken).

The field agst eight.

- 6 to 5 Colwick agst Bras-de-Fer.
- 6 to 5 Colwick agst Varennes.
- 8 to 1 Filagree and Blunder (taken).
- 8 to 1 Bohemian and Varennes.
- 16 to 1 Cressida and Incubus.
- 8 to 1 Caroline, Medora, and Incubus.
- 1000 to 20 Caroline winning Riddlesworth and Derby.

OAKS.

- 5 to 1 agst Oxygen
- 5½ to 1 agst Circassian.
- 11 to 1 agst Delight.
- 16 to 1 agst Sister to the Lion.
- 17 to 1 agst Titania.
- 20 to 1 agst Espagnolle.

ST. LEGER.

- 12 to 1 agst Zany (taken).
- 13 to 1 agst Circassian (taken).
- 16 to 1 agst Colwick
- 18 to 1 agst Chorister.
- 20 to 1 agst Bras-de-Fer (taken).
- 23 to 1 agst Frederica.
- 25 to 1 agst Rattler.
- 25 to 1 agst Camilla.
- 30 to 1 agst Clarence (taken).
- 33 to 1 agst Victoire.
- 33 to 1 agst Bradley.
- 33 to 1 agst Shrigley.

1000 to 8 agst Filagree winning the Riddlesworth, Derby, and St. Leger (taken).

PORT AND CLARET STAKES.

- 6 to 1 agst naming both winners.

CLARET.

- 5 to 1 agst Cetus (taken).
 - 6 to 5 on Medora agst Camilla (taken)
- for the Two Hundred Sovs. Sweepstakes at the Craven Meeting on Wednesday.

Some variation took place yesterday, Filagree gaining a point in the Derby, and Blunder, Caleb, and Varennes receding, the former to 17 to 1, Caleb and Varennes to 20 to 1 (takers).

SUMMARY OF THE WINNING HORSES IN 1830,

SHOWING THE NUMBER OF WINNERS BY EACH HORSE, WITH THE NUMBER
AND AMOUNT OF THEIR PRIZES.

Sires.	No. of Winners.	No. of Prizes.	Amount. £ s. d.	Remarks.
Abjer	6	10	687 0 0	{ and the Hunter's Stakes at Newcastle, value not stated.
Acastus	1	1	70 0 0	
Ambo	4	16	1254 0 0	{ including 1 Gold Cup. and two Purse, value not stated; including two Silver Cups.
Anacreon	1	6	175 0 0	{ including 1 King's Plate, also the WHIP*.
Andrew	1	5	448 6 8	
Antar	1	1	200 0 0	
Antonio	1	1	140 0 0	
Arabian	1	1	50 0 0	
Ardesian	2	4	315 0 0	
Bachelor	1	1	105 0 0	{ the Gold Cup at Carlisle. and the Champagne Stakes at Holywell Hunt.
Banker	2	2	42 0 0	
Beau, The	1	1	50 0 0	
Bilthorpe	1	1	50 0 0	
Blacklock	23	59	6093 15 0	{ including 1 King's Plate, 6 Gold Cups, and the Farmer's Cup at Holderness Hunt.
Blucher	1	1	45 0 0	
Bobadil	5	14½	1397 1 8	{ including one Gold Cup.
Boredino	2	3	205 0 0	{ including one King's Plate.
Bourbon	1	1	770 0 0	{ THE GOODWOOD CUP.
Buckingham, a son of	1	1	80 0 0	
Buffalo	1	1	116 0 0	
Burgundy	1	1	50 0 0	
Bustard	5	11	3787 10 0	
Bustler	1	3	255 0 0	{ including one Gold Cup.
Cacambo	1	1	48 6 0	
Camelopard	1	1	25 0 0	
Cannon Ball	4	12	814 10 0	{ including one Gold Cup.
Cardinal Welsey	1	1	115 0 0	
Catton	9	15	1595 0 0	
Centaur	4	16	1200 0 0	{ including two Cups.
Cervantes	7	12	820 0 0	{ including one Gold Cup.
Champignon	3	4	230 0 0	
Chance	1	1	45 0 0	
Cleveland	1	1	50 0 0	
Columbus	1	2	181 0 0	{ including one Gold Cup.
Comus	9	23	2676 5 0	{ including one Gold Cup, and a Sweepstakes at Salis- bury, value not stated.
Constable	1	2	136 0 0	
Corinthian	1	3	220 0 0	{ including one Gold Cup.
Cottingham	1	1	63 0 0	
Dardanus	2	3	310 0 0	{ including Ladies Cup at Bath.
Doctor Syntax	2	3	165 0 0	
Don Juan	3	7	340 0 0	{ and a Handicap at Bishop's Castle.
Duplicate	1	1	45 0 0	
Emilius	21	45½	14062 0 0	{ including one Gold Cup.
Eryx	1	1	55 0 0	
Falcon	1	1	50 0 0	
Figaro	11	10	1833 10 0	{ including one Silver Cup.

* For a List of Winners of the WHIP, see *Sporting Magazine*, N.S. vol. xiv. p. 38.
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Filho da Puta	27	63	8628	16	0	{ including 5 King's Plates, 4 Gold Cups, one Silver Cup. Value of Brecknock Stakes not stated.
Fitz-Orville	2	5	425	0	0	including 1 Gold Cup.
Fitz-Tearle	1	2	100	0	0	including 1 Silver Cup.
Flibbertigibbet	1	1	50	0	0	
Foxbury	1	1				The City Bowl at Salisbury*.
Friday	1	1	40	0	0	
Frolic	3	7	665	0	0	
Fungus	1	2	200	0	0	
Gainsbrough	1	1	100	0	0	
Gambler	2	6	360	9	0	{ The Durham Welter Cup disputed.
Godolphin	3	8	540	0	0	
Grand Duke	1	2	170	0	0	
Grey Malton	1	4	260	0	0	including 1 Gold Cup.
Grey Orville	1	1	50	0	0	
Grimaldi	1	4	196	0	0	
Grimaldi, Young	1	1	85	0	0	
Guerilla	1	1	80	0	0	
Gulliver	1	1	50	0	0	
Gustavus	1	3½	168	10	0	
Hampden	1	2	200	0	0	including 1 Gold Cup.
Harkaway	1	3	145	0	0	
Mobgoblin	1	2	101	0	0	including 1 Silver Cup.
Hollyhock	1	7	1028	0	0	including 1 Gold Cup.
Hurricane	1	1	50	0	0	
Hylas	2	2	90	0	0	
Ivanhoe	1	4	390	0	0	
Juggler, The	1	1	50	0	0	
Juniper	1	1	100	0	0	
King of Diamonds	1	1	65	0	0	
Laird, The	1	1	47	5	0	
Langar	2	10	2365	0	0	including 6 Gold Cups.
Little John	1	5	350	0	0	
Lottery	1	1	450	0	0	
Macduff	1	1	60	0	0	
Magistrate	4	15	1103	0	0	including 1 Gold Cup.
Magnet	1	1	45	0	0	
Manfred	3	4	480	0	0	{ including 1 Gold Cup, Stake Leominster, value not stated.
Marmion	1	1	90	0	0	
Master Henry	7	10	1155	0	0	
Merlin	9	23	1994	0	0	including 2 Silver Cups.
Middleton	5	6	936	0	0	

* No mention is made of any grant on the part of the Corporation in favour of the Turf at Salisbury until the year 1735, seven years after the Crown had been pleased to order a Royal Plate to be run for there, under the usual conditions and regulations. June 12, 1735, THE TOWN PLATE (value not stated), weight 10st. each, four-mile heats, was won by Mr. Coles's b. h. Foxhunter beating two others. In 1736 the value was said to be 20l. "The City Plate of 20l., free and steeled for ever," according to the Racing Calendar for 1741, is described as "the Legacy Free Plate" in the volume for 1782. In 1787, thirty guineas were added to this Plate by the Members for Salisbury; which donation was continued till 1782. The following year, the City Free Plate, "BEING A SILVER PUNCH-BOWL," free for all ages, carrying 10st. four-mile heats, is announced.

These regulations continued till 1812, when an alteration was made in the distance run, and the weights were adjusted to the respective ages of the horses; viz. four year olds, to carry 8st.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six, 9st. 2lb.; aged, 9st. 4lb. Winners of a Plate or Sweepstakes during the year to carry 3lb.; of two or more, 5lb. extra; heats about two miles and a half. The value of this prize has been frequently increased by the liberality of the Representatives in Parliament, the Stewards of the races, and the Gentlemen of the Corporation.

On this course, June 18, 1769, ECLIPSE walked over for the King's Plate; and, next day, won the City Bowl, beating Mr. Fettoyplace's Salphur. A bay horse, the property of Mr. Taylor, also started, but was distanced the first heat.

Milo	3	3	177	0	0	
Mines	1	1	50	0	0	
Mountrith	2	2	250	0	0	
Movisco	3	5	2650	0	0	
Mortimer	1	1	40	0	0	
Moses	6	11½	2975	0	0	
Mozart	1	1	50	0	0	
Mr. Lowe	1	4	220	0	0	including 1 Gold Cup.
Muley	8	14	1016	10	0	including 2 Cups and a Silver Teapot.
Mustachio	2	2	100	0	0	
Nicolo	5	8	580	0	0	including 2 King's Plates.
Norton	1	1	50	0	0	
Octavian	1	3	255	0	0	including 1 King's Plate.
Oiscaa	4	8	445	0	0	
Orville	3	8	880	0	0	including 1 Gold Cup.
Outcry	1	1	45	5	0	
Palmerin	1	2	225	0	0	
Partisan	5	7	1954	0	0	
Paulowitz	7	11½	781	5	0	
Paul Potter	2	6	365	0	0	including 2 Cups.
Perchance	1	1	25	0	0	including 1 King's Plate.
Percy	2	4	305	0	0	
Peter Lely	1	2	396	10	0	including 1 Gold Cup and a Piece of Plate.
Petronius	1	1	100	0	0	
Phantom	11	26	2285	0	0	including 1 Gold Cup. Steward's Cup at Ipswich, value not stated.
Pioneer	1	3	315	0	0	including 1 Gold Cup value 200 sovs.
Piscator	1	2	205	0	0	including 1 King's Plate.
Poulton	1	1	70	0	0	
President	1	1½	80	0	0	
Prime Minister	1	3	148	0	0	
Rainbow	1	1	105	0	0	a King's Plate for mares at Newmarket.
Reveller	14	33	2956	6	8	and the Jockey Club Cup*. The winnings include 2 King's Plates and a Gold Cup.
Rinaldo	1	2	125	0	0	
Robin Adair	1	2	142	0	0	
Robin Hood	1	1	50	0	0	
Rowston	1	6	605	0	0	including 1 Gold Cup.
Rubens	11	27	2386	0	0	including 2 Gold Cups.
St. Patrick	4	11	1625	0	0	including 1 King's Plate.
Sancho	1	1	50	0	0	the Farmers' Cup at Mostyn Hunt.
Scarecrow	1	1	57	0	0	
Sennator	1	1	50	0	0	
Shuttle Pope	1	3½	485	5	0	
Silkworm	1	1	50	0	0	
Sir Christopher	1	1	110	0	0	the Gold Cup at Holderness.
Sir Huldibrand	1	1	55	0	0	
Sir Oliver	1	2	100	0	0	
Skim	1	2	150	0	0	
Smolnako	6	12	2332	10	0	and a Hunter's Stakes at Beccles, value not stated. A Gold Cup included in the amount.
Smyrna	1	1	45	0	0	
Sober Robin	1	4	320	0	0	including 1 King's Plate.

* For the particulars, with the names of the contributors and winners of this splendid trophy from its origin, the reader is referred to our SECOND SERIES, vol. II, p. 156.

Soothsayer	1	1	50 0 0	the Cavalry Cup at Newcastle.
Spectre	10	14	737 0 0	{ and 2 Handicaps, value not stated.
Strephon	1	1	50 0 0	
Sultan	10	26½	8608 10 0	{ and a Handicap, value not stated.
Swap	3	3	206 0 0	
Swiss	6	10	537 0 0	
Tancred	1	2	125 0 0	
Tarragon	1	1	50 0 0	
Teniers	3	7	865 0 0	including 1 Gold Cup.
Thesis	2	5	310 0 0	
Tirenas	10	17½	2005 0 0	
Topsy Turvy	1	2	154 10 0	including 1 Gold Cup.
Tramp	24	47½	7212 10 0	{ including 4 King's Plates, 3 Gold Cups, and 1 Silver Cup.
Trissy	1	1		A match, amount not known.
Tristram	1	2	50 0 0	{ and a Hunter's Stakes at Southwold.
Usequebaugh	1	1	60 0 0	
Vanloo	1	1	70 0 0	
Vampyre	1	1	90 0 0	
Vandyke	1	1	50 0 0	
Viscount	1	1	50 0 0	
Walthamstow	1	3	146 0 0	including 2 Cups.
Walton	1	3	765 0 0	including 2 Gold Cups.
Wanderer	4	9	927 0 0	including 2 Silver Cups.
Wanton	3	5	380 0 0	
Warkworth	1	1	100 0 0	
Waterloo	3	3	275 0 0	
Waverly	4	8	810 0 0	
Waxy Pope	2	6	622 0 0	
Welbeck	1	3	440 0 0	
Whalebone	21	51½	9540 0 0	{ including 4 King's Plates and 1 Gold Cup.
Whisker	24	58	7663 0 0	{ including 1 King's Plate, 2 Gold Cups, and 1 Silver Tureen.
Woful	1	3	1315 0 0	
Worthy	1	3	700 0 0	
Werthorpe	1	1	75 0 0	
Wrangler	3	15	1495 0 0	
X Y Z	1	2	95 0 0	
Young Whisker	1	1	60 0 0	
Bustard or Orville ...	1	3½	257 10 0	
Filho or Magistrate ...	1	3	350 0 0	
Filho or Sherwood ...	1	11½	1723 0 0	including 2 Gold Cups.
Hedley or Manfred ...	1	2	100 0 0	including a Silver Cup.
Moses or Waterloo ...	1	5	1640 0 0	
Orville or Walton ...	1	1	85 0 0	
Orville or Ivanhoe ...	1	1	25 0 0	
Phantom or Morisco ...	1	5	500 0 0	
Stalkiens unknown ...	49	55	2724 0 0	{ exclusive of a Stakes at Penkridge and Weymouth; the Oat Stakes of 20 bolts at Kelso; three Silver Cups; Farmers' Cup at St. Alban's; and a Piece of Plate at Rochdale.

GRAND TOTAL.—589 winners of 1190½ prizes, amounting to 134419l.16s., including 28 King's Plates, the Newmarket Jockey Club WMF and CUP, the grand Cup at Goodwood, 53 Gold Cups, 22 Silver Cups, the Salisbury City Bowl, a Silver Tureen a Piece of Plate value not specified; and a Silver Tea-pot. It may be remarked too that the value of several of the Cups is not stated.

A DORSETIAN SKETCH.

No. V.

It's only the tale ! that charms the heart !
THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

SIR,

IT happened one fine scenting morning in the latter end of December 182—! (for I like to be particular), that a covey of red coats, interspersed with a few sprinklings of costume of a sabler hue—such, Mr. Editor, as are only to be met with in Dorsetshire !—

And tell me if on earth there dwell
Men suiting woman's love so well—

THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

had pitched somewhat earlier than usual under a covert's side, commonly known in the country by the name of Bere Wood (from being, I suppose, always full of water), waiting the arrival of a far-famed pack of fox-hounds kept by a Gentleman of sporting celebrity in the immediate neighbourhood. They were, as sportsmen, young, gay, ardent, and bold, on a fine scenting morning about 10 A.M. are apt to be, in "tip-top" spirits—up to any "lark"—and ever ready to convert each passing thought, word, look, or action into a passing and sometimes practical joke: the smile and the laugh went merrily round, "care, that canker of all joys," being left either at home, or fluttering round the heart; for *certainly* it was nowhere visible on the brow. At a short distance from the assembled Nimrods stood some country clodhoppers—in other words, plough-boys, day-labourers, and republicans—by which last I mean poachers! fellows who kill more foxes than the whole "universal world"

beside, because the nasty varmint do destroy *so much game* for the Gentlefolks—meaning, I conclude, themselves. For the monster—be he *principal* or be he *second*, be he master or be he man, whatever his condition in life may be, high or low, rich or poor, married or single, young or old—who wilfully murders a fox, but one punishment ought to await him in this world—perpetual banishment to the Isle of Dogs, with the dead animal tied round his neck for life*, there to 'drag' on a miserable existence to his last long earth—the grave!

In order, however, to cast a softer shade over the picturesque appearance of this interesting group must be added a few half-tanned females from the adjoining fields—beautiful nut-brown maidens of the sun, ever ready to leave work for any less laborious enterprise; while farther to the right of these stood lonely, though not lamenting, a being of superior grade—a star in the *lower* hemisphere of brighter magnitude—even a pretty-looking young woman of interesting appearance, with an infant (it was supposed, for it might have been anything else) in her arms. The *extreme* care she seemed to take of her charge, and the fondness with which she every now and then peeped through the folds of suffocating superfluities which enveloped the face and figure of her darling, to see if it were still there, clearly pointed out she was the mother; while, from her own pale and languid look, it was also evident that that momentous period in woman's existence of "pain and peril," such as man can form no conception of, had not long been past!

* This would soon sicken him I take it, Sir, of fox-slaughter again in a hurry.

"What a very pretty creature!" remarked one.

"I wonder who owns her?" said another.

"Can any one tell where she comes from?" added a third.

"We'll soon find out," exclaimed a fourth, as he turned his horse in the direction of the spot where she stood, and riding up point blank to her, said, "I say what will you take for the young one?"

"Something more than your better by much, I have a notion," she replied, with an indignant toss of the head, and then turning abruptly on her heel walked suddenly away to some distance. Reader! where, I would ask, is the fond mother who could brook with impunity the insult offered, by hearing her first-born of *five weeks* old denominated "a young one?" It was more than Nature or the maternal bosom could bear!

"Floored! by all that's faithful!" called out one.

"Found a vixen, Sir, I take it!" said — with one of his most benevolent smiles, "but with a first cub they're apt to be savage; always *bite* hard too this month!"

"Truly a vixen in all that's vicious!" replied the now fallen-crested hero; "pretty to look at, but a rum one to speak to."

"Come, come," said a young man, whose name was *Nameless*, "never abuse the sex, especially for what your own folly or your own impudence may be the cause of. All your own fault, rely on it; and had you only adopted a different policy, the result would have been a different one also. I have three half-crowns in my pocket, and reserving *one* for the brilliant run—which something whispers me is

now in store for us—I will with pleasure wager the other two that I will in five minutes, and before you all, obtain not only the 'birth, parentage, and education' of the maternal, but the age, number of teeth, and accomplishments of the 'young one' also."

"Done!" exclaimed the other, "I accept the bet."

Nameless accordingly turned round, and without any apparent motive, rode leisurely by the spot where stood the subject of this little sketch, gazing in silent indignation on the wretch who had outraged every feeling of humanity by the never-to-be-forgotten or forgiven *inveective* he had bestowed upon her child. On returning past her again he slightly pulled up his horse, remarking "that *APPEARS* to be a *VERY* nice baby you have got so carefully wrapped up there; and, judging from the fondness you seem to evince for it, and your own appearance, I am almost inclined to think it must be your own?"

"'Tis, indeed, a nice babby, Sir," replied she, her beautiful countenance brightening into smiles as she uncovered the face of her child, and stepped forward in all the pride of maternal fondness to exhibit the charms of the ugliest little toad eyes ever looked upon, whose features could only have been compared to an *attempt* at the "human face divine" in conglomerated gruel.

"'Tis a nice babby, Sir," she continued, "though I says it who ought not, for 'tis mother's own darling, be'nt'ee, my beauty?"

"He *must* be a strong likeness of his father, I should imagine," added *Nameless*, "for he is not at all like you!"

"He is like his father, Sir; and my only happiness all day at home."

"By which am I to understand you are a widow?"

"Oh, no! God forbid, Sir!" she replied: "my Dick is one of the best of husbands, and as comely a young lad for nineteen as you'll see hereabouts. He works as carter at yonder farm there; so thinking he might, perhaps, just run up to see the fox-dogs, I thought as how I would bring the child, for his father's mortal fond o'un, and thinks there isn't another such (and for the credit of Dorsetshire, Mr. Editor, we will hope not) in the whole country—doesn't he, my precious?"

"How long, pray, have you been married?"—"Only last Valentine's Day, Sir, when I was seventeen; and there wasn't 'a bird in the air' half so happy as I was when father said to me a coming out of church, 'God bless thee, Mary!' Mother *tried* to say so too, but she couldn't; but there I knew as how her *tongue* meant it, for her *tears* told me so."

"But you were not the only happy one, surely, on such an occasion?"

"Why as to that, Sir, I believe Dick was in pretty good spirits too—for ours was a somewhat troublesome courtship."

"I should like to hear about it," said Nameless, "for I am sure Dick must, or ought to think himself not only a fortunate, but to feel likewise a happy man in possessing such a nice child and such a pretty wife!"

"Oh, as to that matter, Sir," replied the woman, endeavoring to repress a simpering blush,

"I don't know; but as to our courtship that I was speaking about, why it began somehow or other I can't tell how, for I don't think it had any beginning at all. But I recollect one day, when I was about sixteen, saying to mother, that I always see'd Dick Andrews loitering near the premises oftener than anybody else; and I was afraid he was after no good, but meant to break into the house some night. 'Then, Mary,' said my mother, 'be you on your guard, and take care thee doesn't break out of it, and don't thee stay out late at night; and be sure thee doesn't give Dick any encouragement to *disturb our quiet*.' Well, I thought all this was strange too on mother's part, for I see'd her laughing all the while as maybe in her sleeve, and I couldn't make it out a bit, not I; but still there was Dick as often as ever notwithstanding; and sometimes when he was a coming home to dinner, or from work in the evening, however fast he might be walking up the lane, he was sure, for I often watched un, to walk slow enough by the door, and I have more than once pretty many times seen un drop a stick, or something maybe he was a carrying, before he passed, and presently after he would go back again to look for it, and he always gave a side-long glance like in at the window as he went by, and if I was there alone he would look back before he turned the corner; but he never did if mother was there too, never. So at last, thought I to myself one morning after he went by, why surely Dick Andrews looks oftener at me than he does at mother; and if you'll believe

me, Sir, from that day Dick was never long out of my head, and I began to watch for his coming; and at length he one day smiled at me: so the next morning I ventured to the door, and we used to speak in passing, and he always seemed so terrified like, and sometimes could scarcely utter, although he talked loud enough to other folk; but then he *did* look so when he looked at me, that I couldn't was it never so but like un."

"He one day met me in the lane," continued the young woman, "as I was going on an errand for mother, and kept me so long a talking that he nearly lost his place, and I got well scolded at home; but I didn't say 'twas *all* Dick's fault. Well, the more I saw of 'un the better I liked 'un; and then he was so modest and so unassuming like, 'twould have done your heart good, Sir, to have seen how silly he used to look whenever he chanced to meet me. At last I fancied this must be what they called being in love; and the real truth now came out, that 'twasn't to break into the house that he used to be prowling about so, but only to get a glimpse at me, which I thought very kind of un, for he would be there in all weathers, cold or het—no rain damped he. Well, Sir, some months passed on in this way, and the May Day before last arrived, when there were always gay doings at a village a few miles off. I had often heard the girls in our parish talk of the pleasures of 'the May-pole,' but had never been there, for father would never let me go; for, says he, 'them there May-poles do cause in the long run more

after-pain than pleasure, for they do frequently lead to as much mischief as they be high.' This only increased my curiosity to see this wonderful May-pole; so, knowing father wouldn't agree if I asked un, I determined for once to go without it, and at four o'clock set off alone. On reaching the place I found all the folk a dancing their very legs off round a great stick stuck in the ground as high as our steeple, except Dick, who was standing apart from the rest, looking all now-like, and amusing hisself by picking to pieces and eating a large piony I had given un the night before to put in his hat, but which he preferred putting into his mouth, because, as he afterwards told me, 'twould be nearer his heart; so I couldn't feel angry with un. Though he was dressed all in his best, yet still he didn't seem to enjoy hisself, although he had on his nicely-blackened shoes, and his light-blue Sunday cotton stockings with smart white clocks, and his new corduroy thingumbobs with metal buttons at the knee, and silk strings a dangling half down a leg—that none in the parish can boast the like—and his red plush waistcoat a peeping above the white frock, beautifully 'broidered with blue thread and the orange-colored silk-handkerchief that I hemmed for un, and his Dunstable straw hat with green ribband tied round it. He did look so nice; I well remember putting on the ribband; for, after mother and father were gone to bed the night before, I let a string down from my window, to which Dick tied his hat, and up I drew it, and cut the strings off my new bonnet, which I sewed together

and fastened round it; and then, for fear mother should find it out, I cut up one of the bows into strings, and the other I made into two, so she didn't see the difference. As soon as I had done the hat I let it down again to Dick, poor fellow! who was all the time in the cold without one; and when I went to bed I dreamt all night I was a dancing with he round the May-pole, with the hat a top of it. So I resolved next morning I'd go anyhow—for, to speak the truth, I didn't half like the idea of his dancing with anybody there, for fear he should like her better than he did me. When I arrived I was sorry to see un looking so sad, but more than happy that he wasn't gallivanting with any of the girls about. So when he saw me he did look so surprised, and came up and seemed very grieved that I had come; 'for,' says he, 'your father'll never forgive 'ee,' so he made me promise to go home afore 'twas dark, and that he should see me safe: and as we were returning he opened his whole heart, and told me how long and truly he had loved me, and asked if I'd marry un; and I said, yes I would any day he chose to fix after next Saturday, for that was market day at Blandford, and I knew mother wouldn't part with me till I had sold my buttons*: and then he did sigh so, and told me he had nothing at all of his own; and he was sure father would never hear of the match. 'But, Mary,' says he, 'if you'll promise to love no one else in the meantime, I'll work early and

late, harder than old Lightfoot ever did, and when I've saved up five pounds I'll ask your father.' And there by Christmas he scraped together the money; and father told un he might have me if he were minded, for he liked the young lad for seeing me safe home from the May-pole; and so, Sir, we were married, and here's my darling babby—bless his pretty face—to prove it: that's all, Sir, I've to tell."

"And I am very much obliged to you," replied Nameless; "and as I have now won a wager, I think you are the most proper person to benefit thereby:—so will you take these two half-crowns and buy your dear babby—what I trust he'll never prove—a rattle, or anything else he may like better."

"Thank 'ee sure, Sir; I didn't expect he would meet so kind a friend out here."

"I tell you what, my good woman," said some one now riding up, "if we kill a fox in covert, which on such a fine scenting morning as this is by no means devoutly to be wished, your son and heir shall be *blooded*, it being his first appearance in 'the field.' We will hold a christening 'all under the green-wood tree.' He shall be called Brush—dedicated to Nimrod—and the Goddess Diana shall be his god-mother: what say you to that?"

"What say I to that?" replied she, with a look of terror and amazement in her countenance, as she bundled up her child in her arms. "What say I to that? why, that you must

* Dorsetshire, and more especially Blandford, I believe, and its immediate vicinity, have always been celebrated for the making of shirt buttons in thread. Hence the cause of the many beautiful women amongst the lower orders in this country can boast of, forming in complexion the happy medium between the pallid hue of the manufacturer and the sun-burnt tint of the out-of-door working female.

first catch me as well as the fox:" and so saying, off she started at score without once looking behind her, and, notwithstanding the assurances to the contrary, nothing could stop her: the louder she was halloo'd after the faster she ran; and when some of the old hounds (the pack having in the interval been thrown into covert) gave tongue, had you only seen the poor creature's look of consternation, as she paused like a hunted hare to gaze one moment around her, and then pressing her "dear babby" closer to her bosom, off she went again faster than ever. Some alarm was of course naturally felt lest some accident should befall her. However, it is to be hoped she got safe home; and doubtless it will be long enough before she takes her "beauty" out again to see the "fox-dogs!" Probably, though the first then, he is neither the last nor the least now, though it is to be hoped the others are a little less like Dick. And now, reader, bear in mind through life the moral of my tale—that you never can displease a mother (at least not many of them) by saying, no matter what you may think, her first child is like its father, though I have met many who were offended by affirming he was not. Every crow (fortunately perhaps for all parties concerned) thinks its own the whitest; and the same feeling (excuse me, lady,) you will invariably find in the fond maternal bosom of woman, ordained by Nature or Nature's God, as a more connecting link betwixt herself and her offspring.

There is something, Mr. Editor, inexpressibly beautiful in

beholding a young and lovely mother bending in all the pride of first feelings over the slumbering charms of her infant charge on the sofa beside her!—something inconceivably sad on viewing that same mother, perhaps, weeping in all the forlorn feeling of *departed hope* over the untimely grave, beneath whose sod her infant reposes!

There is no earthly feeling so pure—none so precious, none so lasting, *because* none so heavenly—as a fond mother's for her first-born child!—Yours, &c.

A NATIVE.

Feb. 1, 1831.

THREE DAYS WITH THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH'S HOUNDS.

SIR,

ON the 30th of December I paid a visit to His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch's kennel at Dalkeith. Will Williamson, the huntsman, presides over this department, having completed a period of twenty-eight years' service, one half of which he acted as first and second whipper; the remainder in his present capacity; a most obliging man, and, as I am informed, a perfect artist in his profession. The kennel boasts nothing of the embellishment of modern architecture, but is sufficiently commodious for the accommodation of its present tenants, which consist of forty-six couples of effective hounds, bred from the Duke of Rutland's best strain, Lord Lonsdale's, the Badsworth, and Mr. Osbaldeston's. The entry of this year, consisting of about fourteen couple, is a very promising lot, and will prove the eff-

ciency of hounds of the middle size when bred with a sufficient quantity of bone. I should advise hunting the sexes separately, at least with a small addition from the dogs, as the strength of the pack will hardly admit of it otherwise, and Williamson is rather an advocate for short packs. There are about four couple of bitches in this pack of superior form to breed from; and I should recommend to indulge some of them with a visit—particularly Nimble and Gaiety—to Mr. Osbaldeston's kennel.

On Monday, the 3d of January, the fixture was Gladsmuir, fourteen miles from Edinburgh, a large gorse covert. It was the first open day after the thaw had commenced—the wind from the favorable point, but the frost only half-thawed.

Reynard was soon found, and after some covert-hunting broke away for an adjoining wood, through which he passed, and seemed inclined to visit the open westward, but suddenly traversed and took again nearly the line he commenced with. After some short running, and what a Meltonian would call pottering work, he was killed in Mr. Comfill's grounds at Pentcurtland. This lasted one hour, and took a little out of the nags.

The gorse being well stocked, we tried it again, and had a brace of foxes on foot, but both reluctant to leave. The hounds hunted steadily, and kept up (to use a military phrase) an incessant fire, which forced him away at last, when he took the very same line as the first fox, and was run back to the covert where he was found, and where, from the lateness of the hour; we left

him. The huntsman was absent from an accident, having broken his arm riding on the road in the frost. The whipper, Hugh, was *locum tenens*—a light weight, and a good rider. His Grace was not out. The field boasted of about thirty scarlets, besides other colours. The prominent characters that seemed bent on work were, Lord Elcho, on Prince Le Boo; Sir David Baird, on Grog; Mr. George Williamson, of Lixmount; Colonel Maclean, of Cadbole; several Officers of the Fourth Dragoon Guards; with many other good sportsmen whose names and performances will, I have no doubt, be found fully entitled to notice on some future occasion, whenever the opportunity shall offer.

Tuesday, Jan. 4th.—Dalhousie was the meet, eight miles from Edinburgh. The noble owner is an invaluable preserver of foxes. It is a wood-covert situated close to the river Ask, thick (to use Somerville's words,) "with prickly furze," and punishing to hounds—a fine morning, wind south, and the ground mere favorable. The wood was but partially drawn, and proved blank, no doubt for this reason. Carrington Wood was next tried, and at about twelve o'clock old pug bore away down wind, but hanging the covert, doubled, and went towards the village of Carrington, and thence to Roxberry; here a long and almost hopeless case of check took place, which sent home many of the field: a fortunate cast, however, brought them on good terms again with Reynard, and whoo-whoop, after a short burst over a good country, made up the finale.

January 6th.—Crichton Castle,

fourteen miles from Edinburgh, the fixture—a severe frost over night. The hounds threw off at eleven o'clock, under very unfavorable circumstances. Deep glens of great extent, thickly wooded, formed the coverts—the country above partly tillage and mountain pasture—horses up to their houghs in dirt. At half-past he broke away in a southern direction, and appeared bent on mischief, but suddenly turned, directing his course to the glens, which he hung for a considerable time, playing off his wily tricks; but the hounds had marked him as their own, and ran him to earth. Here was to be found His Grace working at the spade and pick-axe like a good one. The scene was interesting—the hounds over the earth—the huntsman looking down from the hills above, and “the sons of the mountain glen” digging away. His Grace was the first to lay hold of pug, and drew him out, declaring he should have fair play, notwithstanding the whipper wished for blood. He was turned down, and crash went the pack, working him through the glen, up and down, for twenty minutes, and killed. The horses had the best of this day's work, the hounds the worst, having been severely punished in the covert. Glen foxes seldom run well: they are afraid to face the open country; and were it not for the interesting scene which it presents to a mind not insensible to the romantic, in my opinion it should only be resorted to in the cub-hunting season.

This pack did not commence operations till the latter part of October, and had killed, when I made my first visit, eighteen

brace of foxes, without any cub-hunting.

His Grace has some good horses—particularly Alphabet, formerly belonging to Lord Anson. His Grace's huntsmen and whippers are well mounted; and I have not seen any establishment better conducted. There are three kennels, but the sport furnished in the East Lothian country is the best.

The men of heavy weights in this Hunt are not to be surpassed: at the head I place Mr. Campbell, of Saddle; the Marquisses Tweedale and Lothian; Sir John Hope, of Aintree; and though last, not least, the dashing Doctor Liston, of Edinburgh. I cannot conclude my letter, Mr. Editor, without expressing my high opinion of some of the lovers of sport in this country, and the deep sense of gratitude I shall ever feel for the very warm and kind reception I have everywhere met with in Scotland.

My next letter will contain, I fondly anticipate, some interesting details of the Fife Hounds, and Captain Chalmers of Oldbear's pack: and for the present I take my leave, and remain yours, &c. VENATOR.

CHAMOIS HUNTING IN IRELAND.

SIR,

THE patriotic Earl of Howth, who resides at Howth Castle in the county of Dublin, has afforded the most brilliant sport to the lovers of “pace” of anything in the United Kingdom during the last two years. His Lordship's pack consists of seventy odd couples of effective hounds, selected from the best blood in

England, at a considerable expense, of the middle size, and hunted by himself—the country equal to the best part of Leicestershire—with one decided advantage, of not having a timber fence in the entire range.

The deer were imported by His Lordship from the Pyrenees, being a present from a Nobleman on whose estates the chamois abound. These animals are very small, but beautifully made, and so swift that the best greyhound is an unequal match for them. To particularize His Lordship's performances in the field would be wasting time: suffice it say, his hounds can go *THE KILLING PACE*, and *he is always with them*. The little chamois is no sooner uncarterd than to business they go—law is out of the question: he starts away at a racing pace, setting his enemies at defiance, over a tract of country chiefly grass, followed upon an average by two hundred scarlets; and, disdaining all contact with public roads, farmhouses, or the viler herd, he generally concludes his run at the end of fifteen miles from the point he had left. His Lordship's Hunt boasts of several undoubted artists, who are not to be denied; and nothing but blood and a reckless nerve can get along with these hounds.

In my next letter I purpose sending you some interesting particulars of chamois hunting; the names of some of the *first rank men* in the Hunt, together with the performances of the Irish hunters over His Lordship's country.—Yours, &c.

An Admirer of Chamois Hunting.

STOPPING FOR HORSES' FEET.

SIR,
NOTWITHSTANDING all that has been said and recommended on the subject of stopping, I believe most experienced stable-managers will allow that perfection in this particular article has never yet been generally attained. Whether veterinary surgeons have thought such a humble preservative means as stopping beneath their notice, I cannot tell; but they always appear to attach a very secondary degree of importance to it, and if interrogated by the master of a stud as to which in their opinion is the best, we usually find the matter passed off very lightly. "Tar and tow," or "tow and grease," may possibly be advised; but more often the practitioner refers to the groom in these cases, and countenances, if he does not recommend, his filthy and injurious practices*. In some stables clay only is used; in others cowdung only; while some believe these ingredients to possess greater virtues when combined in equal proportions.

I am not about to ridicule the object which these practical men (I mean the grooms) have in view; for I consider stopping to be a very important part of stable-management, much more so than those theoretical Gentlemen (the Vets) would make it appear: and my purpose, therefore, is not at all to condemn the thing, but to consider the propriety of the different articles they use, and point out where they are injurious to the foot.

Now there are many sub-

* Mr. Cherry, of Clapham, is certainly an exception to what I have stated respecting veterinary surgeons; and his "horse-pads," made of thick felt, are certainly well calculated to effect pressure on the sole when this is considered the principal object in view.

stances that would be very beneficial as stopping, if it could be frequently changed, but which become mischievous, where, as is usually the case, it remains in the foot for twelve hours, if not twenty-four, at a time. Clay is something of this description, (and many people urge in its favour that horses on heavy argillaceous soils, and those employed in brick-mills, uniformly have the hoof in a succulent healthy state,) and it may be so where the cool clay is constantly refreshed; but it is totally different with horses in a hot stable, where a single handful is plastered into the hoof at night and probably not removed until it becomes perfectly dry and hard. Many Gentlemen may say, and truly, that they are particular in having it frequently picked out and changed; but *we know* that they often only *think* that it is done, because *they order it to be so*. The state in which feet often come to the forge proves this, as they are frequently so dry and flinty that the drawing-knife can scarcely touch them; and though the clay may be to all appearance removed, we find it between the shoe and the sole as hard as mortar; and I have even known a degree of lameness occasioned by it if the feet were disposed to contraction, concave, brittle, and slow of growth.

Such horsemen as are aware of these facts condemn clay; and what then? they order cow-dung, which cannot get *too dry*: but it may soon become too dry to do any good; and in the first instance is always a great deal *too wet*—that is, *wet* is its only property. It is a nasty sloppy article, calculated more to rot

and undermine the horn than for any other useful purpose. It is especially destructive to the horn of the frog when there is the least tendency to exfoliation; and if it softens, it does not encourage, the growth.

How many a traveller has left his horse at a town-stable with strict injunctions to the ostler to "stop his feet well every night," and found on his return a running frush in one or both feet, and the frogs undermined and rotting away! Such are undeniably the common consequences of the groom's stopping. As to those prescribed by the Veterinarian, "tar with tow," however excellent in particular cases, is a stimulating dressing, much too heating for general use. "Grease and tow" is not exactly the thing, and is very liable to fall out, if not applied with more care than this subject will ever obtain at the hands of stablemen. Above all, both these are too expensive.

Now I am very anxious that no one should cavil at this statement; and not to do injustice to the old favorites—cow-dung and clay—I am ready to admit that when applied to good sound feet, such as we commonly find in dealers' stables, the probable good which they do may be about on a par with the positive harm, and such feet would do quite as well without stopping at all, or equally with one sort as another. It is not of sound feet that I speak, but of that very numerous class of horses which we often find at the most useful period of their lives with one or both feet contracted, foundered, or distorted, yet capable, when favorably shod and

properly managed, of carrying them through the longest day's travel or the sharpest run with hounds. It is a "veteran good one" that, under the above circumstances, delights us most, by the spirit and vigour of his performance; and disappoints us also the most vexatiously, when, on the contrary, the smith or the groom have failed in skill or pains to give him every advantage. Without entering on the debateable ground of shoeing, we will suppose that part of the business well executed; and we may also dispense with any proof of the utility of good stopping, and come at once to the consideration of what a "good stopping" should be.

It will be found that there are four or five requisites in such an article in order to make it the best possible. It must be moist and adhesive, and not sloppy as cow-dung, or become hard like clay; and it should encourage the growth of horn without stimulating too highly. When all these points are attained, it must be cheap, *very cheap*, for general use (admitting that two feet require half a pound to stop them well). This constitutes the principal difficulty; and in fact, though it is common to hear that "anything will do," it will be found far from an easy task to manufacture an article possessing all the above properties. An expensive compound is readily made, and in particular cases is cheap at any price. For if we consider the consequences that frequently result from a brittle hoof, in lost shoes, lost time, and sport, and if not a lost horse at least a ruined foot, and the additional vexation of having to keep him idle in the stable for

months, that the horn may grow again (as he cannot be turned out), there will appear sufficient reason for the greatest attention to this hitherto disregarded subject. I maintain that by management, of which stopping forms a chief part, horses' feet may be kept (and I have kept them) in a fresh, cool, growing state, and fit to bear nails and carry shoes, when, without such care, the same horses had been almost useless, often lame, and on the high road to speedy destruction: for it must be observed that the present inconvenience of such accidents as the above is not the worst: their frequent recurrence soon reduces the foot to such a state that the horse is worth nothing to any body. When so much is at stake, I think, Mr. Editor, you will agree with me that a little pains and expense are not thrown away, and that we are not doing right in leaving the grooms with nothing but cow-dung and clay: for it is a sort of thing that all good strappers would take delight in attending to. And I expect very shortly to be able to offer to the public, through the medium of your Magazine, a kind of stopping which will combine all the requisite qualities to preserve the foot in good growing order, believing it to be a subject of considerable importance to most of your readers.—Yours, &c.

CHARLES CLARK, V. S.

Stamford Street, Feb. 10, 1831.

NOTES OF BIRDS.

SIR,
READING some time back in your review of a "Journal of a Naturalist," a question

asked—viz. “whether blackbirds, or any one species of bird, all used the same notes, and sang in the same key?”—I think that the following extract from White’s *History of Selborne* will determine that birds of the same kind sing in different keys. “A neighbour of mine, who is said to have a nice ear, remarks that the owls about this village hoot in three different keys, in G flat or F sharp, in B flat, and A flat. He heard two hooting to each other, the one in A flat, and the other in B flat. The same person finds upon trial that the note of the cuckoo (of which we have but one species) varies in different individuals: for about Selborne Wood he found they were mostly in D; he heard two sing together, the one in D, the other in D sharp, which made a disagreeable concert: he afterwards heard one in D sharp, and about Woolmer Forest some in C. As to nightingales, he says that their notes are so short, and their transitions so rapid, that he cannot well ascertain their key. Perhaps in a cage and in a room their notes may be more distinguishable. This person has tried to settle the notes of a swift, and of several other small birds, but cannot bring them to any criterion.”

White asks, “do these different notes proceed from different species, or only from various individuals?” This question is answered by what is said of the cuckoo above; for if we hear cuckoos making use of different notes, and we have but one species of that bird in this country, the diversity of notes must pro-

ceed from individuals of the same species*. Hoping that this extract will not be deemed prolix, but may excite the curiosity of some of your readers, I subscribe myself, yours, &c.

φωσ.

OLD ENGLISH CUSTOM.

Currwood, Twelve Eve.

TO SPORTING MAGAZINE,

PLEASE you, Sur or Madam, there was gurt viring to-night, it being twelve eve, not courding to Maister Swinge and the cendaries, but courding to han ould Vest Countree vashion. John Shepherd of our paritch, which grinds the horgan in our church, gat togiether a company, and having rounded the ould apple-tree, John sayd or sung, with a salm-synging voice,

Here's to thee,
Ould apple-tree,
For to bear and to brew
Apples anewgh
These year, next year, and the year
arter teu;
Hats vull, caps vull, and bushell bag
vull:
But if thee want bear neither apple or
core
Down wi thy tap, and up wi thy mor.

Then the whull party vired their pesterls, guns, and muck-sticks, and hurra'd and vired again fore and back three times; then they all gat drunk pon could cyder, and so whome to bed without wharm to nobody.

Sur or Madam, they Gemmain and varmers here'bout wants to

* *Quære*—May not local situations affect the sound, such as woods, rocks, rivers, &c. and thus give a different tone to the note?—ED.

know from your honours of the sporting buke where they high Gemminas through-breed horses does business this season, as they have gotten mares to send to them, as they says your honours yuzed to putt down 'pen your buke where and at what prise they high breed cattle did bissnes, but that you have a leaved it off, and they wants to know where to larn news of they hosses. I hopes no 'fence your honours. Your sarvant,

TIMOTHY JOULTER.

°. Our Correspondent is in error by stating that we have omitted to notice the stallions for the year—they are invariably given in our Magazine, though they have seldom appeared till the April Number. We are endeavoring to steal a month this year, and hope we may be enabled to give the list in the present Number.

BY-GONE SCENES; OR, DAYS OF BOG-HUNTING.

SIR,

THE hunting of the wild boar in Bengal is so superior to the same sport pursued in other parts of India—from the greater size and fierceness of the animal; from the nature of the country, spread over with level grass plains; and from the comparative ease with which the game is aroused—that a series of sketches descriptive of this magnificent chase, together with some others less known, may perhaps afford amusement to the numerous readers of your valuable Magazine;—in which hope I must premise that I have chosen the form of dialogue, carried on between sportsmen under fictitious names, as

the best adapted for the subjects treated of.

Cambius, satiated with the gaieties of the cold season in Calcutta, went up with four high-bred and well-trained Arab horses to the house of *Hospitius*, situated at a convenient distance from the Presidency upon the left bank of the Hoogly, a branch of the mighty Ganges. The house of *Hospitius* has ever been open to the passing stranger; and the productions of his farm and gardens are always offered to those numerous voyagers passing to and from the Upper Provinces. The system of society in England usually precludes (except in rare instances) that familiarity which so universally prevails among men in the East, where intimacy of long endurance engenders almost brotherly affection. It was in such a tone of feeling that *Cambius* was welcomed by *Hospitius* and some other old sporting friends.

The plentiful dinner was served, the tales of old days, of beloved recollections, and departed friends, were renewed—themes ever dear to those who from various chances have been separated in India—and among the friends now together unexpectedly, and all devotedly addicted to sporting, amidst the hilarity and conviviality of the evening, the conversation turned upon a comparison between the different modes of pursuing the animated chase of the wild boar, as practised by the veterans of the throwing spear (the only method formerly in use), and the more destructive, though less elegant, *thrusting* or *jobbing lance*, introduced in these days by modern sportsmen, who ridicule the uncertain and doubt-

ful effects of the javelin. The cause of the ancients over the plains of Bengal was warmly advocated by one of the party, who could wield equally well every variety of spear; and he contended, that the javelin upon the open plain, where the speed of the boar cannot long avail him, prolonged the interest of the chase, gave more frequent opportunities to shew the skill and dexterity of the horseman, and displayed to admirable advantage the beautiful and graceful management of the horse: in addition to which the interest was heightened by watching the failure of an erring throw, as also allowing the most unskilful some chance of sharing the sport. The pretended advantages arrogated by the advocates of jobbing, that the danger was augmented, and in consequence the chase enhanced, by coming to closer collision with the animal, he maintained, were unfounded—since the throwing spear or javelin was rarely delivered until the boar, exhausted by his burst of speed, turned on his pursuer, who, if versed in the use of his weapon, never launched it till within a distance that a vigorous arm and well-directed aim inflicted a wound generally fatal.

Shawzada replied, that the *jobbing* spear must always excite the utmost rage of the boar, as the rider, from starting, pressed towards him, urging his horse to the top of his speed, and giving the boar no breathing time to meditate between cowardice and resolution; but forcing him, by the impetuosity of the pace, to charge sooner, therefore far more vigorously and with fiercer energy than when left to choose his own

moment, which he will always delay until every hope of escape by flight is despaired of. The one, he said, was like attacking a desperate bandit in his cave; the other might not inaptly be compared to tracking him by the slow, but not less certain, process of bloodhounds, who take him—worn down, dispirited, and heartless—quite incapable of any dangerous resistance.

The voice of the party was in favour of *Shawzada* and the moderns; and after learning from *Hospitius* the plan of the campaign and the country in which they were about to exercise their own abilities in the field, and anticipating the pleasures of the chase (in most things, after all, the most pleasing), they parted, to make preparations for their departure at an early hour on the following morning.

The tents of *Hospitius* were pitched upon the extensive grass plains of *Hurrisunker*, screened by the dark and impervious foliage of a fine grove of mangoe trees from the fiery beams of an Indian sun. The waters of the *Bangrattie*, one of the thousand tributaries of the sacred Ganges, curved round the village of *Hurrisunker*, passed within a convenient distance of the tents, and continued their sluggish course, like the mazy windings of a snake, through the rich and level country. Not only the necessities, but all the proverbial luxuries of the East, which long habits render needful, had been amply provided by the servants of *Hospitius*; and his retinue of followers of every description gave to the hunting party the appearance of a small army taking the field. Though upon a much more limited

and inferior scale, yet the scene awakened in my mind thoughts of those by-gone and brilliant days, when the splendour and power of the magnificent Moghuls were undiminished, when they sallied from the luxurious indulgences of the harem, and with their favorites and their chosen body guards, selected from the noblest youth of the nation, all armed with the formidable conquering bow and quiver of their Scythian ancestors, aroused and attacked the wildest animals which infested the plains of India. Methought this little encampment might give some faint idea of the celebrated hunting expeditions of Aurungzebe and his successors, who pitched their gorgeous tents in the most enchanting spots of their boundless dominions, as they were induced by fancy, led by pleasure, or enticed by the allurements of the chase. Suddenly the favored solitude resounded with the busy hum of their numerous followers, and, in some cases, the camp of the Moghul Monarchs took the form of a flourishing colony. Aurungabad, one among the many splendid and decaying remnants of Mohammedan grandeur, owed its rise to the partiality of Aurungzebe, who, for a succession of years, brooded in that delightful wilderness over his crimes. The caprice of the Sovereign suited the taste of the people; and a few years saw the moving camp merged into the lovely city, surrounded with balmy groves of orange and citron, and ornamented with marble Mosques, whose white minarets, glittering in the sun, were hailed and blessed by the weary pilgrim from afar.

The train of elephants which accompanied our establishment amounted to a hundred; and as the first day of our arrival was dedicated to preparations for the chase, I had ample leisure and derived much amusement from observing the almost inconceivable sagacity of those huge mis-shapen animals, and the docility with which they obeyed the most tyrannous commands of their keepers. Some of them were going down to water: the drivers, as humour dictated, would in some instances lie on the ground between the colossal legs of the enormous beasts, (who with such equal ease could crush the insignificant mortal or grovelling worm,) and bidding the generous animals to take them up, the command was promptly obeyed. The tenacious trunk of the elephant was applied to the *cummerband*, or white cloth which circles the waist, and the keeper, raised with the most assiduous caution, sat safe on his neck, and rode down to the river singing some native air. When in the water they lie upon their sides quite inanimate, while the drivers with a rough brick scrub their sides; which operation finished, the elephants, filling their proboscis with water, squirt it over their bodies with sufficient force to wash off the adhesive particles of dirt which the keeper's brick had loosened. Others again would stand, like carved figures, so perfectly motionless, with their sensitive proboscis curved in, and permit the children of their drivers to creep up their legs, pull at their tails, and, hanging on their fine ivory tusks, obey the screaming urchins, and with a slow, gentle motion of their broad sensible heads, give them

the delights of an easy swing, every now and then flapping their large hanging ears as if pleased at the joyous laugh of the boys. I have ever been fonder of observing the brute creation; and perhaps the fault of describing somewhat too prelixly those peculiarities which have attracted and whiled away some of the most agreeable hours of my life may be forgiven.

In the evening intelligence was brought of several *sounders** of hog couched in the thick *mall†* jungles, lying about half a mile to the left of Hurrisunker; and our preparations being complete to commence the work of destruction, we walked down to look at the horses picketed along the bank of the river: the horses were caressed, the spears handled, poised, and shook by some with a vigorous aim, who in fancy's vision already saw the mighty boar at bay.

When encamped under the groves, which are to be met with in the vicinity of most of the Indian villages, the approach of day is generally announced, long ere the dark shadows of night gradually fade away before the grey clouds which faintly speck the horizon, by the innumerable flocks of parroquets, doves, and other varieties of tropical birds, who seem instinctively to be aware that the light is near at hand—that the beams of that sun under whose effulgent glow they love to sport their gaudy plumage, are about to shoot forth in all their burning glory upon his own loved regions of the East—and by their screams and restless fluttering among the branches,

they evince their seeming anxiety to fly forth and welcome his coming. Aroused from our couches by the importunate clamours of these early merry-makers, we took our cup of hot coffee, and, lighting our cigars, waited impatiently for sufficient light to mount our horses and get forward. The short bark of the fox arose from the fell, and the mournful howl of the jackals, who had prowled the night through in the midst of our camp, now only sounded at intervals from the distant skirts of the jungle to which they were retiring; dreading, like midnight robbers, to meet the face of day—apparently conscious that Nature was divesting herself of her sombre mantle, and putting on the varied and gay apparel with which she cheers the heart of man.

The favorable ground, for the most part as level as a race-course, invited an attempt to intercept the sounders of hog on their return from feeding; and sallying forth in the uncertain twilight, we walked our horses in the most probable direction by which they would return to covert.—I must here digress to make you acquainted with the names of the principal actors whose feats I am about to record. The name of *Hospitius*, *Shamzada*, *Cambius*, *Dubiosus*, and *Idem*, it is needless to say are fictitious: but the persons designated by these fanciful appellations are all excellent sportsmen and exceeding good fellows. Others joined us, and will be mentioned when their achievements merit.

We had not proceeded far

* A *sounder of hog* signifies a number of these animals together.

† *Mall jungles* are common throughout Bengal, and a favorite shelter.

when Shawzada reined up his horse, the signal that game was in view; and grasping our spears, we awaited with throbbing anxiety the approach of the sounder. They came on, headed by a fine old boar: they stopped; stood one moment in doubtful pause, and then, taking a slanting direction from the horsemen, rushed towards the jungle with a speed which my readers only acquainted with the tame and useful species of hog known in our favored Island would be sceptical of, and which nothing but actual experience would induce them to credit. Suffice then to say, that none of the many fastest packs of hounds which in more fortunate days I was fortunate enough to ride with *best modern pace*, exceed for half a mile the speed of the wild boar stretching towards his strong hold: and it can only be with a superior English or Arab horse, urged to the utmost by a fine horseman, that any hope can be entertained of overtaking him in short and rapid flight: but if he hath any distance to go, the most common horse ought to come up with him.

In the present instance, Shawzada and Hospitius closed on the largest boar when within a few yards of home; and the fierce animal, finding himself outstripped by his pursuers, turned rapidly, and checked the career of Shawzada by ham-stringing his horse with a frightful cut, but at the same moment he fell under the mortal spear of Hospitius.

Cambius, Idem, and Dubiosus, more lucky, succeeded in turning some of the hogs to the plain, where they leisurely came up

and killed four with comparative ease, excepting one, which, having been wounded slightly by Idem, looked out for the first object that came across his path to exhaust his rage upon. It so chanced that a *coombie*, or cultivator, had just commenced his day's labour with the plough and two bullocks, and the infuriated brute rushed to sacrifice the helpless peasant to his fury. The warning voice of Idem saved the man from at least a severe wound, who, with much presence of mind, flung himself as if lifeless on the ground; and the boar passing by, equally hostile to man and beast, charged the affrighted bullocks, who, with lamentable bellowings and erected tails, dragged the plough with the velocity of fear across the country. The boar attempted to pursue; but, receiving a stunning blow from the *ploughshare* which the alarm of the bullocks converted into a defensive weapon, he sullenly awaited the attack of the first horseman. This happened to be *Dubiosus*, who, being a rider of the cautious school, deemed it more prudent to keep aloof: but the death of the animal was soon decided by *Cambius*, who, putting his fine old Arab *Feridoon* upon his mettle, dashed past at speed and transfixed him with a deadly thrust.

In describing the horse *Feridoon*, my motive is to give some idea of the species which the lover of the chase should select: in doing which some attention is requisite to a few qualifications, without which no horse will ever become a perfect hog-hunter. He should have in preference good, but he must have determined temper, hardy hoofs, short wiry limbs, much activity, a tolerable

share of speed, and he ought to be highly bred; for though there are some instances of coarse horses facing a hog with sufficient steadiness, yet experience has generally proved (save in some rare cases) that none other than high caste Arabs will approach a boar, after having been severely ripped, with original fearlessness and determination. Above all, a fine mouth is the first and most indispensable requisite of a horse purchased for field sports. All these advantages Feridoon possessed in an eminent degree; and his natural good qualities, improved by the unremitting attention and light hand of his master, made him the theme of praise upon every occasion. In pursuit, when the quick turn of the boar brings him too often on the flank of his pursuer, he would bound away to the right or left with almost the rapidity and graceful ease of the swallow skimming round the verdant meadows in chase of the summer flies. To stop, to turn, to bear down, or dart away, he was without exception the most perfect and noble horse that ever in any country came under my observation.

The death of this superior creature was remarkable; and I cannot conclude this Sketch better than by relating it. Near the village of Taspore, a boar, long the dread of the natives, was aroused by Cambius and a rival sportsman, who contended with emulation for the honour of the first spear. The hog got into some under-ground interspersed with low brushwood, where the agility of the most active horse became neutralized. Led on in the ardour of the moment, Cambius imprudently got entangled

in the midst of the thicket, and, before he could extricate himself, the boar charged with fatal effect. The wounds of the horse were mortal; and, as if sensible of the danger of leaving his master exposed to the infuriated animal, he mustered up the last energies of ebbing life, and, with one glorious exertion, galloping to the plain, he uttered a shrill neigh, staggered, reeled, fell, and quivered in the agonies of death.

Entangled in the copse,
Ere the noble steed could wheel away,
His heaving flank the monster gored.
The beauteous horse springs on, and
From the field conveys his Lord;
Then staggers, reels, and slowly falls.
Bent o'er the prostrate steed, the master
Weeps, too late, thy hapless death,
Long-loved and favorite Feridoon!

JAVELIN.

A BRIEF MEMOIR OF THOM PARK, A SPORTSMAN WELL KNOWN IN LANCASHIRE.

BY RINGWOOD.

SIR,

IF in your next Number you can spare space for the insertion of the following memoir, you will oblige several of your Lancashire subscribers. I was but slightly acquainted with him myself; but I had the particulars from Mr. Wm. Bell, of Conistone, who was his intimate friend and companion.

Thom Park was born in Conistone, of humble but respectable parents, and even in childhood evinced an ardent attachment to the spirit-cheering diversion of hunting; and oft when a boy has he, in a pair of heavy clogs, followed the hounds for days together over that rough and mountainous country. Thom's pas-

sion for hunting increased with his years, and he soon attracted the notice of Mr. Towers, who occasionally hunted that country; and he being about to part with his huntsman offered the situation to Thom, who accepted it on the part of his nephew, who filled the situation for upwards of twenty years, and was long considered the best *general* huntsman among the then many packs of hounds which flourished in that country. Thom's quiet and upright behaviour soon procured him a lucrative situation as ground-steward to the Copper Works, which were then flourishing on the adjacent mountains; and this, with a little assistance from the neighbouring farmers, enabled him to keep six or eight couple of hounds, hunting a day or two a week just as he could spare time; and with this Thom was as happy and as much respected in his immediate neighbourhood as though he had been the first M.F.H. in Leicestershire. Thom had one particularly fine old hound, Dazzler, which I believe was from Mr. Lambton's kennel. Those hounds were once sent for to Newbybridge Inn, under the pretence of running a fox which had taken very heavy toll from the hen roosts of the neighbouring farmers. Thom went purposely to oblige the landlord, and, the distance being upwards of twenty-two miles, he started over night with the hounds; when judge of his disappointment to find a bag fox, and the hounds of a neighbouring (I cannot say) gentleman, which person had bought the fox, and used the deception to take (what he called) the shine out of Thom Park's dogs; but all the arguments of his Worship (for he was a County Magistrate),

and all the bullying of some fifty country louts (who talked largely of what they had seen done by *the Squire's dogs*) could induce Thom to uncouple; and he left this unsportsmanlike master to kill or frighten to death the poor fox, which must have been half dead by the noise the *chew-bacon* made who was honored by holding the bag in which the poor devil was confined. Thom and his friends went forward to a neighbouring covert, Yewbarrow, one which generally holds a fox; but the tally-ho, at the time they gave the bag gentleman liberty, soon brought his dogs back to Newbybridge, where they were all loosed together; but Dazzler and a few others soon singled themselves out, and, after a sharp run of about forty-five minutes, killed him about two miles and a half a-head of the dogs belonging to that person whose conduct so richly merited the reward.

As well as hunting, Thom, too, was an aspirant for fistic fame, and ranked high as an amateur, whose arm was ever ready in defence of the weak when opposed to the bullying Lancashire *up-and-down*. The anecdotes told of Thom by those who had the happiness of his acquaintance are innumerable, and all tend to shew that attachment to Rural Sports which I am afraid is fast decaying under the influence of foreign kickshaws. Thom lived till a good old age; and if ever a man was as much attached to fox-hunting as Old Squire Draper, and died with the tears and regret of a whole parish, that man was poor

THOM PARK.

I have been induced to forward you the above at the request of several sporting acquaintance,

friends of the deceased, who wish by some means to hand the name down to posterity; and, if once in the pages of your Magazine, while England stands unrivalled for those sports to which he was attached, it can never be forgotten.

In my next I will resume the account of my stay amongst the harriers in the North; and that this may be a prosperous year to hunting is the best wish of

RINGWOOD.

Liverpool, February 10, 1831.

RESULTS OF THE DERBY, OAKS, AND LEGER RACES.

SIR,

THE result of the *St. Leger* Race for the last five years must convince every impartial observer of the truth of the old adage, that "the race does not always fall to the swiftest." With a view of practically illustrating the foregoing position, I will give you a succinct detail of the running of the Three Great Races from their commencement.

THE DERBY.

In 1796 the Derby was won by Noble, with the odds of 30 to 1 against him; and so little did the party think of his winning, that it was only at the earnest solicitation of a friend that Mr. Panten was induced to start him. That Merlin, the second horse, a most superior racer, could have given him a stone or more, his subsequent performances bear ample testimony. The ground being exceedingly heavy, and the race slowly run, enabled Noble, a horse full sixteen hands high, and of immense power, to struggle home and win by a neck.

In 1793 Gohanna won six times, and was decidedly the best colt of his year in the kingdom. He was backed heavily at 11 to 10 against the field; but, to the complete discomfiture of the Egremont party, was beat cleverly. Waxy was scarcely mentioned, and at 12 to 1 had no friends.

In 1797 the Derby was won by an unnamed c. by Fidget, a racer of very inferior pretensions. The two favorites, Stamford and Plais-tow, both making severe play, belted at Tattenham Corner, and, although they lost two hundred yards, were not beaten by more than seven lengths. This was the only race that Fidget ever won.

In 1799, Eagle, a real flyer, was backed against the field; but, as it often happens when a gentleman has two horses in the race, either from misguided orders or the selfishness of the jockeys, the chance of one or both is oftentimes thrown away: that Arch-duke, with 100 to 8 against him, won it through one of these reasons is well known. This at the time was matter of astonishment; for Eagle was proved to be a stone better than the winner, and the betting fraternity received a terrible blow.

In 1800, Wizard, after winning the Two Thousand Guineas Stake and another large Sweepstakes, was backed at 5 to 4 against the field. Pope, the winner, was so little thought of, that at one time it was doubtful whether he would start: he had been amiss for several days, and 100 to 4 was laid against him. Pope was ridden in a masterly manner, and to Tom Goodisson's skill must the victory be chiefly attributed. On the other hand, Clift made too light of his antagonists, or probably another

story would have been told. I am confident Wizard was the best horse; and on the following year, Wizard, 8st. 3lb., beat Pope, 8st. A. F.—2 to 1 on Pope; won very easy.

In 1817, Asor won with great difficulty—the odds being 50 to 1 against him. When he left Newmarket Mr. Payne never intended that he should start for it, only to travel as a companion, and occasionally to lead the gallops to the Brother to Crispin, who was at that time a great favorite. On the advice of the trainer, his owner reluctantly consented to run him, and to the surprise of all, particularly to his own party, he came off triumphant.

Prince Paul would unquestionably have won the Derby in 1818 but for the number of false starts. At the tenth they went off, Prince Paul having taken the lead in several of them, and, although quite jaded, was not beat by more than a length. Sam, the winner, was very moderate, and it was well said that Chifney fetched it out of the fire, his jockeyship being above all praise.

The Derby of 1826 will be ever memorable as giving rise to a variety of incidents. The signal defeat of the favorites, the endless murmurings and disputes, the short-sightedness of the owner of the second horse in not catching firmer hold of the fickle Goddess, and the system of gullibility that was played off upon the public, are among the most prominent. That Panic and The General were both amiss, cannot now be questioned; but how Mr. West could so far impeach his own judgment as to put a raw lad upon Shakespeare, after Sam Barnard was weighed to ride him, is astonishing.

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ing. Even this error, great as it was, might have been remedied; but the boy, elated at having the lead, and eager to get home, never eased his horse, and, from want of a slight pull at the distance post, lost the race—a very mortifying reflection this to the backers of Shakespeare. The wind-up to this affair was well managed; and Premier, after a little finessing, became first favorite, the odds being only 2 to 1 against him: nay, it was even said that he was a stone better than Lilius, and that Chifney would have little to do. This was finishing the thing with a vengeance, and the very quintessence of humbuggery, for a completer impostor never came to the starting-post.

THE OAKS.

The decision of the Oaks in 1784 was a great disappointment to the Derby party. Lady Teazle was the leading favorite during the winter, and at the time of starting was backed against the field. To shew, however, the uncertainty of racing, it was won by Stella, with the odds of 20 to 1 against her; and so little did her own party calculate upon her winning it, that they actually laid their money against her, and were great losers.

Parasol, one of the best mares that ever appeared upon the turf, was first favorite in 1803; and, after one of the finest races ever run, was beat by two very inferior fillies. Parasol could afterwards have given either of the two a stone, and even that would scarcely have brought them upon an equality.

In 1812 Elizabeth was backed at odds against the field; but the North played off a successful

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ruse upon the South; for, after Manuella cut so poor a figure for the Derby, she went back to 20 to 1, and few takers. At the time both mares were well, and a slashing race ensued, Manuella winning cleverly. Notwithstanding this, Elizabeth was the best; and, on reference to the performances of each, this opinion will be found to be correct.

Wire, as good and true a runner at all distances as ever started, was the favorite in 1814, and though well, with Goodisson's fine riding, was beat by Medora and another very indifferent filly. It was her first public appearance; but, owing to the shameful state of the course, she shut up close to home, otherwise she must have won it.

In 1825 it was even betting between Tontine and the field: whether it was the fault of the jockey or of his orders, I cannot say, but the race was completely given away. Tontine, a speedy mare and in capital tune, ought to have run every inch of the ground; whereas it was a slow-run race, which enabled Wings, a sticking, but by no means a speedy mare, to live with her, and, by the aid of Chifney's inimitable riding, to win by a head. Never was there a completer triumph of jockeyship; for Tontine, on the day of running, was full seven pounds better than the winner.

THE ST. LEGER.

In 1786, St. Patrick was backed against the field for the St. Leger; but he made a sad out of it, having been beat very easily by Paragon, an outside one, with the odds of 20 to 1 against him.

The St. Leger of 1792 was a heavy betting race, and won

rather unexpectedly by Tartar, with 100 to 3 against him. Kitt Carr, Ormond, and Pool were equal favorites, and it was considered certain that one of the three must win. It was a waiting race; and when Kitt Carr took up the running, it was soon perceived that the winner had gained so much ground that it was impossible to overtake him, and he won easy. The riding of Mangles was a master-piece of judgment and resolution, and he received unbounded credit.

The St. Leger of 1812 will be long remembered as one of those fortuitous chances which occasionally fall to the lot of the most inexperienced. The winner, after being beat at York and Newcastle-Upon-Tyne, was considered so very bad that his owner made up his mind not to send him; and it was only to decide certain bets about the number of horses starting that he was induced to run him. In fact, Mr. Rob had so little idea of his winning, that only the night before the race, although the horse was well, he refused to take less than 1000 to 10.

In 1817 it was 5 to 4 on Blacklock against the field, and at his defeat never were people so disappointed. At the actual start, after three false ones, Blacklock got badly off: he had to swerve many times in the race to get away from the other horses, being absolutely hemmed in, and the jockeys all at him; and not till three parts of the field were beaten, could he get to straight work. To the increased exertion that he was compelled to make to recover his ground, the loss of the race may be mainly attributed: at it was, he was not beat

more than a head, and he was considered to have run a very good horse. The following year he was a full stone better than the winner.

The St. Leger of 1822 is another very singular instance, and at the time excited considerable suspicion. Swap was a great favorite throughout the winter, and, although a capital field, it was only 7 to 4 against him at starting. When Scott mounted him he expressed an opinion that there was something wrong, and that the horse did not go to please him. Theodore won easy, with the odds of 100 to 1 against him, and his party very trifling winners. On the following Wednesday the same two met for the Gascoigne Stakes, 3 to one on Theodore, who was beat very easily. Tight plates, it is well known, lost Swap the St. Leger.

Would Matilda have won the Leger in 1827, if the false starts had not taken more than half the running out of Mameluke? The horse was never better than on the day of running; and, if they had gone off at the first or second start, must have won in a common canter: at the eighth, he was the last horse but one; and, after passing the whole fleet, and momentarily heading the winner, he almost instantly died away, and was beat cleverly—his restiveness previous to running, telling most materially upon him, and was the sole cause of his losing the race.

To assert that The Colonel would have won the St. Leger in 1828 if tricks had not been played with Bessy Bedlam, and Velocipede's legs been sound, is quite in the teeth of facts.

The latter was the best horse the Yorkhiremen have produced since Phenomenon, and, when fit to go, was a second Eclipse. He was started more with the intention of cutting the work out for The Colonel, than with a view of winning; and what little chance he had was completely thrown away by the desperate play he made at starting: and, in spite of his lame leg, he struggled gallantly to the distance-post, when he was thoroughly done up. Voltaire was decidedly superior to Rowton, and ought to have won the St. Leger. Chifney's riding, near as it is to perfection, is sometimes overdone; and, in this case, his great fault was not taking a more forward station: instead of which Voltaire was kept quite in the rear, being nearly the last horse in the race. This opportunity once lost could never afterwards be regained, and was the ultimate and only cause why the Leger did not travel into Durham.

Many good judges are of opinion that the severity of the work, more than the heaviness of the ground, was the essential cause of Priam being defeated last year: it is even said that on the morning of running he went through severe exercise. If this is true, it strongly corroborates the notion which has got abroad, that there was rather too much taken out of the horse. That he was fairly beaten, the most obstinate sceptic cannot gainsay; but we cannot stop our ears. Birmingham has gained little by his victory, and is certainly inferior to his unfortunate rival.

It is now time to conclude, having gone to a greater length

than I first intended. Some of your readers will probably think I have spoken too boldly; but I can assure them it is my conscientious opinion, and if a plain elucidation of facts gives offence, then adieu to all freedom of discussion. A SLY ONE.

ON THE DEVONSHIRE CHILDERS, AND THE EASTERN HORSES IMPORTED IN THE OLD AND PRESENT TIMES.

SIR,
YOUR well-intentioned Correspondent "C. S." in the Number for December last, has told us a fact of which I was really unaware, namely, that the performances of Flying Childers had never been hitherto correctly given in the *Sporting Magazine*, but only "alluded to in a general way." Such being the case, by his recapitulation, he has undoubtedly filled up a *hiatus*—if not *valde defendus*, yet one which ought not to remain in such a publication. In his list of the races of Childers, he differs in respect to the weight in one race from our chief authority, *Pick's Turf Register*, making the weight in the match with Speedwell 8st. 5lb. instead of 8st. 7lb., and particularising the weights and distances in two forfeits, which Pick had omitted. Now, whether the weights in the match above referred to were 8st. 5lb. or 8st. 7lb. is matter of small moment; but yet, as of mere curiosity, "C. S." should give us his authority. Granting Pick's weight to be printed correctly, it may be presumed he wrote from the most authentic source, probably from the *Devonshire Stud Book*; for in those days there were

no Racing Calendars published, and little notice was taken of the transactions of the course in their newspapers. Long races and high weights were then more frequent than in latter times; a remarkable example of which is the match over the B. C. with Bald Charlotte and Swinger, at 18st. and 17st. 7lb., for 200gs.; after winning which, Charlotte also won the King's Plate at Winchester. If *legs* were not in that day husbanded better than in the present, Charlotte must have had a tough pair of fore ones, beyond a doubt!

Here I cannot help again expressing my disappointment at the last publication of the *Turf Register*, of which I purchased several for Continental friends. It professes to be the "third volume," and, in course, I expected a continuation of *Pick's Register* to the date of publication; instead of which, it is a new edition of *Pick*, descending no further than the date of the first. In such case, and granting the need of a new edition, it ought, in justice to the Sporting Public, to have been so intitled; instead of a "third volume," to which it possesses no title. Indeed, to real amateurs of the turf, a continuance of the old *Register* to the present time, with its usual ample details, would be a pleasing and valuable acquisition; though such a laborious work could not be risked independently of a liberal subscription.

"C. S." observes, "It is much to be regretted that so few well-bred mares were sent to the Darley Arabian." On which it may be remarked, that no comparison can be drawn between those early days of the Turf and the present,

as will instantly appear by a collation of the early and meagre volumes of the *Racing Calendar* with their successors of the late and present. The old Arabian, it may be presumed, had mares in proportion to the then demand for the breeding stud, and he always got racers, many of high form; and it cannot be supposed that his services were thrown away upon any other mares. This justly famous Arab, if we may rely upon the portrait given in the *Sporting Magazine*, from an original presented by Mr. Darley, was of an ordinary and unattractive form. The best evidence we have of the "purity of his blood," the common and never-failing boast of all horses imported from the East, subsists in the superior and unquestionable racing excellence of his stock through so many generations.

The native soil of the courser or race-horse is ascertained to be the deserts of Arabia and Barbary, as Belgium and the contiguous districts are of the largest and heaviest breed of the draught horse. The horse of the desert is in mean height between thirteen and fifteen hands, which last standard he seldom, perhaps never, exceeds. Both the Darley and Godolphin Arabians were of the full standard height. The true courser is distinguished by the fineness and silkiness of his skin, and the size and toughness of his sinews. As we recede from the depths or heights of the desert, and approach Persia, Egypt, and the Mediterranean, we find a breed which indeed may be styled *blood* horses, but of larger size than the first caste courser, originating, no doubt, in an intergeneration with the horse

of Southern Europe. Reaching Northern Europe, a coarser and larger breed is found, void of all pretensions to the qualities of the running horse. The blood horse above noted, or secondary coursers, however, inherit their portion of the racing principle; and the horses of the Levant, Turcomans, Egyptians, and Persians, have had their share in former days of contributing to the establishment and perfection of the celebrated and unconquerable breed of English race horses. Whilst importation was necessary, the real horse of the desert was no doubt the object in request; but all solicitude about this or that part of the country seems to have been to little purpose, since we have imported such numbers from the most approved quarters, many from the same region which bred the Darley Arabian, that have subsequently turned out utterly profitless in our studs. Here we have a risk common to both the foreign and English stallion; since it is so often to be found on record, that our highest bred and most successful English racers have become altogether unsuccessful as stallions.

For reasons which I have elsewhere assigned, Arabian horses were quite out of repute in the English racing studs until the arrival of the Darley Arabian, when that blood came suddenly into fashion and favour. Thence, in course, most or all of the horses imported from the East were styled Arabians—the motive, probably, why the Godolphin was dubbed Arabian, which I have had reason to conjecture was either a Barb, or bred between Barb and Arabian. The name

still continues in vogue, and we have seen, of late years, imported Arabians of the height of from fifteen and a half to sixteen hands, which in all likelihood had never set a foot upon the sands of the desert. These importations are persisted in; but the question of *cui bono*, during the last half century, or even much farther back, I presume, cannot be favorably answered by the importers. This, however, is their affair. We have long since, it appears, had all that we required of foreign blood; and in fact and utility, England has despoiled the Eastern deserts of the high character of being the native soil of the noble courser.

To the present day, the horses of no other country upon earth can compete with the racer of England. We owe this distinction to various but obvious causes—to the nature of our soil and climate; but more especially to a national predilection for the Turf, and a long-continued attention to the breeding and management of the racer, without regard to labour or cost. These have been amply repaid in the production also of a race of horses for the saddle and quick draught, fully sharing in the superiority which attaches to the racer from which they have sprung. The North Americans, notwithstanding, who have lately defied us in the trotting line, equalling the performances of our *past* and most eminent trotting days, seemed some years ago emulous of also entering into a competition with us upon the course. Pity but they had sent their famous American Eclipse (his portrait was given in the Magazine) to Newmarket in his fourth year! What racing laurels and profit they may have lost by

such a blameable omission! After all, if the English racer has degenerated to a certain degree within the last forty or fifty years, as seems probable on comparison, long-continued experience affords no hope of renovation and improvement from the ancient recourse to the horses of the East. The times are past, and apparently past all possibility of return, when the immediate descendants of Eastern horses proved capital racers. Nor is this fairly to be attributed to the inferiority of the racers of former days, since there is no valid reason to decide that we have at this period horses in a higher form of racing than Childers, Pantom's Crab, Dismal, Regulus, Babraham, and numerous others which might be quoted. Is it then that the courser himself of the desert has degenerated?

There has lately appeared in the newspapers an opinion formerly given to Sir John Sinclair by an eminent trainer at Newmarket, on the peculiar qualities of the race horse. When I waited on Sir John in 1796, after the publication of my *Treatise on Horses* (to which he did me the honour to subscribe), the Right Hon. Baronet said to me, "Why, Mr. L., what has made you so fond of the Turf?" I had no other reply to make, than "It came upon me so early, that I must suppose it to be natural." Subsequently, Sir John thought proper, it seems, to institute an inquiry into the nature of the thorough-bred or race horse, and the why and wherefore of his great and natural superiority on the course. His practical counsellor attributed this perfection in the racer solely to the supe-

rior strength and freedom of his wind, since he might be, and sometimes has been, beaten for speed in a short distance by the common-bred horse.

The Rocket gelding, in size and figure resembling a coach horse, always jockeyed by Old Dick Goodisson, which beat the speediest horses at Newmarket a quarter of a mile, is a remarkable example of this anomaly. But, granting the free course and durability of his wind in the racer to be one cause of his superiority, it is surely not the principal, far less the only cause. Indeed, the principal cause is allowed by hippiatric anatomists to subsist in his form, so admirably calculated for speed, facility and continuance of action, and in the nature of his tendinous and fibrous system, at once so solid, compact, and ductile. As to wind, I entertain some doubt, having known a variety of common-bred hacks and hunters very strong and good-winded horses, which would last, at their rate, through a long course; and Dr. Bracken ventured to assert, that, through sufficient training, he would enable even a cart horse to run four miles "up to his foot."

It is a disheartening topic, yet the promulgation and discussion of it is a bounden duty of humanity and common sense—I allude to our abominable and useless custom of torturing and cutting up the racer alive, and, as it should seem, for the additional enjoyment of witnessing such a cheering and enlivening spectacle! In a sometime-past Number of the Magazine, I read a letter, in which the glory of cutting and digging was repeated and blazoned half a dozen times with apparent ex-

ultation, and a certain kind of contempt!

Perhaps, if a celebrated horse last year had not been reduced so fashionably low, his jockey might have been spared the fatigue of administering so much profitless punishment; and the nag's strength and pluck been in better keeping, and his natural emulation fresh and spirited, he might have made a far better figure over the heavy course he had to run against his unwhipped competitor. I speak from report, not having seen the horses or the race.

JOHN LAWRENCE.

P. S. Some weeks past, a small horse, called an Arabian, was sold at Tattersall's for fourscore pounds. Five have since been offered for sale, one valued at 500l., the others at about 200l. each. There was no bidding for them.

COURSING MEETINGS.

AMESBURY.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 18, 1831.

FOR the Cup.—Mr. Astley's bl. and wh. b. Annette beat Mr. Shard's bl. b. Selina; Captain Wyndham's f. d. Warrior beat Mr. Heathcote's r. b. Honour; Mr. Biggs's blk. d. Barrister beat Mr. Moore's r. d. Mameluke; Mr. Reid's r. b. Reticule beat Mr. Etwall's blk. b. Eudora; Mr. Lawrence's wh. b. Lark beat Mr. Shard's brin. b. Serpent; Mr. Etwall's blk. b. Eloise beat Mr. Astley's r. and wh. b. Amelia; Mr. Heathcote's wh. and r. b. Harebell beat Mr. Reid's blk. d. Rupert; Mr. Biggs's wh. b. Bird's-eye beat Captain Wyndham's blk. b. Winifred.

Stonehenge Stakes.—Mr. Astley's yel. b. Adelaide beat Mr. Lovell's yel. d. Loo; Mr. Shard's brin. d. Sandal beat Mr. Reid's r. d. Roebuck; Mr. Lawrence's yel. d. Lud beat Mr. Heathcote's blk. d. Hareach; Mr. Etwall's blk. b. Electra beat Captain Wyndham's f. d. Wappeti.

Tedworth Stakes.—Mr. Etwall's bl. b. Edith beat Mr. Heathcote's blk. d. Humgudgeon; Captain Wyndham's blk. b. Witchcraft beat Mr. Astley's wh. d. Achilles; Mr. Bigga's wh. b. Bequest beat Mr. Shard's blk. d. Spark; Mr. Reid's f. d. Rainbow beat Mr. Lawrence's blk. b. Locust.

Amesbury Stakes.—Mr. Reid's brin. d. Reginald beat Captain Wyndham's blk. and wh. d. Wansdyke; Mr. Heathcote's blk. b. Hebe beat Mr. Shard's wh. b. Snowdrop; Mr. Bigga's blk. d. Beverley beat Mr. Astley's f. b. Agnes; Mr. Etwall's brin. d. Eurus beat Mr. Moore's yel. b. Magic.

Druid Stakes.—Mr. Heathcote's blk. b. Hazelgrove beat Mr. Reid's bl. b. Richmond; Mr. Astley's blk. b. Artless beat Captain Wyndham's wh. d. White-thorn.

Matches.—Mr. Etwall's Ennui beat Mr. Reid's Ross; Mr. Astley's Ajax beat Mr. Heathcote's Malgow; Mr. Reid's Rosetta beat Mr. Heathcote's Hermagild.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY THE 19TH.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Reticule beat Warrior.
Harebell — Eloise.
Lark — Annette.
Bird's-eye. — Barrister.

TIES FOR STONEHENGE STAKES.

Adelaide beat Sandal.
Electra — Lud.

TIES FOR TEDWORTH STAKES.

Bequest beat Rainbow.
Witchcraft — Edith.

TIES FOR AMESBURY STAKES.

Beverley beat Hebe.
Eurus — Reginald.

Deciding Course for the Druid Stakes.—Hazelgrove won the Stakes, Artless being drawn lame.

Dyke Stakes.—Mr. Shard's bl. b. Selina agst Mr. Astley's r. and wh. b. Amelia—drawn ill; Mr. Heathcote's brin. d. Hart beat Mr. Bigga's blk. b. Bellona; Captain Wyndham's blk. b. Winifred beat Mr. Lawrence's brin. d. Lictor; Mr. Etwall's blk. b. Eudora beat Mr. Reid's bl. b. Richmond.

Milton Stakes.—Mr. Astley's r. d. Ajax beat Mr. Shard's brin. b. Serpent; Mr. Heathcote's f. b. Honour beat Mr. Etwall's blk. d. Expert.

THURSDAY, JANUARY THE 20TH.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Bird's-eye beat Reticule.
Harebell — Lark.

Deciding Course for the Cup.—Harebell won the Cup; Bird's-eye (being lame and drawn) the Sovereigns.

Deciding Course for the Stonehenge Stakes.—Adelaide beat Electra, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the Tedworth Stakes.—Witchcraft beat Bequest, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the Amesbury Stakes.—Eurus beat Beverley, and won the Stakes.

TIES FOR THE DYKE STAKES.

Eudora beat Hart.
Selina — Winifred.

Deciding Course for the Dyke Stakes.—Selina beat Eudora, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the Milton Stakes.—Ajar beat Honour, and won the Stakes.

The Wiltshire Stakes.—Mr. Astley's blk. and wh. b. Aurora beat Mr. Lawrence's blk. b. Locust; Mr. Bigga's Blackbird beat Mr. Heathcote's blk. b. Hermagild.

Deciding Course for the Wiltshire Stakes.—Blackbird won the Stakes, Aurora being drawn.

The Nine Mile Stakes.—Mr. Lawrence's bl. and wh. b. Leda beat Mr. Astley's f. b. Agnes; Mr. Heathcote's blk. d. Hareach beat Mr. Lovell's blk. d. Lucullus.

Leda and Hareach divided the Stakes.

The Claret Stakes.—Mr. Shard's brin. d. Sandal beat Mr. Lawrence's wh. b. Laccetta; Mr. Heathcote's blk. b. Hazelgrove beat Mr. Etwall's blk. d. Expert.
Sandal and Hazelgrove divided the Stakes.

At this meeting a new Stakes was made for the November Meeting, to be called the Amesbury Stakes of three sovs. each, for sixteen puppies, to be bona fido the property of the subscriber before the first of March, on which day the Stakes close. —The sport was capital, and, as usual, plenty of hares.

THE COCKNEY.

AT NETHERHAVEN, WILTSHIRE.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY THE 8TH.

For the Cup.—Mr. Baily's blk. d. Bastard beat Mr. Rice's red d. Rob Roy; Mr. Elmore's wh. b. Belle beat Mr. Arundell's blk. b. Adelaide; Mr. Knight's bl. d. Knapsack beat Mr. Reynold's brin. b. Ruby; Mr. Rice's fawn b. Rhoda beat Mr. Reynold's red b. Rose; Mr. Elmore's fawn b. Gem beat Mr. Clarke's blk. and wh. b. Cora; Mr. Arundell's blk. d. Arrow beat Mr. Clarke's red d. Conquest; Mr. Elmore's fawn b. Mouse beat Mr. Arundell's red d. Active; Mr. Baily's

blk. b. Bullfinch beat Mr. Tilbury's blk. b. Trinket.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Belle beat Bustard.
Rhoda — Knapsack.
Gem — Arrow.
Bullfinch — Mouse.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY THE 9TH.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Belle beat Rhoda.
Bullfinch — Gem.

The Netherhaven Stakes for Dogs under Twenty Months old.—Mr. Clarke's red p. d. Caspar beat Mr. Rice's blk. d. Rush; Mr. Arundell's blk. p. d. Amber beat Mr. Rice's brin. b. Ruby.

Deciding Course for the Cup.—Mr. Baily's blk. b. Bullfinch beat Mr. Elmore's wh. b. Belle, and won the Cup; Belle the Gobelet.

The Jenner Stakes.—Mr. Elmore's f. b. Mouse beat Mr. May's blk. d. Moses; Mr. Clarke's blk. and wh. b. Cora beat Mr. Baily's red and wh. b. Beauty; Mr. Arundell's blk. b. Adelaide beat Mr. Knight's bl. d. Knapsack; Mr. Rice's red d. Rob Roy beat Mr. Baily's blk. d. Bestard.

TIES FOR THE JENNER STAKES.

Mouse beat Cora.
Adelaide — Rob Roy.

Matches.—Mr. Clarke's Conquest beat Mr. Arundell's Arrow; Mr. Arundell's Active beat Mr. May's Mitre.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY THE 10TH.

AT TEDWORTH.

Deciding Course for the Netherhaven Stakes.—Mr. Clarke's red p. d. Caspar beat Mr. Arundell's Amber, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the Jenner Stakes.—Mr. Elmore's f. b. Mouse beat Mr. Arundell's Adelaide, and won the Stakes.

Matches.—Mr. Rice's Ruby beat Mr. Baily's Billington; Mr. Clarke's Cora beat Mr. Baily's Beauty; Mr. Elmore's Gem beat Mr. Baily's Bustard; Mr. Clarke's Cora beat Mr. Rice's Rob Roy; Mr. Elmore's Mouse beat Mr. Baily's Beauty; Mr. Arundell's Arrow beat Mr. Rice's Rhoda; Mr. Baily's Beauty beat Mr. Rice's Rush; Mr. Elmore's Trinket agst Mr. Baily's Billington—no course; Mr. Arundell's Active beat Mr. Rice's Rose.

VOL. II.—SECOND SERIES.—No. 11.

ADULTERATION OF DRUGS.

A Description of the Diseases and Accidents incidental to the Horse, wherein the ROCK OIL OF BARBADOES has proved a useful Remedy; with plain Directions for its internal and external Use in Horses, Dogs, Cattle, Sheep, &c.: also a Description of the true Rock-oil.—By B. HART.

THE author of this useful and well-timed small tract, Mr. Hart, is a medical gentleman, whose attention has long been engaged on veterinary subjects. Barbadoes tar, or the native rock oil, *petroleum*, of that island, was in high estimation with the old veterinary writers, both French and English, who were fortunate enough to obtain it genuine: but the strong recommendation of Gibson and Bracken occasioned so considerable a use of it, that even fifty or sixty years since scarcely any but its adulteration or substitute was procurable without recourse to Apothecaries' Hall. Attend to this writer on the subject of adulteration, more particularly of drugs prescribed in veterinary medicine:—

"Amongst the adulterations practised at the present time we find even the most common drugs in veterinary use very frequently mixed and lowered in strength and value. Barbadoes aloes, for instance, is mixed in the Island with Cape aloes, sent there for the express purpose, and from which the gourds are filled, then imported into this country, and sold as the genuine Barbadoes. Powders of the various useful seeds, roots, &c. are very often mixed with common flour, or some of the

X x

corn-meals—sometimes with linseed meal, and not unfrequently with finely ground saw-dust—(the author might have added the genuine powder of post). Essential oils, as juniper, &c. are lowered with oil of turpentine; Venice and common turpentine are made up of resin and oil; mercurial ointment, with lard and ivory black, &c.

“However, very few, if any of them, appear to have been got up, or carried on, in that open and wholesale way which the substitute for the article on which we are about to treat has been evidently effected: for, although none of the genuine rock-oil, or green mineral naptha of Barbadoes, has been imported into this country since the year 1789 (*quære*—if the author does not mean to say in any *considerable quantities*?)—the market, notwithstanding, has been regularly supplied with a fictitious article under the name of *Barbadoes tar* (the common name for the rock-oil), manufactured mostly from common coal, altogether different in quality and appearance from the genuine green mineral naptha of Barbadoes. The great distinction which exists between them, as a medicinal substance, and also in appearance on a close and proper examination, will be clearly shewn hereafter.”

Mr. Hart then pursues his subject through the following routine:—the opinions of former writers; the nature and appearance of the naptha; its mode of collection in Barbadoes; and its specific difference and superiority in quality above the similar article of other countries; the nature and preparation of the coal and wood tar; of the pyrolig-

neous tar and ether, with Solleysell's remedy for a splent in the leg of a horse; modes of distinguishing the true rock-oil from the spurious; medical properties of the genuine; its action and effects, both in its external and internal use, with *formulae* of the proper quantities, &c.; and proofs of its efficacy in various cases, particularly in defects of the legs and feet of horses, thrushes, broken knees, and treads; also for removing opacity in the cornea of the eye.

We can very sincerely recommend this little and cheap manual to all keepers of horses, sportsmen, veterinary surgeons, and farriers, and likewise to the keepers of cattle. A portion of the honest spirit of old Bracken, opposed to fraud and trickery, seems to have descended to this author, who however, *miserabile dictu!* has a disadvantage to encounter of no trifling *calibre*. No nation under heaven has been so long and so enormously the victim of adulteration and frauds of every species as glorious England—which, such is the all-powerful force of habit—at length learned to kiss the rod, and actually to prefer adulterations and sophistry to genuineness and truth! Witness us noble BEER-DRINKING Britons—nine-tenths of whom, during more than a century, have scarcely in their lives tasted a drop of genuine beer; and who, as a consummation, not indeed devoutly to be wished, at this moment, prefer *toto celo* adulterated to genuine beer. But REFORM is now abroad, the question, however, remains—must not *that* also be adulterated in order to render it palatable to a refined and enlightened people?

DEATH OF WHALEBONE.

Although breeding cannot be reduced to any certainty, it does not follow that it should therefore be left to chance: on the contrary, it cannot be too minutely investigated or attended to in all its branches; and the breeder who selects his mares and stallions with attention and judgment, as to pedigree, symmetry, temper, and constitution—in short, all those points most likely to produce the essential qualities of speed and bottom—must be more successful than the one who pays no regard to these established rules.—*Smith's Observations on Breeding for the Turf.*

THIS excellent racer and truly valuable stallion, foaled in 1807, bred by the Duke of Grafton—afterwards the property of R. Ladbroke, Esq., at whose death he was purchased by the Earl of Egremont—was got by Waxy (winner of the Derby in 1793), out of Penelope (dam of Web, Woful, Wilful, Wire, Whisker, Waterloo, Wildfire, Windfall, Whizgig, Waltz, and Wamba), by Trumpator, son of Conductor*; grandam, Prunella by Highflyer; great grandam, Promise by Snap; great great grandam, Julia by Blank; great great great grandam (Spectator's dam), by Partner; great great great great grandam, Bonny Lass by Bay Bolton—Darley's Arabian—Byerley Turk—Taffolet Barb—Place's White Turk—Natural Barb mare.

Waxy, the sire of Whalebone, was got by Pot8o's (son of Eclipse), out of Maria by King Herod; [Cypron, the dam of Herod, was got by Blaze, a son of Flying Childers, who was got by the Darley Arabian—that Blaze of whom the Yorkshiremen affirm that even half-bred mares

would breed racers by him;] grandam, Lisette by Snap; great grandam, Miss Windsor by the Godolphin Arabian; great great grandam (sister to Sir Marquess Wyvill's Volunteer), by Young Belgrade—Bartlett's Childers.

Waxy was sire of Pope, Blucher, and Whisker, all winners of the Derby; and of Music, Minuet, and Corinne, winners of the Oaks. This capital stallion died April 10th, 1818, aged 28.

When in training WHALEBONE was twenty times a winner. Exclusive of 1682l. 15s. in specie, he was the successful competitor for the Derby, the Newmarket Stakes, the Gold Cup at Northampton, and four King's Plates—two at Newmarket, and one each at Guildford and Lewes. In 1815, he covered at Petworth, the charge ten guineas; in 1824 the fee was fifteen guineas; for the season of 1826 the advertisement announced that "Whalebone is limited to ten mares (besides those of the owner), all of which are engaged;" from which time to his death the terms were twenty guineas exclusive of the groom's fee.

WHALEBONE was sire of the following winners:—

Ada	Cripple
Addy	Camel
Antelope	Chateau-Margaux
Abigail	Caradoc
Alca	Cetus
Black Swan	The Crofts
Beagle	Dandizette
Baleine	Duckling
Buske	Dauntless
Bustle	Elastic
Benedict	Flexible
Brocard	Foxbury
Caroline*	Gamella
Corset	Gamelius

* It is a curious circumstance, and deserving notice, that those four first-raters in their day—viz. *Conductor* by Matchem, dam by Snap; *Mark Anthony*, by Spectator out of Rachel (Highflyer's dam) by Blank; *Pantaloon*, by Matchem out of Curiosity by Snap; and *Pyrrhus*, by Sprightly, dam by Snip, were all of a year (1767), and all the first produce of their respective dams.

Gutty	Rachael
Grampus	Recruit
Gayhurst	Roundwaist
High Priest	Saxon
Hindeo	Sasotris
Hindustan	Sir Geoffry Peveril
Honeysuckle	Sir Hercules
Lapdog*	Stumps
Lionel Lincoln	Spermaocti
Longwaist	Tamar
Miss Eversley	Tom Thumb
Miss Julia	Tom Tough
Moses*	Toughstick
Mignonette	Theresa
Merman	Twatty
Naiad	Vaurien
Pandarus	Water Witch
Norna	Waverley
Pat	Whip
Peter Fin	Whipcord
Pelrine	Windermere
Pinwire	Windrush
Sister to Pinwire	Worthy

* Lapdog and Moses won the Derby, and Caroline the Oaks.

The honesty of WHALEBONE as a racer, and his excellence as a stallion (the best tests of blood), demand an extended account in these pages: we have been, therefore, thus diffuse in our re-

marks, to enable the reader to appreciate the importance of a due attention to the breed of the most valuable of our quadrupeds—the RACE-HORSE—as mainly contributing to our comforts, and even to our necessities; we might add, to our very existence.

It has been remarked that there is not a *superior* horse at the present day without a cross of the Godolphin Arabian—a remark in which we heartily coincide. Subjoined is the descent of Whalebone in the paternal line, in addition to his pedigree given above. The reader will observe the respective crosses on his dam's side, and compare the degrees of consanguinity in which they stand to each other. To elucidate the matter more clearly, the descent of Trumpator and Highflyer, in the same line, is also given:

THE DARLEY ARABIAN.	GODOLPHIN ARABIAN.	THE BYERLEY TURK.
Bartlett's Childers	Cade	Jigg
Squirt	Matchem	Partner
Marske	Conductor	Tartar
Eclipse	Trumpator	King Herod
Pots'os	Sorcerer	Highflyer
Waxy†	Smolensko†	Sir Peter Teazle†
WHALEBONE†		Walton
† Winners of the Derby.		Phantom†

We have been favored by Lord Egremont's Stud-groom with the following account of the death of this celebrated stallion:

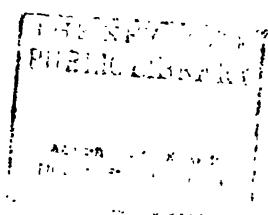
Feb. 6th.—Covered a mare well (the only one this season); at the same time lost the use of one of his hind-quarters—a little fever.

8th.—Lost the use of the other hind-quarter at the same time in the day as on the 6th.

9th.—After his death, on being opened, found he had broken a blood-vessel; nearly two pails of clotted blood were found in his chest and body; his lungs, liver, heart, stomach, kidneys, and bowels were all in a perfect state.

(Signed)

CHARLES GREEN, Stud Groom to the Earl of Egremont.





HERON.

THE HERON.

The Common Heron, *Heronseugh*, or Heron Shaw, of BEWICK. — *Ardea Major* of LINNÆUS.

THIS bird, says Bewick, seldom weighs more than between three and four pounds, notwithstanding it measures about three feet in length, and in the breadth of its wings, from tip to tip, above five. The bill is six inches long, straight, pointed, and strong, and its edges are thin and slightly serrated: the upper mandible is of a yellowish horn colour, darkest on the ridge, the under-one yellow. A bare skin, of a greenish colour, is extended from the beak beyond the eyes, the irides of which are yellow, and give them a fierce and piercing aspect. The brow and crown of the head are white, bordered above the eyes by black lines which reach the nape of the neck, where they join a long flowing pendent crest of the same colour. The upper part of the neck in some is white, in others pale ash; the fore part, lower down, is spotted with a double row of black feathers; and those which fall over the breast are long, loose, and unwebbed. The shoulders and scapular feathers are also of the same kind of texture, of a grey colour generally streaked with white, and spread over its down-clothed back. The ridge of the wing is white, coverts and secondaries lead colour; bastard wings and quills of a bluish black; as are also the long soft feathers which take their rise on the sides under the wings, and, falling down, meet at their tips, and hide all under parts: the latter, next the skin, are

covered with a thick, matted, dirty-white down, except about the belly and vent, which are almost bare. The tail is short, and consists of twelve feathers of a cinereous or brownish lead colour: the legs are dirty green, long, bare above the knees, and the middle claw is jagged on the inner edge. The female has not the long flowing crest or the long feathers which hang over the breast of the male, and her whole plumage is more uniformly dull and obscure.—Buffon says, that the heron is one of the most wretched of animated beings. Bewick very reasonably observes —“It is probable that it suffers no more than other birds, many species of which employ equal attention in looking for their prey; and it is not unlikely that the heron derives from it pleasure instead of pain.”

So far these great Naturalists. The heron, like all good fishermen, has a great store of patience, and will, when watching for its food, stand for many hours together in the same place. The Old School of Sportsmen fancied it had the power of attracting its prey by scent; and, under this impression, some anglers have made a nostrum of the marrow of this bird's thigh-bone to anoint their line and bait with. This is reasoning by analogy. The legs of the heron have the power of bringing fish near it, but 'tis by stirring up the mud or gravel, which entices the ground-feeding fish to the spot; and as these are chiefly the gudgeon, the roach, &c. which the pike and perch frequently follow to feed upon, gives it the opportunity of taking large fish. On fords in trout-streams this bird is very destructive.

The appearance of the heron gives a greater charm to all wild scenery. When stationary, its look is solemn; and in flight its position and movements are particularly grand, and superior to most of the British birds. Herons in the breeding season congregate and build their nests in trees and reeds. The latter was not so generally known until PETER PRY's interesting description of a "Decoy for Wild-fowl" appeared in the *Sporting Magazine**. The heron is wary and difficult for the sportsman to approach, unless some fortuitous circumstances aid his intentions. When shot, if only winged, they strike at their enemy with great fury, and frequently and effectually destroy one or both the eyes of a young and inexperienced dog. S.

THE ROYAL HOUNDS.

SIR,
HAVING anxiously turned over the pages of your last two Numbers, in expectation of meeting with some account of these celebrated hounds during the present season, and finding that no one has indulged your readers on the subject, "I hope I don't intrude" in volunteering a few remarks, which I was in hopes would have been communicated to you long ere this by some more able Correspondent who could have done justice to this splendid establishment, and to the brilliant sport these hounds have afforded. You are of course aware, Mr. Editor, as well as your readers generally, that the late change in the Ministry has

produced an alteration in the management of the Royal Hunt; and I may be allowed to say, that if all the arrangements connected with the present Administration be as judicious as that which place the Noble Viscount at the head of His Majesty's Stag Hounds, we may look forward without fear of disappointment to those extraordinary efforts of wisdom and power which alone can avail for the salvation of this once happy and glorious country.

You must now, Mr. Editor, think that it is time to bring myself to a check; and as I neither sat down to write a sermon nor to talk politics, I will at once return to my proper subject. Well, then, I consider the appointment of Lord Anson to the management of this characteristic appendage of British Royalty as most judicious—not that I can look without regret upon the deposition of the late Master, who, as a sportsman, "was a man, take him for all in all, we ne'er," or seldom at least, "shall look upon his like again." But the Nobleman who now has the honour to fill this enviable situation—so out-and-out, so keen, so scientific a sportsman—enjoying too the advantages of comparative youth, fine health, and vigorous constitution—is admirably fitted by nature and education to fulfil the duties of a station which his devoted passion for hunting must make an earthly paradise to him. Sincerely do I hope that Lord Anson may become as great a lover of stag-hunting as he has proved himself to be of the still nobler exercise of fox-hunting; and I am not a

* See *Sporting Magazine*, N.S. vol. xx. p. 424.

little mistaken if he is not already disposed to become a convert—as no one appears to enter more enthusiastically into the amusement than himself. It is, indeed, no wonder; for I can assert, without fear of contradiction, that no fox-hounds can afford more sport than this pack do when they are not interfered with by those who would be thought hard-riding sportsmen, and who never pull up under any circumstances until they come to *fence*.

It is, I believe, pretty generally known that stag-hounds rarely have much sport during the two first hunting months; but the present season has formed a pleasing exception to the general rule, and has produced some of the finest runs ever remembered. Some of these varying from half an hour to an hour and a half, at our best pace, gave us so much to do as to satisfy all of us that we had had enough. In one brilliant affair, which lasted three hours and a half, many did enough, and more than enough, as their horses, if they had the gift of gab, would testify; for, poor devils! some of them will hardly get over it before the end of the season. Altogether, I believe, that so much sport has seldom or never been witnessed before Christmas, as the Royal hounds have afforded this season.

On Thursday the 13th of January, these hounds got to work again, after being confined to the kennel for a fortnight by the sportsman's ancient enemy, *Jack Frost*, whose hard and chilling features will not, I trust, frown upon us again during the present season. On this day the deer was turned out on the Heath

near the kennel; and, after running a very wide circle towards Maidenhead and Clewer, he made his way back, in double quick time, through Cranbourn Chase to Winkfield, and was taken at New Lodge. This noble fellow stood before the pack for an hour and a half, going all the time at his best pace, and afforded us as fine a day's sport as was ever witnessed with any hounds in the same length of time.

The next day (Friday) we were equally fortunate; for if the last day's sport could be exceeded, this might almost be pronounced superior to it, although the time occupied in the run was much less. Our turn-out was near Warfield, and the deer took a country of very stiff inclosures, towards Hawthorn-hill; then bearing to his right, to New Lodge, past the Forest Spa, through Fern Hill, to Ascot Heath. He then turned to his left, and went like lightning by Windsor Park to Sunning-hill, and was taken at that beautiful spot, Virginia Water. This spirited run lasted nearly an hour, the first half of which was decidedly the most satisfactory thing I ever saw; and I have reason to believe that it is the decided opinion of the Master of the Hounds that no fox could have gone the pace so long: and when it is recollected that this half hour was only a part of a splendid run, it must be confessed that stag-hunting is second to none in the world.

It gives me pleasure to say that the Noble Viscount now at the head of this establishment has proved himself a bruising rider, and that he appears to be delighted with the sport, and enters into the spirit of it without any

of that affected disgust for this diversion which is so commonly assumed, rather than felt, by many of our half-bred would-be fox-hunters, whose very looks are sufficient to prove that they are in fact no hunters at all. Some of them I know to be tailors; and I have frequently seen these worthies casting sheep's-eyes at sundry fields as they passed them, which fields I need hardly tell you were planted with *cabbage*.

Now, Mr. Editor, if you are not tired of reading this long letter, I am quite tired in writing it; so, in mercy to both of us, I will hold hard: but should I find that you think this worthy of publication, I may, perhaps, soon trouble you again on the same subject.—Yours, &c.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

January 31, 1831.

AMERICAN TROTTERS.

SIR,

I Enclose you an account of some racing and trotting matches in America. The performances of the racing are inferior to our own horses, as any of our racers can do the distance in less time; but in trotting they stand unrivalled, and far surpass the performance of Tom Thumb in this country—indeed I have heard it said by many American sportsmen, that he was considered a very moderate horse in America. There are no weights mentioned. In hopes it may be interesting to your readers,

Yours, &c. X. Y. Z.

Liverpool, Feb. 2, 1831.

TROTTING SPORTS.

New York, Oct. 29th.—Yesterday, the test for 200 dollars, 3 miles and

repeat, was contended for by the following horses—Bull Calf, Whalebone, Sir Andrew, and Comet. The first heat was won by Bull Calf in 8 min. 23 secs.; and the second and third heats were won by Whalebone, in 8 min. 29 secs. and 8 min. 31 secs. This was well contended for by the two first-named horses.

The Purse of 100 dollars, at three o'clock, 2 miles and repeat, was won by Cato, in two heats, beating Archie, Dolly, Rob Roy, and Harriet Wilson, the latter mare being distanced the first heat, and Rob Roy the second heat. Time, 5 min. 56 secs., and 5 min. 48 secs.

DUTCHESS COUNTY RACES.

Second Fall Meeting—Second day, Oct. 27.—Purse 300 dollars, three mile heats, was run for by Mr. Parker's b. h. Corporal Trim, Mr. Sherman's b. h. Bay Roman, Mr. Bush's c. h. Count Badger, Mr. McLean's b. m. Jeanette, Mr. R. S. Stevens's f. Celeste, and Mr. Van Mater's b. h. May Day, and won by Corporal Trim.

Corporal Trim	2	1	1
Roman.....	1	2	5
Count Badger.....	6	3	2
Jeanette	3	5	3
Celeste.....	5	6	4
May Day.....	4	4	dr.

Time—First heat, 5 min. 55s.; second heat, 6m. 2s.; third heat, 6 min. 2 secs.

Purse 200 dollars, two mile heats, was run for by Mr. Parker's g. m. Peggy Madec, Mr. J. C. Stevens's g. c. Diomed, Mr. Sherman's b. c. Pilot, and Mr. W. Livingston's h. Rattler, and won by Peggy Madec.

Peggy Madec	4	1	1
Diomed	3	3	2
Pilot	1	2	0
Rattler	2	dr.	

Time—First heat, 3 min. 55 secs.; second heat, 3 min. 57 secs.; third heat, 3 min. 54 secs.

THE LAW ON CRIB-BITING.

AN action was brought in the Court of King's Bench on the 5th of February by Mr. Paul, the banker, against a horse-dealer

in Tottenham Court-road, named Hardwick, on the warranty of a horse purchased by the plaintiff, which horse turned out to be an inveterate crib-biter. The question was, whether crib-biting constituted unsoundness? and this gave rise to a contrariety of professional opinions.

Professor Coleman stated that horses had the vice of crib-biting in very different degrees. Being asked whether crib-biting was a vice? he replied that it depended on the definition of vice. Vice might be understood as comprising a fault or defect, such as tripping or shying, and then it would include crib-biting; and in that sense very few horses were free from vice. But in the language of horse-breeders, horse-dealers, and others having much concern with horses, vice was understood to mean something vicious in the horse's temper, and in that sense crib-biting was not a vice. Crib-biting consisted in the horse laying hold with his teeth of his crib, or any fixed object, and drawing himself up, and sucking in air; and sometimes the habit existed to such a degree that the body became so full of air as to injure the functions of the stomach and bowels, and lungs, and occasion indigestion in the stomach, spasms in the intestines, and inflammation in the lungs; and when it was followed by these effects it was an unsoundness. If the habit existed in slight degree—that is, if the horse only occasionally bit his crib, but supported his condition, and could perform all the duties of a horse—then he should say he was not unsound.

Mr. Sewell stated that he was a professor of the veterinary art.

Crib-biting, which was a vicious habit in horses, was considered as an unsoundness. It was treated as a disease. It frequently led to indigestion, and then, of course, there was no saying what might follow. It was curable in its early stages.

Mr. Clark, the author of several treatises on horses, was of opinion that crib-biting was one of the worst vices of a horse. It had been always considered as a vice. When it became confirmed, so as to affect the health of the animal, it was an unsoundness. A crib-biter, he should say, would be returnable upon a warranty against vice, but not upon a warranty confined to unsoundness, unless the health of the horse was affected by the habit at the time.

Mr. Turner, Mr. Gosden, and Mr. Peake, veterinary surgeons, concurred that crib-biting *per se* was neither unsoundness nor vice, although it might lead to unsoundness.

Lord Tenterden began to sum up the evidence, but the Jury intimated that they had made up their opinion, and gave a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages 411.—*thereby deciding that crib-biting horses are unsound.*

Lord Tenterden, addressing the Jury, said emphatically, "I think you are right."

LIST OF STALLIONS FOR 1831.

(Ages at May Day next.)

9. **A** CORN, at Cherry Down, Chingford, at 4gs. and a half:—by Skim, out of Mermaid, by Orville.

9. **ACTÆON**, at Middleham, at Y y

11 sovs.:—by Scud, out of Diana, (sister to Emily,) by Stamford.

0. ARABIAN, at King's Arms Yard, Pimlico, at 3gs.

15. BANKER, at Appleton Cottage Farm, near Warrington, at 10 sovs. and a half:—by Smolensko, out of Quail, by Gohanna.

5. BAY MALTON, at Altrincham, Cheshire, at 5 sovs.:—by Filho Da Puta, out of Racket, by Castrel.

8. BEDLAMITE, at Bonehill Farm, Tamworth, Staffordshire, at 10gs.:—by Welbeck, out of Maniac, by Shuttle.

8. BELZONI, at Lutterworth, Leicestershire, at 7gs. and 5s.:—by Blacklock, out of Manuella (Memnon's dam), by Dick Andrews.

17. BLACKLOCK, at Bishop Burton Low House, near Beverley, at 20 sovs.:—by Whitelock, dam by Coriander.

18. BOBADIL, at Clearwell Court, Gloucestershire, at 12 sovs. and a half:—by Rubens, out of Brainworm's dam.

0. BROTHER TO KILDARE, at Knights Hill Cottage, Dulwich, Surrey, at 3gs.:—by Regent, out of Jannette, by Camillus.

9. BRUTANDORF, at Leven, Beverley, at 5gs.:—by Blacklock, out of Mandane, by Pot-8o's.; grandam, Young Camilla, by Woodpecker.

0. BURGUNDY, at Northleach, Gloucestershire, at 3 sovs. and 5s.

10. BUZZARD, at Wordwell Hall, near Bury St. Edmund's, at 7gs.:—Country Mares after April 15, 3 sovs.:—by Blacklock, out of Miss Newton, by Delpini.

8. CAMEL, at Stockwell, Surrey, at 10gs. and a half:—by Whalebone, dam by Selim, out of Maiden by Sir Peter.

10. CANTERN, at Smeaton Mairs near Dalkeith, at 10gs.:—by Waxy Pope, out of Castanea (sister to Skim), by Gohanna.

22. CATTON, at Turf Tavern, Doncaster, at 10 sovs. and 1 sov.:—by Golumpus, out of Lucy Grey, by Timothy.

19. CHAMPION, at Wem, Salop, at 10gs.:—by Selim, out of Podagra, by Gouty; grandam, Jet, by Gouty.

9. CHATEAU-MARGAUX, at Ledstone Hall, Ferrybridge, at 10 sovs. and 1 sov.:—by Whalebone, out of Wasp, by Gohanna.

9. CLEVELAND, at Mr. Wm. Dawson's, Croft Bridge, near Darlington, at 10gs.:—by Prime Minister, out of Anna Bullen, by John Bull.

22. COMUS, at Ledstone Hall, Ferrybridge, at 6 sovs. and a half:—by Sorcerer, out of Houghton Lass, by Sir Peter.

10. CONFEDERATE, at Wentworth Lodge, at 10 sovs. and 1 sov.:—by Comus, out of Maritornes, by Cervantes; grandam, Sally, by Sir Peter.

10. CRESSUS, at Calcot Park, near Reading, by Wildfire, out of Cressida, by Whiskey.

10. CYDNUS, at Stockwell, Surrey, at 5gs.:—by Quiz, out of Persepolis, by Alexander.

14. DUKE, The, at Porkington, Oswestry, at 5gs. and 5s.:—by Comus, out of The Colonel's dam, by Delpini.

6. EASTGROVE, at Eastgrove, near Worcester, at five sovs.:—by Woodman, dam by Shuttle, out of Fortuna's dam.

6. EMANCIPATION, at Knutsford, Cheshire, at 5 sovs. and 5s.:—by Blacklock, out of Finesse, by Peruvian—Violante, by John Bull.

11. EMILIUS, at Riddlesworth,

Norfolk, at 12gs. and a half:—by Orville, out of Emily, by Stamford.

9. FALCON, at Tickhill Castle Farm, near Bawtry, at 8 sovs. and a half:—by Interpreter, out of Merlin's dam, by Delpini.

12. FIGARO, at Mr. Smallwood's, Middlethorpe near York, at 12gs. and a half:—by Haphazard, dam by Selim, out of Young Camilla.

19. FILHO DA PUTA, at Bildeston, Suffolk, at 15gs.:—by Haphazard, out of Mrs. Barnett, by Waxy.

9. FLEXIBLE, at Bishop's Castle, Salop, at 10 sovs. and a half:—by Whalebone, out of Themis, by Sorcerer.

7. GABERLUNZIE, at Petworth, Sussex, at 5gs.:—by Wanderer, out of Maiden.

0. GREY LEG, at the same place and price as Gaberlunzie.

13. GODOLPHIN, at Mr. Jones's Training Stables, Prestbury, near Cheltenham, at 10gs. and a half:—by Partisan, out of Ridicule.

7. GRANBY, at Stapleton Park Farm, near Ferrybridge, at 5 sovs. and a half:—by Cannon Ball, out of Shoehorn, by Teddy the Grinder.

6. GREY VISCOUNT, at Brompton-upon-Swale, at 5gs. and 5s.:—by Viscount, dam by Haphazard, out of Web, by Waxy.

0. HAL, at Brighton, near the Barracks, at 5gs. and a half:—by Warrior, out of Harriet, by Sir Harry; grandam, by Dori-mant.

10. JERRY, at Hawkhead, Paisley, N. B. at 11 sovs.:—by Smolensko, out of Louisa, by Orville.

0. JOCK, at Middleham, at 5 sovs.

6. JOUR DE NEIGE, at Rose's Veterinary Infirmary, Harwick:

—by Blacklock, dam by Governor, grandam by Sir Peter.

17. JUPITER, at Sibberscott near Shrewsbury, at 7gs.—country mares at 3gs.:—by Sir Oliver, out of Scotilla, by Anvil; grandam, Scots, by Eclipse.

6. LAMPTONIAN, at Coney-trove Farm, near Taunton, at 10 sovs. and a half:—by Filho da Puta, out of Leopoldine, by Walton.

8. LAMPLIGHTER, at Newmarket, at 11 sovs. and 1 sov.:—by Merlin, out of Spotless, by Walton; grandam, by Trumpator.

14. LANGAR, at Tickhill Castle Farm, near Bawtry, at 12 sovs. and 1 sov.:—by Selim, dam by Walton, out of Sorcerer's dam.

8. LAPDOG, at Bisterne, near Ringwood, Hants, at 7 sovs. and 5 sovs.:—by Whalebone, dam by Canopus—Young Woodpecker.

5. LAZARUS, at Down Hall, Epsom, Surrey, at 3 sovs. and 7s.:—by Moses, out of Pranks, by Hyperion: grandam, Frisky, by Fidget.

8. LINKBOY, at Pondwood Farm near Maidenhead:—by Aladdin, out of Doll Taresheet, by Sorcerer.

11. LOTTERY, at Mr. Kirby's Stables, York, fifty mares, at 20 sovs. each:—by Tramp, out of Mandane, by Pot8o's; grandam, Young Camilla, by Woodpecker.

11. LUZBOROUGH, at J. Wrexford's, Esq. Stud Farm, near Bew, Crediton, Devonshire, at 7 sovs. and a half:—by W's Ditto, Dam by Dick Andrews.

17. MAC-ORVILLE; at Middleton-house near Elwick, at 5gs.: other mares 2gs. each:—by Orville, dam by Weathercock.

7. MALEX, at Brompton-upon-Swale near Catterick Bridge, at

10 sovs. :—Brother to Velocipede and Moss Rose, by Blacklock.

7. MAMELUKE, at Stockwell, Surrey, at 12gs. and a half :—by Partisan, out of Miss Sophia, by Buzzard.

16. MASTER HENRY, at Stots-grove, one mile from Thame, on the high road from Oxford to Aylesbury :—by Orville, out of Miss Sophia, by Buzzard.

9. MEMNON, at Mr. R. Harrison's, Cattadilla, near Caterfick Bridge, at 15 sovs. and 1 sov. :—by Whisker, out of Manuella, by Dick Andrews.

5. MERIDIAN, at Epsom, at 5gs. :—by Gulliver, out of Mandoline, by Waxy. N.B. Winners gratis.

16. MERLIN, at Riddlesworth, Norfolk, at 12gs. and a half :—by Castrel, dam by Delpini, out of Tipple-cider, by King Fergus.

9. MIDDLETON, at Mr. C. Morton's Hunting Stables, Croydon, at 10gs. and 1g. :—by Phantom, out of Web, by Waxy.

14. MR. LOWE, at Pimlico, 3gs. :—by Walton, out of Pledge, by Waxy.

8. MULATTO, at the same place and price as Confederate :—by Catton, out of Desdemona, by Orville—Fanny, by Sir Peter.

7. NONPLUS, at Longford Farm, Barcombe, seven miles from Lewes, and three from Chailey, at 3gs.—thorough bred mares that have won two fifties, or one hundred at one time, gratis :—by Catton, out of Miss Garforth, by Walton.

11. ORVILLE JUNIOR, at Pimlico, at 3gs. :—by Orville, dam by Walton.

7. PANTALON, at Chillington near Wolverhampton, at 10 sovs. : by Castrel, out of Idalia, by Peruvian.

20. PARTISAN, at Link's Farm, Newmarket, twenty inares besides those of his owner, at 15gs. and 1g. :—by Walton, out of Parasol.

5. PATRON, at Newmarket, at 5 sovs. and a half :—by Partisan, out of Augusta's dam, by Rubens.

7. PELICAN, at Nevill Holt, eight miles from Market Harborough, Leicestershire :—by Oiseau, out of Miss Aide, by Sir Peter.

13. PETER LELY, at Nantwich, Cheshire, at 10 sovs. and 5s. :—by Rubens, out of Stella, by Sir Oliver.

23. PHANTOM, at King's Arms Yard, Pimlico, 10gs. :—by Walton, out of Julia.

9. PHANTOM (Young), at Walkington, near Beverley, at 8gs. : by Phantom, out of Emmeline, by Waxy.

0. PHENOMENON, the trotting horse, at Stockwell, Surrey, at 5 sovs. :—by Young Fireaway, out of a Shales mare.

8. POLLIO, at the Stud Farm, Ludford, near Ludlow, at 10 sovs. and 1 sov. :—by Orville, out of Blue Stockings, by Popinjay.

7. PONTIF, at the Three Swans, Hungerford, Berks, at 5gs. each; half-bred mares at 2gs. and 5s. :—by Waxy Pope (sire of Canteen, &c.), out of Pythoness, by Sorcerer.

25. POPE, at Clearwell Court, Gloucester, at 20 sovs. and a half :—by Waxy, out of Prunella, by Highflyer.

7. POPSY, at Mr. John Day's Stables, Danebury, near Stockbridge, at 5gs. :—by Blacklock, out of Caifacaradaddera, by Walton.

0. PRESIDENT, at Waithwith, near Richmond, Yorkshire, at 5gs. :—country mares at 2gs.

20. **PRIME MINISTER**, at Garthorpe, near Melton Mowbray, until the 1st of March; after that time, at Mr. Harrison's Stables, Louth, Lincolnshire, at 7 sovs. and a half.

21. **PYRAMUS**, at Barton Court near Newbury, at 5gs. and 5s.; half-bred mares at 2gs. and 5s.:—by Meteor (son of Eclipse), out of Passion Flower, by Sir Peter Teazle. Pyramus is now the only grandson of Eclipse in existence.

9. **REDGAUNTLET**, at Burghley, near Stamford, at 10 sovs. and a half:—by Scud, out of Dulcinea, by Cervantes.

16. **REVELLER**, at Hedgerley Park, Gerard's Cross, Bucks, forty mares, besides those of his owner, at 25 sovs.:—by Comus, out of Rosetta, by Beningbrough.

20. **ROBIN ADAIR**, at Barton Court, near Newbury, at 5gs. and 5s.; half-bred mares at 2gs. and 5s.:—by Walton, out of Canidia, by Sorcerer.

8. **ROYAL OAK**, at Woburn, Beds, at 10 sovs. and a half:—by Catton, dam by Smolensko, out of Lady Mary, by Beningbrough.

14. **ST. PATRICK**, at Newmarket, at 10 sovs.:—by Walton, dam by Dick Andrews.

8. **SAILOR**, at Canford Farm, Westbury, near Bristol, at 10 sovs. and a half:—by Candidate, dam by Corporal.

6. **SCIPIO**, at Brighton, near the Barracks, at 10gs. and a half:—by Filho da Puta, out of Miss Syntax, by Paynator.

11. **SHERWOOD**, at Coneytrowe Farm, Somersetshire, at 10 sovs. and a half:—by Filho da Puta, out of Lampedosa, by Precipitate.

7. **SHAKESPEARE**, at Crockford's,

Newmarket, at 7 sovs.:—by Smolensko, out of Charming Molly, by Rubens—Comedy, by Beningbrough.

10. **SILKWORM**, at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, at 5gs. and 5s.:—by Castrel, out of Corinne, by Waxy; grandam, Briseis, by Beningbrough.

10. **SIR GREY**, at Warwick, at 10 sovs. and a half:—by Rubens, dam by Beningbrough.

10. **SKIFF**, at Newmarket, at 10 sovs.:—by Partisan, out of Skipjack's dam, by Gohanna.

18. **SKIM**, at Petworth, Sussex, at 10gs.:—by Gohanna, out of Grey Skim, by Woodpecker.

10. **SLIGO**, at Shugborough, Staffordshire, at 10 sovs. and a half:—by Waxy Pope, out of Cora, by Master Bagot.

17. **SOBER ROBIN**, at Cherry Down, Chingford, at 5gs. and a half:—by Orville, out of Harpy, by Phenomenon.

17. **STAINBOROUGH**, at Mr. Howard's, Bridge, near Canterbury, at 5gs. and 5s.:—by Dick Andrews, out of Hornpipe, by Trumpator.

9. **STUMPS**, at Bentley, near Bromsgrove, Worcestershire, at 10 sovs. and 1 sov.:—by Whalebone, out of Scotina, by Delpini.

15. **SULTAN**, at Burghley, Stamford, at 40 sovs.:—by Selim, out of Bacchante, by William-son's Ditto. N.B. The subscription is full.

12. **SWAP**, at Canford Farm, Westbury, near Bristol, at 10 sovs.:—by Catton, dam by Hambletonian, out of Vesta, by Delpini.

8. **TAREARE**, at Stockwell, Surrey, at 10gs. and a half:—by Catton, out of Henrietta.

15. **TENIERS**, at Mostyn, Holywell, at 10gs. and a half:—by

Rubens, out of Snowdrop, by Highland Fling.

7. **TINKER**, at Walkington, near Beverley, at 4gs. and 5s.:—by Tramp, dam by Remembrancer—Losen, by Shuttle.

15. **TIRESIAS**, at Norton, Mansfield, at 10 sovs.:—by Soothsayer, out of Pledge, by Waxy.

21. **TRAMP**, at Mr. Ridsdale's Farm, Murton, near York, at 15 sovs. and 1 sov.:—by Dick Andrews, dam by Gohanna.

23. **TRUFFLE**, at W. Crockford's, Esq. at Newmarket, at 10gs. and a half:—by Sorcerer, out of Hornby Lass, by Bazzard.

7. **TRUMPETER**, at James King's Stables, Chiseldon, Marlborough, at 6gs. and a half:—by Waxy Pope, out of Bella Donna.

6. **VARBO**, at Hoar Cross, Lichfield, at 10 sovs.:—by Orville, out of Emily, by Stamford.

6. **Velocipede**, at Mr. Brookless's, Dringhouses near York, at 12gs. and 1g.:—by Blacklock, dam by Juniper.

7. **VULCAN**, at St. Alban's, at 5gs.:—by Octavius, dam by Whalebone, out of Ransom.

8. **WAMBA**, at the Stud Farm, Ludford, near Ludlow, at 10 sovs. and 1 sov.:—by Merlin, out of Whisker's dam.

17. **WATERLOO**, at Hampton Court, at 10gs.:—by Walton, out of Penelope, by Trumpator; grandam, Prunella, by Highflyer.

14. **WAVERLEY**, at Brompton-on-Swale, near Catterick, at 10gs.:—by Whalebone, out of Margareta, by Sir Peter.

16. **WELBECK**, at Leicester, at 5 sovs. and 5s.:—Brother to Tiresias.

18. **WISKEY**, at Mr. Samuel Chifney's, at Fidget Farm, near Newmarket, at 20 sovs. and

1 sov.:—by Waxy, out of Penelope, by Trumpator.

11. **WISEACRE**, at Bignell's Hunting Stables, at Croydon, Surrey, at 5 sovs.:—Brother to Bobadil, by Rubens.

0. **WOODMAN**, at Eastgrove, near Worcester, at 5 sovs.

15. **WRANGLER**, at West Radham, near Houghton, Norfolk:—by Walton, out of Lisette, by Hambletonian.

15. **ZADIG**, at Cherry Down, Chingford, at 4½gs.:—by Octavius, out of Chestnut Skim, by Woodpecker.

AQUATICS.

SIR,
THE return of Spring induces all those who, like myself, are devotedly fond of disporting on the aqueous fluid, to look forward with mingled feelings of pleasure and anticipation to a return of the "second" season of the year, when the weather, from the protecting rays of a summer sun, shall be such as to warrant a frequent and almost continued presence on the water, and when, on some occasions,

"The boat is lower'd with all the haste of hate,
With its slight plank between thee and thy fate,
With just enough of water and of bread
To keep some days the dying from the dead;
With cordage, canvas, sails and lines, and twine,
All treasures to the hermit of the brine."

In accordance, therefore, with the desire to signalise himself or his boat, more than the customary preparatory arrangements for the watery campaign are being thus early made by almost every rowing and sailing amateur, not merely on the banks of the Thames, but resident at every port at which those matters form a subject of diversion in the warmer portion of the year. Already are the shops of the various boat-builders constantly

visited by some of those gentlemen who have thought proper to "lay down" new boats, with which they purpose to grace the "unruffled face" of Father Thames in the season of 1831. Indeed, several of these mediums of conveyance, from one shore to another have been already turned out. Mr. Osbaldeston has brought out a beautiful wherry, built expressly for "randan" rowing; and Mr. Bayford has "transported," from the workshop of Messrs. Searle (I believe) to a "finny tenement," a new boat, which, from the masterly way in which it has been put together, promises, with the powerful and skilful assistance of the owner, to prove a "passer by." Other amateurs, equally though not so fortunately distinguished as patrons of and competitors in the "sport," are also superintending the progress of the erection of those "vehicles," in which they hope to exhibit their several abilities and capabilities—perhaps I might add, without giving irrevocable offence, and incapacities—as rowers in the ensuing summer. It is not an uncommon occurrence in the present day, nor was it so in those gone by, for a man to mistake his qualifications. For instance, there are certain matters—whether they be of strength or of judgment it signifies not which here—that fit an individual for a peculiar line. That line, as I am on the subject, may be sailing or rowing. Be it so. There are then, I say, certain qualifications necessary to make a good rower; and there are certain peculiarities required for a person who attaches himself to sailing. Without the possession of these, the party, let him embark in which undertaking he will, must fail. It is rarely, if ever, that you meet with a good "fresh-water" rower who is equally so on the sea; and it is as true, that he, who

"O'er the glad waters of the dark-blue sea
Feels his thoughts boundless, and his soul
as free,
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows
foam,
Surveys his empire, and beholds his
throne!"

can for some time make himself at home as a rower in the "fresh"

waters. The system of pulling is different. The sensations produced by each are different, and the causes are different. In the one instance the prevailing custom, from the fact of the distances to be travelled being but short, is rowing; whilst in the other the voyages performed are of so great a length, that the assistance of canvas is required to enable their performance. Hence the difference. In the one case pleasure induces a labour; in the other, business or matters of more urgent or vital importance render the speedy communication with another country necessary, and sails are resorted to. The former produces the cultivation of rowing; the latter tends to improve the art of sailing. A fine seaman is not a good fresh-water rower; and the man possessing the latter qualification is not frequently found to be conversant with the *materiæ* requisite for a sailor. The man-of-war "roll," which is observed in pulling the "long-boat," retards the velocity of the fresh-water wherry; and the noiseless "feather" on board the latter is unknown in

"Ploughing the salt sea ocean."

If, therefore, either of these distinct parties launch forth as a "crack" in the opposite line, it necessarily follows he will ere long discover that he is out of his element. So much for rowing.

With respect to the preparations by the Sailing Clubs, they have been going on throughout the winter. I hear of several new yachts of the larger and smaller class, which will soon be ready to "dance upon the waves," when their Captains shall exclaim—

"Once more upon the waters! yet once
more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a
steed
That knows his rider. Welcome to their
roar!
Swift be their guidance, wheresoe'er it lead!
Though the strain'd mast should quiver as
a reed,
And the rent canvas fluttering strew the
gale,
Still must I on; for I am as a weed
Flung from the rock, on ocean's foam to
sail,
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tem-
pest's breath prevail."

I have been told that a *Brilliant* of a new "water" is likely to spread alarm amongst the smaller yachts, and that the new *Lord Chancellor* has resolved on scratching out the name of his mother, the Lady Louisa, from the "Persian List," and of putting her again into active service.

Numerous alterations are about to be made in the several "Clubs," of which I hope to be able to put the readers of your valuable Magazine in full possession in its next Number.

If a proof were wanting that the "amateur sailing" is of use, I would beg to refer those who assert to the contrary to the subjoined paragraph for a refutation of their argument. On the 23d of December, Captain A. Corry, of the Royal Yacht Club, in his yacht *Dolphin*, twenty-eight tons, arrived at Jamaica on a visit to his Noble relative the Governor. The safe arrival of such a small vessel with only four hands excited the utmost admiration, and the natives, especially the Blacks, expressed the greatest astonishment. The Members of the Club are to be permitted in future to visit the Balearic Isles without paying port dues.

What would our forefathers have said, had such a disposition of the "march" been manifested in their day? Would they not, were they again to tread this earth, say

"*Tempora mutantur?*"

Hoping, Sir, that a renewal of my communications, such as they are, may not be deemed unacceptable to the subscribers to the *Sporting Magazine*, I have again determined on trespassing, with your permission, on your columns.

I remain, &c. AN AMATEUR.
February 1831.

SIR—The season is coming which brings to mind the Letter of your Correspondent in April last (p. 403). The larger classed vessels there spoken of have been a complete failure, with the exception of the first match won by the *Rob Roy*. The sailing for the Subscription Cup of Fifty Guineas was productive of anything but what

it ought to be, and the less said of it the better, for

"When honour leaves the soul, meanness will creep in!"

Not so with the smaller class yachts. The *Brilliant*, *Lady Emma*, *Ariel*, and *Secret* have each proved most superior in point of speed.

The *Daphne*, which your Correspondent says is "considered the fastest boat of her tonnage ever built," was, by the four new boats, each time she sailed, beat out of sight, out of mind—she was last. The *Brilliant* and *Lady Emma* have also beat that terror of all above bridge, the *Ariel*—designated the Isle of White-man, from her having been built at Southampton to do wonders. She sailed a good boat; and, with a spirit above defeat, her Noble owner improved her speed each succeeding match, yet she was not fast enough to win; nor could

"*Ariel*, with all her magic power,
Dim the lustre of the precious store,
But, by opposing, brighten'd it the more."

So much was fair sailing observed, that it might be said,

"The River tricks they put aside,
And honour solely was their guide."

The owner of the *Brilliant*, when receiving the Cups at Vauxhall and on board the steamer, publicly spoke in terms of the highest praise of the gentlemanlike conduct he had repeatedly experienced from his Lordship during the well and hard contested matches he had sailed with him.

It would, therefore, so far seem as if there was great improvement last year in the construction of sailing vessels, if we may judge by the poor places which the *Daphne* had. But then there was the *Rowena* and the *Clarence*, both having won Cups, who were also in the back ground: and the *Spitfire*, a still older and more successful boat, has yet again to be tried with the *Abbot*, of eight tons, now repairing.

Mr. W. Smith, of Rose-lane, Commercial-road, who built the *Daisy*, *Lady Louisa*, and the *Brilliant*, has now nearly finished the *Alarm*, of eight tons, from the model of the

Brilliant, with some improvements, which it is supposed will give her a superiority.

There is also one of about fourteen tons on the stocks, building by Messrs. Stokes of Rotherhithe, who, having minutely measured the *Lady Louisa*, it is expected will succeed in a supposed improvement on that superior vessel. They have sailed on board the *Lady* during most of her matches, and consequently know where improvement was wanting. Their great experience and knowledge have naturally given them some confidence that the Lord Chancellor will be a clipper. It has been whispered that she is to have the Cup below bridge, and the *Lady* the one above.

The owner of the *Alarm* is somewhat more modest in his expressions. One day, after the glass had gone freely round, speaking of the *Brilliant* having won three Cups within six weeks, and wishing that he might be equally successful, he said, his eyes fixed upon vacancy, and slowly turning the empty glass, "I have three sisters at home; now I should be content if I could get a Cup for each of

them! and one for myself!" Perchance, when these Gentlemen sleep, they dream, and exclaim—

"Is this a Cup which I see before me, The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee!
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still!"

The Commodore of the Thames Yacht Club has or intends sending in his resignation. If the Members are fortunate in the selection of another, it will be of great consequence to all who are fond of the sport, which the late Commodore was not calculated to shew or support. He had no yacht, and it was publicly stated that the Commodore's flag was seldom hoisted above twice in the year, and that only on the day the Cup was sailed for. He may be a most excellent Member,

"'Tis true, but he could never lead the van,
Nor shew that sport which young ones never knew,
Or, triumphantly flying his colour,
Make it known on the grand occasion,
That all might say, 'Here comes the Commodore.'"

X. B.

London, Feb. 4, 1831.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

The Chase.

THE lovers of the chase will lament the resolution which Lord Petre has announced, materially to reduce his present establishment in horses, hounds, and their necessary attendants; but the motives (alike prudent and worthy of a good landlord) which have dictated this resolve, the Noble Lord has openly avowed—a determination to sustain his share of the difficulties which prevail at the present crisis, and to enable his numerous and respectable tenantry to extend a fostering hand to their suffering dependants, by giving them full employment. His Lordship has made propositions with regard to his hounds, of which, it is to be hoped, the admirers of fox-hunting will gladly avail themselves. That this celebrated

pack may retain with their celebrity the title of "*The Thorndon Hounds*," and with their accustomed note, "make the welkin answer them, and draw shrill echoes from the hollow earth," is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

The Noble Lord has published the following Address to the Yeomen and Farmers residing within the limits of his Hunt:—"Gentlemen: I cannot retire from hunting your country without begging of you to accept my best thanks for your kind support, and your very great care, attention, and trouble in preserving the foxes (having had only two blank days in the three last seasons); and believe me, when I say I retire with the deepest regret and sorrow. I shall always entertain the highest esteem and regard for you,

and see the greatest anxiety for your own welfare and prosperity, as also for that of your families and connexions.—I have the honor to remain, Gentlemen, your most obedient obliged humble servant,
 PERKE."

On the 28th of February, Wadley House, Bucks, was the scene of much festivity, the magnificent domicile of the Hon. Mr. Moreton. No less than *three hundred* persons partook of the cheering viands, and old English hospitality revelled within its lordly walls, flinging us back to the liberal days of our forefathers. The affability and urbanity of the Lady of the mansion conjointly with her Lord, was most conspicuous, and made glad their numerous guests. The Members of the Hunt, in their scarlet costume, gave a rich and pleasing variety in the happy dance, keeping in mind the glories of the field amid the fair-eyed maids of Buckingham—and long must be remembered the delightful meeting.

We are glad to hear that Mr. Moreton has had some most excellent sport during the present month (February) in the Vale of Whitehorse country.

Valentine's day ushered in an excellent run with Mr. Mure's hounds, at a fixture at Stetchworth Park: reynard being unkenelled, gave his pursuers a most gallant burst over a distressing and heavy country, rendered more so by the late tempestuous weather, and many horses, with their riders, felt its effects: but the staunch pack, after a run of an hour and twenty minutes, over fourteen miles of ground, found their toil in vain, as reynard, like a good general, sheltered himself in the strong earths of Lipsey Wood. Two gentlemen had to deplore the loss of two favorite hunters, and might well exclaim with the Abbotsford Bard—

"Wo' worth the chase, wo' worth the day,
 That cost thy life, my gallant gray!"

The Warwickshire hounds, on the 12th, had a most extraordinary run from Wroxton Abbey, and out of a large field few only could live the pace, the aid of a second horse being found requisite to be at the finish. The workmen who did *the* thing were, Messrs. Sheldon, Russell, Fellowes,

and Colonel Gilbert—the last, named, on his chestnut, won laurels. This cost an hour and a half of time well spent—but the wily *reynard*, as in the last recorded run, reserved himself in like manner for further diversion.

The Tickham fox-hounds had a fine day's sport on Tuesday, Feb. 22. They met at Long Beach, found immediately, and had a brilliant run of two hours and twenty minutes, up to Stalisfield earths; back through Long Beach to Lees Court Bottoms; through Perrywood, across Rhode Farm—where you might have covered this gallant pack with a sheet—to Gushmore, through Selling churchyard to Shepherd's Fossil; and then turned for Lees Court, where they pulled him down, the pace being exceedingly good throughout. This pack has not been long established; but, under its present superior management, it appears likely that it will assume the character of "crack." Certainly, they are at present short of foxes. Nevertheless gentlemanlike deportment on the part of the managers, and a good understanding consequent thereon between proprietors and occupiers, will most undoubtedly insure them that able support which must be the wish of every true lover of the chase to see in a county permanently established.

The Steeple Chase, announced in our last from St. Alban's, has been postponed to the 3d of March.—Thirteen horses are entered.

A bet of 10l. was decided in the neighbourhood of Wadesmill, Herts, on the 10th of February, between two gentlemen across country, a pretty strong one. Brown George, which ran second for the Hunters' Stake at St. Alban's, proved the victor—the distance four miles, done in fifteen minutes.

On Tuesday the 22d, a grand Steeple Chase was ridden in the Bicester country, between Lord Waterford, Lord Alford, Mr. H. Peyton, Mr. Moore, and Mr. Cocks. The distance was from Gallows Bridge to Gravenor Wood, about four miles, and was won by Mr. Peyton on his

capital white-faced chestnut horse—Lord Waterford second about 200 yards.

In the early part of the month, Mr. Vaughan, the Member for Wells, experienced a most serious and heavy fall, from his horse topping a gate, which unfortunately was not sufficiently fastened to withstand the impetus of the heels of his hunter, which struck the upper bar, and immediately flew open, and horse and rider fell. We trust, however, that by skilful attention in his medical man, he will soon again be convalescent, and resume the sport.

Mr. Chalmers' Fox-hounds, which have hunted Forfarshire for three seasons, and the East Forfar and Kincardine country for several seasons previously, are to be disposed of.—Application to be made to that Gentleman, at Auldar, Brechin, N. B.

The Turf.

The King has been pleased to grant a Royal Plate of 100 guineas to be run for annually at Shrewsbury.

The Match between Priam and Retriever at Doncaster is off by consent.

DECISIONS OF THE JOCKEY CLUB.

Two horses ran a dead heat at Newmarket. The owners requested permission of the Stewards to run the race over again between two of the other races of the day, who decided that the forty-fourth Rule was imperative, and that the horses which had run the dead heat must run again half an hour after the last race of the day.—See *S.M. N.S.* xxiii.301.

A bet of 2 to 1 was laid on Turquoise agst Elinor for the Oaks—Elinor, being improperly named, was not allowed to start. The question whether the bet was to stand or not was submitted to the Stewards, who agreed to refer it to a general meeting of the Jockey Club, at which it was ultimately decided that the bet was void.

A. admitted that he had lost 100l. to B., but declined paying it, because he intended paying it to C., who had a claim on B. for 100l. The Stewards decided that A. must pay the 100l. to B. forthwith, as no transfer could take place without the consent of both parties.

At a meeting of the Subscribers to the Epsom Race Fund, held at the Spread Eagle Inn, on Thursday, December 23, 1830, it was resolved that the sum of ten shillings be paid for every horse that shall be trained or exercised on the Downs from the first of January next to the first of July following, towards the repairing and keeping in order such Exercise Ground; and for every horse trained or exercised on the said Downs from the first of July to the first of January, the like sum of ten shillings; and that such sums shall be paid by the trainer or servant having the care of such horses, and be charged by him to the owners thereof; and that this Resolution do apply to succeeding years. The money to be paid in advance, or the Treasurer to stop all horses going on the Exercise Ground.

(Signed) T. SOUTH, Treasurer.

FINE ARTS.

Mr. Ackermann, of the Sporting Gallery, Regent-street, has added another feather to his cap as a publisher of sporting subjects, by a very spirited engraving of Velocipede, the property of W. Armitage, Esq. and winner of the York Spring Leger 1828. The portrait was by Mr. Ferneley of Melton Mowbray, and is equally characteristic of the talents of that admirable artist, as it is a faithful likeness of this very superior racer.

The fifth Number of Landseer's *Characteristic Sketches of Animals* has just reached us, containing the most perfect delineations of the Barbary Lion, probably the most majestic of quadrupeds, the Jaguar, the Polar Bear, and the Alpaca. The style in which the present Number is executed justifies us in asserting that, if possible, it exceeds the former. It is, indeed, a splendid work, worthy the patronage of the lovers of Natural History and the admirers of the Fine Arts.

NEW GAME LAW.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer (Lord Althorp), not satisfied with the Bill introduced by the Marquis of Chandos (see *Sporting Magazine* for January, p. 190), has introduced to the House of Commons a new Game

Bill; and if it may not effect all the good intended, it will remove much of the evil of the existing laws. It repeals all the old laws now in force, consisting of twenty-eight Statutes, and destroys altogether the qualification heretofore requisite to enable a man to shoot a partridge. Its details are very simple, and may be thus explained:—

1st. Any person is qualified to kill game, upon taking out a certificate for that purpose, the cost of which it is proposed (subject to revision in the Committee) shall be five pounds.

2d. Persons duly licensed may sell game; and certificated persons may sell game to licensed dealers.

3d. Land to be protected by the existing law of trespass.

4th. Persons found guilty of the destruction of game or rabbits by night shall, for the first offence, suffer four months imprisonment; for the second, eight months; and for the third, two years. No sureties to be required in the first two cases.

Certain times and seasons are mentioned during which the killing of game is prohibited under a penalty of 5l. The Act is not to affect any agreements respecting game, nor any rights of manors, forests, or commons. Persons killing game without a licence are subject to a penalty of 5l.; selling without a licence, to a penalty of 2l.

This is a mere outline of the proposed measure: when the Bill is printed we shall give it in detail.

COCKING.

Newmarket, February 23.—The Welsh main is just over for the beautiful picture of British Game Fowls, by the younger Marshall, a print from which, by Romney, decorated our December Number. Arthur Pavis, the successful jockey, is also the successful possessor of this splendid ornament:

George Edwards second, Connolly third. The elder jockeys and the birds of the Old School had not the shadow of a chance. After the main about thirty of as game fellows sat down to as good a *set-to* as ever met; and the feeding of Finton, the young landlord of the Bull Inn, proved superior to Potter or Gilliver of the Old School, and more than equal to Nash or Fleming of the New, and kept his cocks pecking and crowing to a late hour.

SPORTING OBITUARY.

On the 11th of January died at Keith Hall, Aberdeenshire, John Henry Bouditch, a native of Saxe Weimar in Germany, and forty-five years servant to the Kintore family, having been brought over to this country from the Prince of Saxe Weimar's, by William Earl of Kintore. He resided as head keeper at Keith Hall for the whole of the above period, during which servitude he conducted himself as a most faithful and honest man. He bore a most exemplary character, and his manners were far superior to those in a similar walk of life. He was an excellent shot both with fowling-piece and rifle. He died respected and regretted by all, and by none more than by his Noble employers, to whom he was greatly attached. A portrait of this excellent character, represented as waiting for a shot at roe-deer, has been painted by Mr. Ferneley of Melton Mowbray; and the picture being proffered to us, we shall lose no time in putting it into the hands of one of our best artists, and, by giving it a place among our embellishments, gratify numerous friends who have expressed an anxiety to possess an engraving of the servant in remembrance of the exemplary worth of the man.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several favours have come to hand, but too late for insertion this month; among which is the second portion of "Sporting Sketches in Ireland."

The proffered communications of "R. F." will be most acceptable.

The "Dorsetian Sketch, No. VI." *De rebus cunctis et quibusdam aliis*—full of wise saws and modern instances!—in our next.—In the note to page 276 in the February Number, for "whence and wherefore this term is applied," read as applied, &c.—We are also requested to correct an error in the "Review of the Racing Season for 1850:"—Page 280, col. 2, line 3 from bottom, for "*Carthago's* legs" read "*Arthusian's*."

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THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.
SECOND SERIES.

APRIL, 1831.

No. XII.

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Embellished with,

I. A VIGNETTE TITLE PAGE.—II. FERRETING RABBITS.
III. PORTRAIT OF BILLY WHITE.

FERRETING RABBITS.

and Engraved by W. SMITH.

IS one of those sports that is followed, not for the sake of the sport alone, but in self-defence, to rid woodlands and fields of a most destructive animal, particularly to young plantations and corn land; and frequently destroy trees of large growth, particularly holding the bark of which they are very fond of. Ferreting is preparatory to shooting in coverts where there are many rabbits, as those that escape the net do not return to earth for several days, but lie in grass or brake: it is then,

with a few steady spaniels or beagles, the rabbit gives excellent sport. Some sportsmen wait at the burrows while the ferrets are at work, and shoot at the rabbit as it bolts. This mode is somewhat like trap-shooting, with this difference, the sportsman is not certain when or where he is to shoot when on the burrow. But this is rather chilly amusement, very like chub-fishing in winter. There are two sorts of ferrets, the dark and light-coloured: the former is said to be crossed with the polecat; it is hardier than the yellow-colored ones. The practice of sewing up the ferret's mouth is useless and cruel in the extreme; they work much

better when they are free'd from a muzzle of any sort, as then they do not lie ineffectually scratching their game, but proceed over the back to the nape of the neck, which much sooner forces the rabbit to start, or lose its life in earth.

Ferretting rabbits is familiar to most of our readers, and will throw them back in thought to their juvenile days, when they were allowed to accompany the warrener to see this sport previously to being trusted with the gun or prancing steed. Where rabbits are taken for profit, catching seldom commences until November, as, before then, the skins are not in season. A few years ago the skin was worth more than the carcase.—Windy weather is not favorable for ferretting, and a line should not be used to the ferret where there are many roots. A well-trained terrier is an excellent assistant when it is found necessary to dig the rabbit and ferret from earth. S.

THE STEEPLE CHASE AT ST. ALBAN'S.

SIR,

FASHION, all hail to thy omnipotence!—I am not one of those fusty grumbletonians who

cavil at thy sway! What though extravagances hourly spring up, the mushroom offspring of thy hot-bed of folly, I can pardon thee, tinsel goddess, all thine absurdities, since thou hast stamped with thy all-powerful sanction that manly, truly English sport—the STEEPLE CHASE. It is indeed a pastime worthy of Englishmen—the only race suited to hunters. In Ireland it is almost the only way in which they ever run; so it should be here: and then an end to all half-bred cocktail stakes, the loop-hole for every kind of roguery and blackguardism, which always are won by some thorough-bred one, perhaps ridden once or twice to covert side as a hack.

Steeple-racing commenced last year brilliantly, and promised well for the future: I am sorry that I cannot in candour speak of the first fruits of this season as worthy of the tree from which they sprung: but hang all grumbling: "*spero meliora!*"—And now far the *lark* at St. Alban's.

On Tuesday, the 1st of March a Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each *came off* in the above neighbourhood. Herewith I furnish a "true and correct list of all the running horses, names of the riders, and how they came in," &c. &c.

Mr. Lee's b. g. Moonraker	rode by Mr. Parker.
Mr. Judson's br. g. Bloomfield.....	Mr. Reynolds.
Mr. Ind's b. g. Wellington.....	Mr. Raynes.
Mr. Meyrick's b. g. David	Mr. Westley.
Mr. Cox's b. g. Nelson.....	Mr. Carter.
Mr. Russell's b. m. Mountebank	Mr. Thompson.
Mr. Stone's g. g. Monk	
Mr. Thomas's g. g. Birmingham	Mr. Hudson.
Mr. Caldecott's bl. m. Betsey Dover.....	Mr. Fisk.
Mr. Elmore's g. g. Cavalier	Mr. Weston.
Mr. A. Judson's br. g. Hazard	Mr. Judson.
Lord Ranelagh's b. g. Wildboar.....	Mr. Beecher.

The winner was some short time since sold by Mr. Beardsworth, of Birmingham, for 18l.; but, alas! rail-roads and steam-carriages have sadly deteriorated the value of horse flesh of late! "I say, Jem," said a costermonger the other day to a bird of the same feather, who was laboring like a thresher in a barn to coax his quadruped anatomy into a *walk*; "I say, Jem, what do you keep a hanimal of that ere sort for? vy don't you do as I do—go to Smithfield, give *fifteen shillings*, and get a *right good un* at once!"

The start was in a field on the St. Alban's side of Coombe-wood, on Shenly Bury farm—allowing for chance orthography—the course being marked out by flags, and the winning-post between two trees in a paddock at the back of Mr. Coleman's stables, close to the aforesaid town. The line of country was, leaving Mr. Haddow's on the left, and Colney on the right, passing New-house Farm, and crossing the turnpike road a mile and a quarter from St. Alban's. The distance, say four miles, was done in fifteen minutes. The ground was judiciously chosen in reference to the spectators, as every yard of it was visible from the high-road, which presented a tolerable muster of all classes, from the *Exclusive* to the tag-rag-and-bob-tail inclusive: but it did not strike me as the country to try what a hunter was made of. Some of the fences were sufficient to stop a Frenchman, and the last mile was almost as level as "Over the Flat" at Newmarket.

At starting, Mountebank of course made play, and at the end of the first mile, after the custom

of persons of his calling, he took leave of the race in a *summerset*. To him succeeded Wellington, though fated, alas! like his gallant namesake, to be but a short time "*Premier*;" for, after an ineffectual struggle, he was obliged to resign his place to Moonraker, a clever bay gelding, or, as some laughingly called him, a "GREY." Cavalier was going well till he fell into a ditch—not the first of the name who got into difficulties from which he had some trouble to extricate himself. David too was no flincher; yet the harp of the Royal Psalmist had lost a string, and wo is me! that in the mighty chorus the "Monarch Minstrel" did sing small. Wildboar fell close to the goal—no blame to his accomplished rider, who did all mortal man could do to "save his bacon."

To descend from metaphor, this was not the clipper we look for in a metropolitan race:—let them look sharp or they'll have to "knock under" to the provincials.

It was curious that the same crimson silk with which Connolly was adorned when he won the Leger last year on Birmingham, Mr. Parker, from Birmingham, wore to win this race at St. Alban's! Mr. Beardsworth, you're a lucky man!—it's a nice thing to be in your jacket!

Poor Wildboar, I have just heard, died soon after the race in Mr. Coleman's stables, having broken a blood-vessel—gone to the dogs, poor devil, like many a good one before him! Here, then, let the high-mettled racer

"Point my moral and adorn my song."

The "Pyramidal Pride" of

Egypt's monarchs boasts not now as much of memory as remains of Wildboar ! True, all that marks his fall now bleaches in the wind and sun at the door of the boiling-house—

“ *De mortuis nil nisi bonum !* ”

but bethink thee, reader, in how brief a space not even this much will remain of thee !

“ For what on earth can give or thee or me hopes,
When not a *pinch* of dust remains of
Cheops ! ”

J. W. C.

* * * We have received three other communications on this subject, one from a valued correspondent, and can only regret that we have not room for them.

WARWICK SPRING MEETING.

SIR,

THIS meeting, the first opening of the racing season, took place on Wednesday the 16th instant, and on the whole was productive of some very tolerable running, which no doubt would have been better but from the state of the course, which was, from the late heavy rains, almost impassable but for the strongest horses, affording a fine illustration of the proverb, that “ the race is not always to the swift.” In consequence the powers of the speedy horses were not called into action; and very different results may be anticipated when the same nags chance to come in contact on different ground, which of course from their respective engagements may soon be expected.

The company assembled on this occasion was numerous and yet select, consisting of all or almost all of the families of distinction in the county, and of the noble and wealthy strangers who have made Leamington their headquarters during the hunting sea-

son; and the latter class I think outnumbered the former, as this year the hunting men seem to have flocked to Leamington in greater numbers than in any former season; and so satisfied are they in general with the sport afforded by the Warwickshire hounds, that many, and those among the best, have engaged stables for next winter.

The day being fine formed a delightful contrast to the cold, wet, cheerless weather of the last fortnight, and brought many dashing equipages to the ground; among which were to be seen those of the Earls of Warwick and Clonmel; Viscounts Dungarvan, Anson, and Eastnor; Sir John Gerrard, Sir John Burke, Sir Edw. Mostyn, Chandos Leigh, Esq., — Applewhaite, Esq. &c. most of whom sported their four-in-hand with splendid new liveries. The number of races occasioned an early meeting, and by eleven o'clock the course presented an assemblage of splendour and fashion which I have never seen equalled at any Spring Meeting.

The first race of the day was the Trial Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Borough of Warwick, for two and three-year-olds, Mile Course. This trial brought to the post the following lot, which I have arranged according to their coming in :—

Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. Warwick, 2 yrs, 6st. 12lb. (W. Locke).....	1
Mr. West's br. c. Trouville, by Rubens, 3 yrs, 9st.	2
Earl of Warwick's b. f. Water-Witch, 2 yrs, 7st.	3
Mr. Sadler's br. f. by Reveller, 2 yrs, 7st. 4	
Mr. Tomes's b. f. by Sir Gray, 2 yrs, 6st. 12lb.	0
Mr. Hobson's br. f. Georgiana, 3 yrs, 9st.	0
Mr. Chapman's b. c. The Cardinal, 3 yrs, 9st.	0
Mr. Alexander's b. f. 2 yrs, 7st.	0

The Cardinal was the favorite at even betting against the field: the odds being 5 to 4 against Trouville, 6 to 4 against Sadler's filly, 2 to 1 against the winner, and 3 to 1 against Water-Witch. At starting the Sir Gray filly, the Witch, and The Cardinal went off nearly at the top of their speed, but were soon obliged to hold hard; when Mr. Beardsworth's and Mr. West's colts got up to them, challenged, and soon made it evident that one of the two must win. A hard struggle then took place on the part of the Water-Witch and the Reveller filly to get in front; but it would not do; yet their efforts were so great, and their speed so good, that, had the course been as sound as it was rotten, the issue of the contest might have been very different. Mr. West's colt was admirably jockeyed by Calloway, and would, without a doubt, have won the race had he not slipped at one of the new-made drains across the course, thereby losing several lengths, which, as the race was a short one, and nearly over at the time the accident occurred, he could not recover.

The second race was for a Silver Cup, 50l. value, given by the Tradesmen of Leamington, with a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each added, Two Miles, Gentlemen riders.—This was won by Mr. C. Gould's b. m. Kate, 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb., with Mr. Peyton on her back, beating Mr. Cary's ch. g. Torquil, aged, 12st.; the Hon. Capt. Ongley's gr. g. The Flyer, 5 yrs, 11st. 7lb.; Captain Pearson's b. g. Harlequin, 6 yrs, 12st.; Mr. Russell's gr. m. Alice Gray, 5 yrs, 11st. 7lb.; Mr. Gregory's bl. m. Emma, 6 yrs, 12st.; and the Hon. G. Ongley's ch. m.

6 yrs, 12st.: Mr. Clitherow's ch. g. Snooks did not start.—The Flyer was the favorite, and had he been ridden by a more experienced jockey there would have been no mistake, as under all disadvantages he came in third. He and Alice Gray were backed at even against the field; but poor Alice was nearly distanced, though an easy winner of the same race last season. Six to 4 was betted against Captain Pearson's, 2 to 1 against Mr. Cary's, and 5 to 2 against the winner. At the word "Go!" Harlequin jumped off at full speed, Capt. P. being unable to hold him; but, although at one time he was nearly 500 yards before all the others, he soon lost his place, and found himself in a very different situation, being nearly last. Mr. Cary, who had till now been last, very imprudently and hastily went up in front, and beat his horse so completely in doing so, that, although he was by far the best horse in the lot, he could do no more than run in a good second. Kate, the winner, is a very middling nag, and ought not to have been more than third or fourth; but her rider has a head upon his shoulders.

The third race was for the Pillerton Stakes, 25 sovs. each, h. ft. for horses, &c. not thorough-bred, two miles, Gentlemen riders. This brought to the post seven of the very best cocktails ever seen. Brother to Hexgrave was entered, but unfortunately did not start. Those who did go were as follows:—

Mr. Burton's gr. g. Post Captain, by Cannon Ball, 4 yrs, 10st. 9lb. (Owner), 1	
Mr. Jones's br. g. Tommy Tickle, by Muley, 6 yrs, 12st.	2
Colonel Gilbert's b. g. Knepp, by Frolic, 4 yrs, 10st. 9lb.	0
Mr. Osbaldeston's ch. h. Liberty, by Buffalo, 4 yrs, 10st. 9lb.	0

Capt. Davis's b. c. Fright, 3 yrs, 9st. 9lb. 0
 Mr. Hobson's br. h. Contraband (win-
 ner of Billington Copley), 5 yrs, 11st.
 12lb. 0
 Lord Anson's br. g. Dunton, 4 yrs (win-
 ner of Billington), 11st. 0

Dunton in this race last year was the winner; but, like Alice Gray in the Tradesman's Cup, he found the tables turned upon him this season, and he was last. Many reasons might be assigned for this great falling off; but if there were no other, the soft and bad condition in which he came to the post was sufficient to account for it; indeed, as a race horse, I never saw one less fit to start. This was a most interesting race, very hard good running, and won cleverly by half a length.

The fourth race was the Wolford Stakes of 10 sovs. each for regular hunters, two miles, Gentlemen riders: thorough-bred horses to carry 7lb. extra; winners once, 5lb.; twice, 8lb.; three times, 14lb. extra.—This was won by Mr. Walker's b. g. Columbus, by Muley (half-bred, winner twice), 12st. 8lb., Captain Davis, beating Mr. Benton's b. g. Two-shoes (thorough-bred), 12st. 7lb.; Lord Anson's Maid of the Mist (thorough-bred), 12st. 7lb.; and Mr. Arnold's ch. m. Lady Godiva (half-bred), 12st.—Mr. Russell's b. g. Rearsby (thorough-bred), 12st.; the Hon. Captain Ongley's g. g. The Flyer (half-bred), 12st.; Captain Davis's b. m. Vivid (thorough-bred), 12st. 12lb.; and Mr. Sadler's Jocko (thorough-bred), 13st. 7lb., were entered, but did not start. This, like the last, was a well-contested race, and was won cleverly by about a length: but had Two-shoes had anything like a jockey upon his back, he must have won easily.—A singular cir-

cumstance occurred before starting, very unusual I believe in racing, but which, if more frequently adopted, would perhaps be productive of more sport. Jocko, being known to be so superior a nag, was bought off; that is, all who had horses to run agreed to give Mr. Sadler half the Stakes not to start his horse, which was accepted. How this will affect bets made at a distance, I do not know, but I trust no one will suffer by it. Had the arrangement taken place privately it would have had a very suspicious appearance. Maid of the Mist was the favorite at 5 to 4:—6 to 4 agst Columbus and Lady Godiva; and 3 to 1 against Two-shoes, but there was little or no betting.

The fifth was a burdle race for a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, two miles, and six leaps, Gentlemen riders.—There were six entered for this race, five of which came to the post, carrying 11st. 7lb. each, thorough-bred 7lb. extra. Captain Ongley was the winner on his ch. g. Cognac, beating Mr. Cary's br. g. Alscot, the Hon. G. Ongley's ch. m. by Cannon Ball, Mr. Arnold's br. m. Warwickshire Lass, and Mr. Granville's ch. g. Leo. This race, from its novelty, excited much interest, but afforded very little sport. The gallant Captain took the lead, was never headed, dashed at all his leaps in a manly good style, and won easy by several lengths.

The sixth race was the Leamington Plate of 50 sovs. with 10 sovs. to the second horse; the horses to be *bona fide* the property of farmers, and to be ridden by farmers.—This race produced a great deal of fun and amuse-

ment from the style of the jockeys, who were very inferior to the nags they had to ride, several of which appeared fit to start for any Plate in the kingdom. Mr. Robbins's b. c. by York was the favorite and the winner, beating eight others at two heats, and in one distancing three or four of them.

After this came the seventh and last race of the day. It was a forced Handicap for all the winners, of 10sovs. each, and open to all others who might choose to enter for it—once round and a distance, about two miles.—Ten entered for it, and five accepted and started.—It was won by Mr. Walker's Columbus, 5 yrs (Arthur), 10st. 12lb., beating—second, Lorraine, aged, 12st. 7lb.; third, Foxcote, 4 yrs, 11st. 12b.; fourth, Mr. Robbins's b. c. by York, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.; fifth, Asbeston, aged, 11st.—Kate, Post Captain, Warwick, and Jocko were drawn.—Columbus the favorite at 5 to 4: 6 to 4 agst Lorraine; 3 to 1 agst Foxcote and York.—The colt led at a tolerable pace, which he was unable to keep up, and was consequently beat off by Lorraine and Foxcote, both of which kept close at his quarters all the way. Columbus kept near at hand ready to take advantage, which Arthur well knew how to seize upon whenever his opponents began to give way, which was the case at the turn near the Flat, when Columbus shewed himself in front, beat off all his competitors, and won cleverly by two lengths.—The Stewards, Lord Anson, and Mr. Russell, M.P. deserve the greatest credit for the order and regularity which were observed; and too much praise cannot be given

to the Clerk of the Course, who on this occasion exerted himself to the utmost for the benefit of all parties.

BETTINGS.

SIR, Tattersall's, March 23, 1834.

THE 21st, the Parliamentary Reform Bill was the all-engrossing topic, and the only feature in the day's betting worthy of observation was the gradual improvement in Augusta for the RIDDLESWORTH; and Filagree and Varennes for the DERBY, who at 13 and 14 to 1 found plenty of friends: on the other hand, Cressida, exhibiting strong symptoms of becoming a roarer, was driven to the very outside, and his chance of winning considered to be quite hopeless, and 1000 to 20 could have been obtained.

The 24th was a very brisk day and highly important, the three leading favorites throughout the afternoon being neck and neck. At the close, Colwick had the call; but, from the very faint manner with which it was accepted, the probability is, he will shortly be displaced by one of the three Newmarket nags. Blunder looks promising, a Mr. G. freely taking the odds, and he is uncommonly well. The finishing stroke was administered to Caleb, the failure of his trials so dissatisfying the Chifney party that *it is very doubtful whether he will be sent to Epsom*, and a 1000 to 20 was offered.

Yesterday (the 28th) was a very interesting day, and betting heavy. The RIDDLESWORTH was in full force, both parties backing their horses with much spirit,

and at the finish it was nearly even betting between the two, but Filagree eventually had the call. Lord Jersey's stable was in high favour, Filagree making an extraordinary spring, 8 and 9 to 1 being eagerly taken. At the close a Mr. G—y took 1400 to 200, and would have gone on. Blunder also had a very strong party, 11 to 8 being taken he beat the favorite. Varennes was quiescent, and with difficulty maintained his ground. Colwick retrograded at a great pace, a Mr. J—e laying 16 to 1, with few takers. Bras-de-Fer declined three or four points, and very little was doing upon him. Pastille faintly revived, a Mr. G. taking 3000 to 45, and would have gone on. Cressida is quite gone, and 1000 to 15 was offered, and no takers. Caleb made his last but ineffectual struggle, a Mr. G. laying 1000 to 10 against him.

The OAKS was several shades better, several of the outside ones being backed to a considerable amount. Circassian and Oxygen stuck at the old figure, but the party were not near so numerous. The Sister to Lion was highly fancied, a Mr. M. backing her to an enormous amount. Posthuma was brought from the very outside, a Mr. B. freely backing her.

There was nothing doing upon the LEGER, the foregoing races occupying all the attention.

Yours truly, Z.B.

RIDDLESWORTH.

- 6 to 4 agst Filagree (freely taken).
- 7 to 4 agst Augusta (freely taken).
- 8 to 1 agst Caroline.
- 8 to 1 agst Duke of Richmond's colt.
- 10 to 1 agst Cressida.
- 10 to 1 agst Ina.

- 10 to 1 agst Posthuma.
- 7 to 4 two agst the field.

DERBY.

- 7 to 1 agst Filagree (eagerly taken).
- 12 to 1 agst Blunder (offered).
- 15 to 1 agst Varennes (taken).
- 16 to 1 agst Colwick (taken).
- 18 to 1 agst Hæmus.
- 22 to 1 agst Bras-de-Fer (taken).
- 25 to 1 agst Rattler (taken).
- 25 to 1 agst Bohemian (taken).
- 25 to 1 agst Medora (taken).
- 30 to 1 agst Antiope (taken).
- 35 to 1 agst Africanus.
- 35 to 1 agst Subaltern (taken).
- 35 to 1 agst Incubus.
- 40 to 1 agst Cobweb (taken).
- 40 to 1 agst Caroline.
- 60 to 1 agst Cressida.
- 60 to 1 agst Pastille (freely taken).
- 60 to 1 agst Pigmy (taken).
- 1000 to 10 agst Caleb (no takers).
- 9 to 2 agst Filagree and Blunder (taken).
- 500 even Caroline agst Cobweb.
- Seven agst the field.

OAKS.

- 9 to 2 agst Circassian.
- 5 to 1 agst Oxygen (few takers).
- 9 to 1 agst Delight.
- 15 to 1 agst Sister to Lion (freely taken).
- 16 to 1 agst Posthuma (freely taken).
- 20 to 1 agst Espagnolle.
- 20 to 1 agst Titania.
- 25 to 1 agst Sister to Citron.

ST. LEGER.

- 15 to 1 agst Zany.
- 15 to 1 agst Circassian.
- 18 to 1 agst Colwick.
- 18 to 1 agst Chorister.
- 25 to 1 agst Camilla.
- 25 to 1 agst Bras-de-Fer.
- 25 to 1 agst Rattler.
- 25 to 1 agst Clarence.
- 28 to 1 agst Victoire.
- 30 to 1 agst Bradley.
- 33 to 1 agst Sir John.
- 35 to 1 agst Liverpool.

1000GS. FILLY STAKES.

- 7 to 4 agst Oxygen (taken).
- 4 to 1 agst Sister to Lion.
- 6 to 1 agst Sister to Bull Dog.

CHESTER TRADE CUP, P. P.

- 9 to 2 agst Independence.
- 6 to 1 agst Pedestrian.
- 6 to 1 agst Moss Rose.
- 6 to 1 agst Halston.

MANCHESTER CUP, P. P.

- 9 to 2 agst Vanish.
- 5 to 1 agst Rowton.
- 7 to 1 agst Guido.
- 7 to 1 agst Independence.
- 9 to 1 agst Brunswick.
- 10 to 1 agst Sir Hercules.

BY-GONE SCENES, OR DAYS OF
HOG-HUNTING.—No. II.

SATISFIED with our morning's success, we returned to breakfast, a repast in India frequently prolonged to mid-day—not, let me premise, from any extraordinary devouring powers, nor from the more pernicious principle of killing time, but because at that early hour the spirits are more buoyant, the desire for conversation is greater, and the overcoming apathy engendered by the oppressive heat hath not been felt. The luxurious and gratifying indulgence of the hooka, with many the most appreciated conclusion of the meal, doubtless induces its prolongation. Where, however, the time is passed, as it was at the table of Hospitius, in eliciting information from those whose opportunities had given them the means of collecting anecdotes, and whose intercourse with the world had taught them to convey it in an agreeable manner, the indulgence was pardonable, inasmuch as the dearth of society and so many hours of idleness were filled up in a way innocent at least, if not instructive. The subject which naturally suggested itself was that which had brought us together, in which we had been all actively and lately engaged; and which, by consequence, from the partiality of hunters to recapitulate their own feats, naturally became the topic of interest.

The enthusiastic raptures which Cambius acknowledged he felt when engaged in the pleasures of the chase, drew from Idem the following remarks:—"If the sports-

man," said he, "happens to unite with his passion for the sports of the field an equal admiration for the beauties of animate and inanimate Nature; if to the necessary qualities of a bold heart, a steady eye, and a nervous arm, he should possess a taste for scenery, a spirit of inquiry, and a curiosity to remark the habits of the beasts of the field and the birds of the air, what an ample field is laid open for the gratification of his bodily exertions, for the enlargement of his mind, and for his intimate acquaintance with the singular and peculiar propensities of the animal world! What a decided advantage he possesses over a recluse student, a visionary philosopher, and a laborious statesman! Their ideas are formed, either from the authority of the ancients, from the colouring of their own disordered imaginations, or from their practical intercourse with the world: they must be indefinite, because they talk of things heard of, written of, but which they have scarcely a competent knowledge of, because never seen. The eye of one man may pass over things, which to another, if he could view them, might be full of interest. Thus, the student, the philosopher, or the statesman, would likely pass by unobserved those objects which would arrest the progress of the painter, charm the soul of the poet, and gladden the heart of the lover of scenery. The sportsman may follow up his favorite pursuit, regardless also he may be; but he has, if he pleases to avail himself of his opportunities, the constant, the enticing, and the actual varieties of Nature crossing his path, and daily demanding his own prac-

tical investigation. He has the high mountains and the majestic rivers, the picturesque hills and the verdant valleys, couched in the lap of beauty; the rippling stream, the pendent copes filled with the feathered choristers, and echoing their sweetest sounds; the lowing herds and the bleating tribes, reclined on the margin of the placid and romantic lake, or adorning the enamelled verdure of the sloping down:—he has more—the towering eagle, the sagacious elephant, the courage of the boar, the speed of the antelope, the timidity of the hare, the wile of the serpent, and the cunning of the fox—these he has daily, hourly, courting his inquiry, and satisfying his gaze. He may wander forth with his gun or spear in his hand, and at the same time find amusement and gain knowledge. The wonders which cross his path must impress his mind with the bountiful goodness and unlimited power of an All-wise Creator. He must, if he be a proficient in his avocation, mark the changes of the seasons, the migratory habits of birds, and the providence of animals: the autumnal leaves will fall at his feet; the unclothed copes of winter will invite his footsteps: the rich garb of summer will deter him from his pastime: the departure of the martin and swallow from their joyous revels along the flowery meads, will warn him that the season of his delight approaches: and the fine-weave web of the spider; the gorgeous and variegated plumage of the feathered tribes, whose chorister, the lark, carries aloft his melodious hymn, borne on the fragrance of the summer morn, to heaven; the mighty

ocean, beneath whose waters wonderfully survive and swim the finny race; the lethargy of the dormouse, the patient labour of the mole, the unceasing toil of the ant, and the industrious habits of the bee, who instantly leads us to the blooming and flowery plants; the honeysuckle, the woodbine, and the lily, arrayed in all their glory, and offering their incense upon the balmy air to the Great Creator:—ALL will tend to convince him that a supreme, beneficent, and all-powerful Director presides with anxious care over all created life, thinking or unthinking. The sportsman with mind must be a truly religious man: at least contemplation should lead him to be so: a Deist he might, but an Atheist he could never be."

The discourse of Idem was, for the most part, favorably received; but Dubiosus remarked, that if sportsmen came into the field with the turn of mind which Idem supposed them capable of possessing, they would soon sicken of the violent and un instructive exertions of the body, and turn their thoughts to those interesting subjects that he had named, and thereby become very unskillful riders at a boar, and would cut a bad figure with a pack of foxhounds: for, while the thinking sportsman was accounting for the courage and propensities of the boar, he would probably suffer his horse to be ripped; and while he was discoursing upon the craft of the fox, that sly animal would steal away, and leave the observing hunter in the midst of woods and dry leaves to terminate his dissertation. The arguments of Idem, he said, were exceedingly plausible, but he

thought quite impracticable for the true sportsman: his soul, he said, was so completely wrapt up in the animating ardour of his sport, that he never troubled his mind with the shifting courses of the seasons: to the peregrinations of birds, the swallow and the martin, he paid no sort of attention: his faculties were completely absorbed by his darling pursuit; and the only feelings which the courage of the boar would excite in him, would be to deliver his spear with energy, to save his horse and himself. The empires of the world, he concluded, have been overturned by the pastoral tribes, by the shepherds of Scythia: their bodies were strengthened by the fatigues of the chase; their courage was confirmed by encountering the fiercest animals of the desert; and their patience was exercised by the hardships they endured. If the followers of Genghiz Khan and of Timour Leng had united to the qualities of hunters those of naturalists, ornithologists, and philosophers, those Chiefs would never have carried devastation through the fairest portions of the globe—the Moghul dominion and the empire of the Turks would never have been heard of. Dubiosus finished by saying, the sportsman thought but little, and that little was engrossed in the preservation or destruction of the animals which afforded him diversion; so much so—and what, indeed, could prove more his thoughtlessness, than that, among a highly civilized nation, there were yet many who deemed the death of a pheasant, hare, or partridge, only to be expiated by the death or exile of a fellow-being?—But of this more anon.

JAVBLIN.

GRAND DAY'S SPORT WITH THE LINLITHGOW AND STIR- LINGSHIRE FOX-HOUNDS.

SIR,

I Have often observed with what readiness you admit into your widely-circulated volumes intelligence regarding the manly sport of hunting, without regard to the country from which it comes. Fox-hunting is a sport universally sought after; and I am certain that there are a number of your readers, who, however distant they may now be from Berwickshire, have often enjoyed it in perfection in that fine sporting country: for it cannot be forgotten, that many years ago, when the county was hunted by the Lothian hounds, under the management of that true veteran sportsman, the late Mr. Baird of Newbyth, distinguished characters of sporting celebrity from all parts of the country were in the custom of repairing, with their whole studs of hunters and hacks, to the town of Dunse, which is surrounded by numbers of the finest coverts—and which in those days might have been with justice termed the Melton Mowbray of the North—there to sojourn for a time in the enjoyment of that most bewitching of all amusements.

Since those days the country has been hunted under the management of different gentlemen. For a season or two a pack was kept at the joint expense of Mr. Baillie of Mellerstain, and Mr. Hay of Dunse Castle. Mr. Hay next took the whole charge upon himself; but having been engaged in hunting various counties in England, the Lothian hounds again took possession of

their favorite country, and the game in his absence was kept alive by that justly-celebrated huntsman, Will Williamson.

Mr. Hay having returned from the South, he, about two years ago, entered into an engagement with the gentlemen subscribing to the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire pack, by which that accomplished sportsman took the complete management of the establishment. Last year, however, he resigned his charge; and Mr. Ramsay of Barnton, having supplied his place (except as to hunting the hounds), the pack continue as formerly to hunt alternately the counties of Linlithgow, Stirling, and Berwick.

In Berwickshire the sport has been excellent; we have plenty of thriving coverts, and foxes being in abundance, a blank day is out of the question. Mr. Ramsay has been lucky in his choice of a huntsman; he is a respectable man, and perfectly master of his business. In the field he says little; but when his hounds are getting near their fox, he cheers them on to the death in first-rate style. The whips, Fem and Tom, are active obliging lads: they are of the right breed, and are varmint chaps at the killing of a fox. The hounds are in beautiful condition, under the most perfect control, pack well together, try the strongest whin most determinedly, never throw up their heads to catch a view, and, while they stick to their game like trumps, are at the huntsman's heels at the least tout of the horn.

During the short time Mr. Hay took charge of this pack, he improved them in a wonderful manner; and to his perfect knowledge of hounds and hunt-

ing, and judicious management, must their present state of perfection be in a great degree attributed. Mr. Scott, we are convinced from what we have seen of him, will not allow them to lack anything of their present goodness: and, as a proof of this, take the following account of a run we had with them before they last left this country.

This crack pack met at Preston on Thursday last, when a fine fox was unkennelled; and, after a beautiful burst of eight miles without a check across the hill country, he took refuge in the dairy at Cockburn: there, however, he was unfortunate in his retreat, for an old hound dashed through the window at his brush, and before Tom the whip had made good his way through bolts and bars, which he did amidst the eager cry of the whole pack, poor reynard had nearly fallen a victim to staunch old Millwood.

Two patches of whin near Cockburn were next tried, but it was "no go;" and Scott the huntsman, in consequence, proceeded to the covert at Preston-hill, where three foxes immediately commenced, and continued for some time a helter-skelter sort of a ring run. At length, as gallant a fellow as ever led a merry pack across country bade his lurking place adieu: in grand style he led his deadly foes over the Preston Stanhiel; and, winding round the base of the hill, he appeared to have made up his mind to seek shelter in the low country; but when near Cockburn mill, he was scared from his purpose, and, with a heart undaunted, he faced about, again took to the hill, and fairly climbed over the top of the precipice. Skirting the covert,

where the first fox was found, he bent his course by Preston towards Lintlaw, where, being headed by some ploughs, he wheeled to the left; went over Lintlaw hill, bang through Bunclewood, and crossing the road a little to the east of Marygold, he took to the muirs; and bending a little to the east, he seemed making the best of his way to the strong covert at Greenburn. It was now a burning scent—the bounds were carrying it breast-high, and going a tremendous pace. Keeping Greenburn to his right, and passing close by Warlawbank, he pushed on towards Swansfield; and here, making a long cast, he seemed determined to make a desperate effort to regain his native country. Accordingly, again turning west, he passed up the glen near to Houndwood Inn; and, when a little below Horselie, he crossed and attained the Brockhole's side; but his strength was fast leaving him; and, in spite of all his exertions to escape, the gallant pack ran in to him, heartened on by the cheer of their master (Scott), and pulled him down in the midst of a flock of sheep—thus ending one of the finest day's sport that has been seen in the county of Berwick for many years.—I am, Sir, &c.

A. NORLAN.

January 14, 1831.

P.S.—You have no doubt heard of the “untoward” accident which befel Williamson some time since—a young horse fell with him on the road, and a broken arm was the consequence. This is a sad misfortune to any person; but to a keen sportsman in the middle of the hunting season, and par-

ticularly to one of Will's active turn of mind, the misery attending such an occurrence may be easily imagined. I am sorry to say he is far from getting well; and were it not rather a serious affair, we might be very much inclined to be a little facetious upon Will's grumbling soliloquising upon the horrors of a sedentary life.

ROCK OIL OF BARBADOES THE BEST STOPPING FOR HORSES' FEET.

SIR,
OBSEVING a long-winded article in the columns of your Magazine for this month on stopping horses' feet—which, had it appeared in the days of *St. Bennett Shear Hog*, would doubtless have been styled a great *cry* and little *wool*, or much ado about nothing; but in the present age we may, I suppose, venture to set it down as a puff *à-la-mode*—“but what joyful things to be hereafter!”—Now, Sir, as you did me the favour to notice a small tract on the Rock Oil, or Green Mineral Naphtha of Barbadoes, in the same Number, I beg particularly to call the attention of your numerous readers to that substance, as being by far the most valuable as a stopping for horses' feet hitherto known.

The Rock Oil has the great advantage of being either employed in its natural and pure state, or in combination with some substance, that, by the increase of bulk, will fill up the cavity of the foot, and retain itself in that situation. For the first intention it can be effectually applied through the medium of Cherry's

elastic pads, or tow, as directed in the tract alluded to; but as the use of these pads may perhaps occasionally be objected to, or neglected, and the Rock Oil being too fluid to remain in the hollow of the foot without some additional substance, I have been induced to try a great many for that purpose, and amongst them saw-dust, currier's shavings, chopped felt, pipe-clay, fuller's earth, linseed-meal, with numerous others. The best perhaps of these for combining with the Rock Oil, from the circumstance of its being cheap and easily procured, is linseed-meal; and the following mode of mixing it is one of the best. The addition of a small portion of soap renders the composition more adhesive, and likewise facilitates its removal, when required, by washing.

Let four ounces of soft soap be well mixed (in a mortar will be best) with one pound of the genuine Barbadoes Rock Oil, and two pounds, or a sufficient quantity of linseed-meal added to it, and stirred well together until thoroughly incorporated; then put into a stone pot for use.

When the foot is very dry and brittle, a small portion, or even one-third, of the Rock Oil may be omitted, and palm oil substituted for it; and in winter, when the weather is very wet, palm oil may be used for the soft soap, or equal parts of each.

This composition can be very easily plastered into the hollow of the foot, and will remain there without any assistance than its own adhesiveness, and very frequently during several hours, or a day's exercise; and of course does not require to be removed

when the horse goes out: the foot need only to be cleaned, and the stopping renewed, when the animal comes home.

If this or some such composition, where the Rock Oil (which has a particular property of not becoming dry) forms the basis, is constantly used, I feel confident it will effect everything that a stopping can do; and, I am induced to suspect, will not be surpassed or equalled by any *compo* produced, though the efforts of the united brilliant talents of the Clark family are so cheap withal!

The hoofs will be very materially benefited and made tougher by the application of the Rock Oil to the wall, either in a pure state, or mixed with an equal portion of fresh mutton suet.

Reserving some observations for a future occasion which I have to make on the supposition of Frushes (which Mr. B. Clark tells us are occasioned by a *rupture* of what he terms the *frog-stay*) occurring to travellers' horses from want of stopping while standing in the stable; hoofs becoming *flinty*; the idea of tar or grease and tow being too dear, &c. for stopping horses' feet; with a few other points in this *stopping* paper—from which it might be inferred that shoeing is now a secondary consideration—I remain, Sir, &c.

B. HART.

March 2, 1831.

KANGAROO HUNTING — WILD DOGS—FLYING FOXES.

AMONG the natives of New Holland the kangaroo, it is well known, constitutes not only the principal object of chase, but

furnishes almost the only food upon which the Black population are accustomed to subsist. All travellers, indeed, agree that the flesh of this animal, when dressed, is most delicate in flavour and extremely nutritious. The immense herds which are everywhere seen by those who have explored that country is another evidence, too, of that bountiful provision which the God of Nature uniformly displays over all parts of the globe in his concern for man, whether civilised or savage.

In glancing at the very amusing work (just published) of Mr. Dawson, on "the Present State of Australia," we have been much entertained with his narration of the many curious adventures that befel him in the progress of his official explorations, but more particularly of those relating to the dogs and kangaroos; and though we have no desire to see the latter imported into this country as an auxiliary to British field sports, we nevertheless cannot resist the temptation of laying before our readers a brief account of these extraordinary animals, and of the manner in which they are hunted and killed by the woolly-headed Nimrods on the other side of the Equator.

Mr. Dawson says, "It is extremely curious to see the manner in which a large herd of these animals jump before you. It has often been asserted in England that they make use of their tails to spring from when they are pursued: this is not correct; their tails never touch the ground when they move, except when they are on their feed or at play, and the faster they run or jump the higher they carry them. The

male kangaroos were called by my natives old men—'wool-man'; and the females, young ladies—'young liddy.' The males are not so swift as the females, and the natives in wet seasons occasionally run the former down when very large, their weight causing them to sink in the wet ground, and thus to become tired. They frequently, however, make up for this disadvantage by fierceness and cunning, when attacked either by men or dogs; and it is exceedingly difficult for a brace of the best dogs to kill a 'corbon wool-man.' When they can, they will hug a dog or a man as a bear would do; and, as they are armed with long sharp claws, they frequently let a dog's entrails out, or otherwise lacerate him in the most dreadful manner, sitting all the while on their haunches, hugging and scratching with determined fury. Young dogs, that are fierce and of good bottom, are almost sure to be sacrificed if allowed to run at these 'old men' before they have acquired some experience with smaller ones. After having been once or twice wounded, they get pretty cunning, and very few dogs will attack a 'wool-man' when they are away from their keepers: their practice is to keep the enemy at bay, by running round and barking at him till some person comes up, when, either with large sticks or pistols, and the aid of the dogs, he is finally despatched, but not without some difficulty and caution.

"A full-sized 'wool-man' at bay always sits on his haunches, and when he rises to move forward he stands four or four-and-a-half feet high. In this manner he will, when pressed, meet a

man, and hug and scratch him, if not to death, in such a way as he does not soon forget it. When hard pressed, and near to water, the kangaroo always takes it: if it be deep water, and the dogs follow him, one or the other is almost sure to be drowned. If a single dog, the kangaroo is nearly certain to come off victorious, by taking his assailant in his forearms, and holding him under the water till he is dead; but if he has two dogs opposed to him, he is not left at liberty to hold either of his opponents long enough under to drown him, and he generally himself falls a sacrifice, after a long and hard struggle.

"Notwithstanding the courage and ferocity of the kangaroo when pressed, he is otherwise extremely timid, and more easily domesticated than any wild animal with which I am acquainted. The former ones are frequently quite as swift as a hare, and I have sometimes seen them outstrip the fleetest dogs. The kind of dog used for coursing the kangaroo is generally a cross between the greyhound and the mastiff or sheep-dog; but in a climate like New South Wales they have, to use the common phrase, too much lumber about them. The true-bred greyhound is the most useful dog: he has more wind; he ascends the hills with more ease, and will run double the number of courses in a day. He has more bottom in running, and if he has less ferocity when he comes up with an 'old man,' so much the better, as he exposes himself the less, and lives to afford sport another day. The strongest and most courageous dog can seldom conquer a 'wool-man' alone, and not one

in fifty will face him fairly; the dog who has the temerity is certain to be disabled, if not killed.

"The herd of kangaroos we had thus come upon was too numerous to allow of the dogs being let loose; but as the day's work was drawing to a close, I had given Maty Bill liberty to catch another kangaroo, if we should fall in with a single one. After moving up to the foot of the hill, about a quarter of a mile from the river, my sable companion eyed a 'corbon wool-man,' as he called it, quietly feeding at a distance on the slope of the hill. His eyes sparkled, he was all agitation, and he called out, 'Massa! Massa! you tee! you tee! wool-man! wool-man! corbon wool-man!' and off he ran with his dogs till he was within a fair distance, when he slipped their collars. I was at this time on foot, and the whole of them therefore were soon out of my sight. They had turned round the bottom of the hill in the direction of the river, and as I was following them down I heard the dogs at bay, and the shrill cry of 'coo-oo-oo' from my companion to direct me to the spot; and on turning the corner of the hill I met him running and calling as fast and as loud as he could in search of me. As soon as he saw me he stopped and called out, 'Massa! Massa! make haste; dingo (dogs) been got him in ribber. Murry corbon wool-man, all te same like it bullock.' All this was said in a breath, and as I could not pretend to run with him, I desired him to go as fast as he could, and help the dogs till I should arrive. When I got up to the spot, he was in the middle of the river, with about two

feet depth of water, while the kangaroo, sitting upright on its haunches, was keeping both him and the dogs at a respectful distance, and had laid bare the wind-pipe of one of the dogs. Bill's waddy was too short to reach him without coming to close quarters, and he knew better than to do that; at length he got behind him, and with one blow on the head he despatched him.

"No huntsman could have shewn more ardour in pursuit, or more pleasure at the death of a fox, than did poor Maty Bill upon this occasion. The kangaroo, however, was so heavy—weighing above 150lbs.—that we could not lift him out of the water, and we were obliged to leave him till our party arrived on the opposite side. A fresh scene of pleasure ensued amongst the natives when they became acquainted with our good fortune. They were soon all in the river, whence they drew the 'wool-man,' and placed him on the back of one of the horses. I wished to have left him, as we had already enough; but as they were eager beyond anything to take him, I indulged them.

"It appears that the natives have a great partiality for the flesh of the old and large kangaroos, just as we have for mutton or venison of a proper age. I never could discover any difference in flavour; but if they can partake of a 'wool-man,' they refuse any other; and when asked the reason, they replied to me, 'wool-man budgeriee (good) patter. Black pellow like him always more better.'

The author's description of the Native Dogs of this remote country is too interesting, and too in-

timately connected with the foregoing, to be omitted. "These animals (he tells us) subsist in the woods almost entirely upon the kangaroos, and hunt them by scent as an English spaniel would a hare. They never bark in hunting, or, indeed, upon any other occasion; and if we may judge from their very lean and mangy appearance, they either procure a very slender subsistence or are much subject to disease: I apprehend the latter to be the case. The natives are exceedingly attached to dogs of any kind: I never saw a tribe without some of them. In the neighbourhood of almost every settlement the breed accompanying the natives has become intermixed with the European dogs. The offspring partakes more of the nature of the foreigners in their barking and domestic habits, but less so in their shape and appearance. The native dog is drawn up in his flanks like a greyhound or a small wolf, and bears a greater resemblance in shape to the latter animal than to any other that I am acquainted with. The natives frequently take the wild dogs when they are puppies and domesticate them: they become in this way as much attached as the common European dog, but they never possess the same open countenance and manner, being shy and sneaking; and, instead of barking at a stranger, they will lower their tails, creep behind their masters, and look between his legs. Neither will they fight when attacked by other dogs, otherwise than by throwing themselves on the ground, and snapping at their opponents.

"When a wild dog starts from

his lair in sight of the common kangaroo dogs, they will run at him, and over him, and give him a shake or two; but if it is intended to kill him, you must assist the kangaroo dogs, or he will be let off without much damage. There are dogs, no doubt, that would accomplish it, but I never met with one of them. The native dogs are of various colours—red, black, red and white, black and white, and fawn. They are great enemies to sheep, which they kill whenever they can—most frequently at night when in the fold. This is the only serious inconvenience the settlers experience from them; it is, however, an expensive one, because it obliges them to employ watchmen at the folds all night; and even then, in cold, wet weather, I have known the dogs enter the fold in spite of both of them. The sheep, upon such an occasion, make a general rush from the dogs: the hurdles are frequently thrown down, and the flock is dispersed. The dog then attacks them as a common dog would do, by biting them behind the ear, and sucking the blood; but if he meets with only one, and is not disturbed, he devours the flesh also. These dogs have been known to attack very young and weak calves, and foals also, but this is not of very common occurrence. The inhabitants of Australia are fortunate in having no worse enemies of prey than the native dog: he is the largest animal of that nature which has hitherto been found to exist in that portion of the globe; and no instance has occurred that I know of (says Mr. Dawson) of his having attempted to make

any attack upon a human being. The natives consider them as perfectly harmless."

Mr. Dawson, in another part of his work, alludes to a singular description of animals called *flying foxes*. He says, "I was one afternoon returning home from a ride of above twenty miles, by a circuitous route, when I saw a great number of animals, called flying foxes, floating in the air, and at a distance resembling rooks; they were hovering about some high trees, as if disturbed by somebody or something below. It was the first time I had seen any of these curious creatures, and I could not get rid of the feeling that they were rooks, although I knew there were no rookeries in the colony. I galloped on, looking up at them, till I came quite unexpectedly upon a large tribe of natives, not less than one hundred of them. They were strangers from the upper districts of the Myalls, and were sitting round their fires roasting and eating the flying foxes, which they had speared from the trees, in a jungle by the side of a creek." * * * I requested to look at a flying fox which one of them held in his hand. It was, in fact, a large kind of bat, with the nose resembling, in colour and shape, that of a fox, and in scent it was exactly similar to it. The wing was that of a common English bat, and as long as that of a crow, to which it was about equal in the length and circumference of its body. The natives appeared very fond of them, and I dare say (adds our author) they were as nutritious as any other food which the forest produced."

DEATH OF BLACKLOCK.

THIS justly famous stallion died at Bishop Burton, on Thursday, February 24th, 1831, in consequence of bursting a blood-vessel: his death was instantaneous. A portrait of BLACKLOCK, accompanied with a detail of his performances, was given in our Magazine for May 1822. It is therefore, perhaps, sufficient to say, that in 1818, he had eleven engagements, in nine of which he was successful—winning the Constitution Stakes at the York Spring Meeting; twice 50l., added to one-third of the Subscription Purses by the City; and 250gs. at the August Meeting; the Doncaster Stakes, a Sweepstakes of 120gs., 100gs., and the Doncaster Club Stakes, at Doncaster; and the Dundas Stakes at Richmond.

In 1819, BLACKLOCK won the Gold Cup at the York Spring Meeting, beating Paulowitz, Torchbearer, and Otho:—even betting on Blacklock, and 3 to 1 against Paulowitz.—In the August Meeting, he also won one of the Subscription Purses with 50l. added by the City.—In the Spring he ran second to The Marshal, by Comus, at York, for a Sweepstakes; and in August he was beat at the same place by St. Helena, by Stripling.—He started twenty-three times, and was beat in six instances, winning 2515gs., three 50l., and a Gold Cup.

On being taken out of training, BLACKLOCK was advertised, for the season of 1820, to cover forty mares, by subscription, at 15gs. each, at Bishop Burton, near Beverley; in 1821, at Dringhouses, near York, at 8gs.;

1822, at Beverley, on the same terms; 1823, at York, 7gs.; 1824 and 1825, at York, 10gs. and a half; 1826, at Ledston Hall, near Ferrybridge, at 12sovs.; 1827, at Bildeston, Suffolk, at 12gs.; 1828, at Beverley, at 20gs.; 1829 and 1830, at Bishop Burton Low House, at 25sovs.

PEDIGREE.

BLACKLOCK, a bay colt, foaled in 1814 (bred by Mr. Moss of York, who sold him to Richard Watt, Esq. of Bishop Burton), was got by Whitelock, dam (Theodore's dam) by Coriander (son of Pot8o's); grandam, Wildgoose by Highflyer; great grandam, Coheirress by Pot8o's; great great grandam, Manilla by Goldfinder; great great great grandam, Mr. Goodricke's Old England mare; great great great great grandam, by the Cullen Arabian—Cade—Miss Makeless.

Whitelock, the sire of BLACKLOCK, was got by Hambletonian (winner of the St. Leger in 1795) out of Rosalind by Phenomenon, son of King Herod (winner of the St. Leger in 1783); grandam, Atalanta by Matchem; great grandam, Lass of the Mill by Oroonoko—Old Traveller (Sister to Clark's Lass of the Mill)—Miss Makeless by Young Greyhound—Old Partner—Woodcock—Croft's Bay Barb—Makeless (Desdemona's dam)—Brimmer—Dicky Pierson (son of Dods-worth)—Burton Barb mare.

In eight years, namely, from 1823 to 1830 inclusive, 78 of the sons and daughters of BLACKLOCK won their proprietors, in plates, sweepstakes, &c., the sum of 37,310l. 8s. exclusive of 14 King's plates, 41 gold cups, and one silver cup.

The names of those winners, with the number of prizes won by each, are as follow:—

1 Acis	4 Crowcatcher	1 Lady William	1 Redlock
4 Agitator	4 Crescent	11 Laurel	10 Robin Hood
1 Apuntador	3 Deposit	4 Locket	1 Robin Redbrant
2 Auburns	9 Emmeline	2 Lunacy	2 Rose Julia
1 Belinda	3 Emerald	8 Malek	1 Rosetta
11 Belzoni	3 Fama	1 Mare, dam by Knowsley	6 Rufina
1 Ben Lomond	1 Filly out of Marchess by Comus	8 Mary Ann	1 Silverlock
2 Black Heddon	1 Filly, dam by Delpini	4 Mirabel	2 Sparkler
4 Blue Beard	2 Filly out of Washerwoman	5 Moss Rose	1 Splinter Bar
7 Bolivar	1 Filly out of Al-tisidora (put to the Stud)	1 Navarino (Lord Grosvenor's)	1 Squat
25 Brownlock		7 Navarino (Mr. Turner's)	3 Streatham
1 Brunette		2 Niagara	2 Tamboff
5 Brutandorf		2 Niger	2 Thatcher
1 Bryan		3 Nivalis	1 The Balkan
11 Buzzard		3 Olympus	4 The Deer
12 Clinton		3 Othello	1 The Nun
15 Cock Robin		14 Pelion	4 Tranby
1 Colt out of Camillina's dam		3 Popsey	1 Trenwick
1 Colt out of Louisa by Orville		2 Poor Fellow	7 Velocipede
1 Colt, dam by Smolemarko			4 Versatility
			5 Vulture
			3 Wodenblock

In conclusion, we give the descent of BLACKLOCK in the paternal line, as we did that of Whalebone in our last Number.

THE DARLEY ARABIAN. GODOLPHIN ARABIAN. THE BYERLEY TURK.

Bartlett's Childers	Cade	Jigg
Squirt	Matchem.	Partner
Marske		Tartar
Eclipse		King Herod
King Fergus		Highflyer.
Hambletonian		
Whitelock		
BLACKLOCK.		

TRAITS OF TRAVEL—SPORTING SKETCHES IN IRELAND—THE KILKENNY HOUNDS.

(Concluded from the February Number, p. 262.)

SIR,

HOW just are all old sayings! habit reconciles eels to the frying pan: *ceteris paribus* I am beginning, so forcible is custom, to feel at home among scenes for which at first I had

so little relish. No longer do I shrink from the naked foot and ankle—they are types of grace and elasticity: the snoodless locks, ignorant of comb, care, or Macassar, are now eloquent with

many a classical and poetical remembrance—

“—those treasures unconfined
Weo'd by each Egean wind !”

“If it be I, as I suppose it be,” good Lord! could I ever have had a taste for the well-gartered hose and trim sandal, the auburn curl modestly stealing from under the snowy quilled cap, and the hat of straw tied with a roguish pink ribbon under the chin!

Dec. 18.—This is market day: the town is filled with the *elite* of the *paysannes*; and really there are some pretty girls among them that are quite refreshing.

To an Englishman, the crowd at a market in Ireland is surprising, the object of such a meeting being limited—corn, meat, poultry, butter, eggs, and vegetables, comprising almost all the negotiable commodities: but here it is far otherwise: there is an article in the market which every chapman has to dispose of, and for which there is no lack of customers: it is meted out with no looking to “filthy lucre;” every man gives his neighbour “a good measure, pressed down and flowing over.” In the little observation I could make as to the object of their civil wars, it was never clear to me that it was a matter of any consequence to which side victory inclined.—*E.g.* there is to be a *skrimmage*, therefore “the boys” go to the market; presently much fighting and drinking ensue—broken heads are healed with whiskey-punch—no malice remains—and both *factions* separate with a cheer for the land “where batin’s chape, and whiskey plinty!”

The hounds were out to-day, but I was not with them—the dog pack.—The frost, till twelve

o’clock, was too hard for hunting: after that it went off, and they had twenty minutes, as I understood, very good: there was, however, no kill, and I much fear that I am a bit of a butcher! At six o’clock I went to dine with the 21st Fusileers. The barracks are about a mile from the town; and if Eölus himself had been the architect, he could not have constructed a shrine better suited to his worship. The site of this devoted building is utterly without shelter; “all the winds of heaven may visit it roughly”—N. S. E. W.—it is contrived to catch and retain them all. There, as I shivered in an atmosphere below Zero, my teeth rattling like castanets, my freezing fancy transported me to one of those palaces of ice in which the Imperial Catharine delighted; and as I gazed upon the luckless haunch of mutton congealed in its own gravy, my prospective eye viewed it in another century equally fit, or rather unfit for human food. All the accompaniments, however, to this palace of frost were orthodox: the “set out” was quite correct; and after dinner, when a horse-shoe table had gathered a few of the right sort round the fire, hissing tankards of spicy wine and conviviality were the order of the evening:

“*Dissolve frigus, vinum super menses
Large reponens.*”

Dec. 19.—This is Sunday; and over the events of this day I must, and I lament it deeply, pass in silence. Oh! there are some rich remembrances around it! “REMEMBER DANIEL!”—There are to whom this allusion will speak volumes.—Shade of Democritus, can I ever forget it! And now

the new week came welcomed in by a bright Monday morning; with, perhaps, a little too much holiday sunshine for a fox-hunter, yet full of promise. The fixture was "Woodaght," the seat of Sir Richard St. George, Bart. about ten miles from Kilkenny. Here light hearts and four posters soon set down a merry group—among them the friend who had mounted me on Friday, and who had sent forward the night previous horses for himself and me. But one word of him, and I have done.—Years ago, almost as a perfect stranger I met his brother in Paris; my funds were out, and he became my voluntary banker: who would not dwell in the vicinity of such an Adelphi! Long life and the beggar's benison to ye, "*par nobile fratrum!*"—The hounds had already found in the domain, and a laudable anxiety seemed to possess the whole field that there they should remain with their fox,

"Their pleasure in the Woodaght woods
That winter's day to take."

Oh! it was a glorious tussle! the bitches within yelling to get him out, and the sons of bitches without roaring to keep him in. Never, never did I behold such a demolition of green sward. My heart bled for "him of the bloody hand." There he stood, arrayed in smiles and velvet—while Phylissas in jaunting-cars were ruthlessly cutting up his trim *parterre* and the hearts of Corydons in boots and buckskins! Hunting was out of the question: still it was a lovely, joyous scene: here and there scattered groups of laughing happy beings, with hearts as light and glowing as the sunny landscape.

As I rode carelessly about,

chance drew me towards a party which had just formed round a jolly mortal, looking the very twin brother of Momus: he had begun a story, a genuine Irish one, and it is too good to "waste its sweetness on the desert air." I will give it in his own words as nearly as I can.

The last time (said he) I was in Kerry, I went to a wedding supper given by a tenant of mine, whose daughter had that morning been married: it was a rich scene. At the head of the board sat a rosy-gilled Priest, while the guests that laughed, giped, and sang around it were in strict keeping with the banquet—roast turkeys, rumps of beef, and oceans of punch—with which the table groaned.

I had little difficulty in discovering the bride. A fair girl, with light curls clustering round her snowy forehead, pensive blue eyes, slight as a sylph, and seeming about fifteen, sat industriously tying and untying knots upon the string of her apron, which protected the purity of her bridal array:—could I mistake her?—*Vis-à-vis* to this blushing innocent sat a young fellow about five-and-twenty, with a profusion of red hair, enormous red whiskers, and whose limbs were moulded after the model of the stalwart gentleman who stands with the globe on his shoulders over the Atlas Insurance Office:—never shall I forget the expression of his countenance! Extract the essence from the faces of the "two Elders" in Rubens's exquisite picture, and it will give you some faint conception of it: the man was literally galvanized with suppressed emotion; he writhed upon his chair; half a

turkey reclined unheeded upon his plate, and vainly did a tumbler smoke under his nose—his being had but one end and aim!

After he had looked a thousand glances of fire at his mother-in-law, she at length stole out of the room, supporting her half-fainting child. I resolved to see the end of this scene, and I narrowly watched the ponderous Satyr lest he should give me the slip. Scarcely a moment had elapsed, when, with every fibre of his huge frame quivering, he almost reeled out of the room. I followed him, and as I got into the passage, I saw him rush into a chamber at the farther end of it.—“There, now, Eileen ma veurneen, be a good girl,” whispered a woman’s voice soothingly; “sure isn’t he your own husband, cushla machree! And Padeen ma bochill, don’t have that look wid ye avich! Oh, Paddy jewel, Paddy jewel, won’t ye use her tinnerly?”—“Blood and oonds!” roared out a voice of thunder, as the weeping mother was thrust out, and the door banged against her; “get out of the room, woman, get out of the room, or by Jasus I’ll use her tinnerly before your face!”

It was near one o’clock before we got away from Woodagift, and I confess I began to feel some misgivings. An afternoon fox is a good thing, *faut de mieux*; but give me a find in the morning for my money. While we were drawing the next covert, I met the Master of the hounds, who was polite enough to express his regret that the sport had been so bad on Friday, and his hope that to-day would be more propitious. We drew it, however, blank, and the same fate awaited us at two or three others.

As we trotted from covert to covert I had a good deal of conversation with Mr. Power, of course on the subject of hunting. I took the liberty of speaking to him on the condition of his hounds, and particularly as to their coats. I mentioned the good effects I had witnessed in some kennels in my neighbourhood from the use of mangel-wurzel. He said he would give it an immediate trial. I shall feel very anxious to know his opinion, as the approval of it by such an accomplished sportsman must be decisive of its merit.

Will Fortune never tire of persecuting me?

“Musa, mifi causes mentira quo me-
mine lazo!”

Say what atrocity have I committed that I must write this day down also BLANK! Next week, I am told, promises better things, and an hospitable invitation to Kilfane holds out great inducement to prolong my stay. But Christmas is at hand; and, I know not wherefore, a sort of superstitious feeling draws me towards home on this festival—another instance of the force of habit. To-morrow I must leave this land of the warm heart and the open hand.—But away with melancholy!—The last banquet I shall have with the Boys of Kilkenny shall be crowned with the freshest flowers, and its parting bumper shall know no daylight:

“Then quick, we have but a second,
Fill round, fill round while we may:
Time, the churl, hath beckon’d,
And I must away—away!”

Drinking has become, as I was informed, much less the fashion in Ireland of late years than it was in the olden times. In corroboration of this march of so-

briety, I must relate an anecdote which I had from a gentleman to-day after dinner.

Last year a Member of the Club was obliged to anticipate his departure on account of indisposition. The period for which it meets in February is six weeks: the poor sufferer, however, only put in his month before he cut his stick: he wrote from home to his friend—my informant—to call in and settle his bill. This was done, and on the scrutiny there appeared in the invalid's account one item—seven hundred tumblers of punch!!!

- Tuesday, 21.—How soon this week has ended, and how full of grateful recollections will it be for after-time! The morning was passed in the thousand little cordialities that always attend our departure from a spot where we have been happy, however brief our sojourn in it may have been. Still I lingered amongst them till the latest moment, and it was not before 11 P.M. that I was in my carriage and fairly on my journey. They would fain have prevented my travelling at night: they spoke of perils by the way, of perils among robbers: I answered from Horace,

"Integer vixit, scelerisque purus,"

and away I went. It was a fine night, and looked like the promise of hunting; but on nearing Dublin in the morning, I found the frost set in in earnest, and the roads as hard as the shoeing of my wheels.

At 5 P.M. on Wednesday the 22d I sailed from Kingstown, and on Thursday the 23d at 10 A.M. I am again in England! The country all round bears the livery of winter; the Cheshire coast is deeply covered with snow; the

prospect is dreary and cheerless: but I am near MY HOME! and there is a magic in that word for which winter has no frown—and summer her rosiest smile!—Then hail to ye, mine household gods! mine own familiar Penates! In two short hours shall the wanderer lay a grateful offering on your domestic shrine, a votive garland on your social altar!

J. W. C.

EAST KENT HOUNDS.

SIR,
AND so FRANCIS VAUX is again in the field! and, notwithstanding the numerous political quotations and wise remarks from old plays, I, a mere humble follower of the fox-chase, take leave to cavil at a few of the sarcastic and splenetic observations which the writer has been pleased to pass upon us. And now for Captain Sullivan. As to Mr. S. being a better rider on the Marine Parade at Dover than in the field, that I flatly deny; for though frequently in the habit of being on that fashionable promenade, I never happened even to catch sight of Mr. S., as he is much more desirous of preserving the condition of his horses for the chase, in which I venture to say a more experienced and better rider scarcely ever appeared. This witty writer is pleased to say of Mr. Brydges that he rides a fine horse, but is not able to display his powers. Now, though I do not assert Mr. B. is a tip-top rider, yet after a long chase I have seen him well placed at the death of sly Reynard. That FRANCIS VAUX may not say I cavil at every part of his letter, I cordially agree with him

in the praise of Mr. Quenden, and the condition and order of the hounds. And now, Mr. Editor, allow me to boast a little of the quickness of eye I have both for the country and any good rider or horses that might have been in the field; and, therefore, I suppose that the said FRANÇOIS VAUX must be what is vulgarly termed a bagman; and, having disposed of his master's figs and raisins to the best advantage, spent the remainder of the day in taking

a peep at the hounds, and thought (like all such folk) that he would conclude the adventure by giving the prolific lucubrations of his brain to the *Sporting World*. Let me humbly advise this disposer of figs and raisins to confine himself in future to the shop-board, and employing any time he may have to spare from his master's business in completing his knowledge in the *Ready Reckoner*.—Yours, &c.

A FOX-HUNTER.

A DORSETIAN SKETCH—No. VI.

De rebus cunctis et quibusdam aliis,

"Full of wise saws and modern instances!"—SHAKESPEARE.

Kitty.—Come sit by me, Tom, don't refuse,
I loves to hear the "Sporting" news,
Who's "married," who is cast in law,
And who has made a *foxes paw*!

WARNER'S *Literary RECOLLECTIONS*.

A FOX-HUNT to a foreigner is strange,
'Tis also subject to the double danger
Of tumbling first, and having in exchange
Some pleasant jesting at the awkward stranger.
Don Juan had been early taught to range
The wilds, as doth an Arab turn'd avenger,
So that his horse, or charger, hunter, hack,
Knew that he had a rider on his back.

And now in this new field, with some applause,
He clear'd hedge, ditch, and double post and rail,
And never *craned*, and made but few "*fox paws*!"
And only fretted when the scent did fail.
He broke, 'tis true, some statutes of the laws
Of hunting—for the sagest youth is frail—
Rode o'er the hounds it may be now and then,
And once o'er several country Gentlemen.

But on the whole, to general admiration
He acquitted both himself and horse: the Squires
Marvell'd at merit of *another nation**;
The *dores* cried "Dang it! who'd have thought it? *Sires!*"
The Nestors of the *SPORTING MAGAZINE*
Swore praises, and recall'd their former fires,
The huntaman's self relented to a grip,
And rated him almost a *whipper-in*!

* So like John Bull, Sir.

Such were *his* trophies—not “sweet home’s,” the field’s,
 Its leaps and bursts, and sometimes foxes’ brushes;
 Yet I must own—although in this he yields
 To patriot sympathy a Briton’s blushes—
 He thought at heart, like courtly Chesterfield,
 Who, after a long chase o’er hills, dales, bushes,
 And what not, though he rode beyond all price,
 Ask’d next day “If men ever hunted *twice*?”

He also had a quality uncommon
 To early risers after a long chase,
 Who wake in winter ere the cock* can summon
 December’s drowsy day to his dull race—
 A quality agreeable to woman
 When her soft liquid breathings go the pace,
 Who likes a listener, whether saint or sinner—
 He did not fall asleep just after dinner!

But, light and airy, stood on the alert,
 And shone to the best part of dialogue,
 By humoring always what *they* might assert,
 And listening to the topics most in vogue;
 Now grave, now gay, but never dull or pert,
 And smiling, but in secret—cunning rogue—
 He ne’er presumed to make an error clearer:
 In short, there never was a better “hear-her.”

So far, Sir, have I elicited an elegant extract from the celebrated performances of Lord Byron’s pen—*Don Juan*—for the benefit (in riding) and their amusement (in reading) of those “fowling, fishing, hunting country Gentlemen,” who, in the innocence of their hearts and lives, have hitherto turned a deaf ear and a blind eye to the poetic beauties (beam they never so brightly!) of the poem perused by

‘Always the Ladies, and sometimes
 their Lords!’

and which has caused such a bustle, for the time being, in this very literary, and it is to be feared somewhat licentious state of sub-lunary bliss! that poem, however, that has at length conquered popular opinion and national pre-

judice, and that may NOW be found lying on the shelf in the library, or within the liberty of the boudoir of one half of the Aristocracy of this United Kingdom!

“England, with all thy faults, *they* love
 thee still,
 Their country!”

And can there be a stronger or more striking proof of it than exemplified by “the lovely type” of “the French edition” of all Lord Byron’s works in *one* volume! But though, when His Lordship produced the *Don* (I don’t mean *Giovanni*), a fox-hunt to a foreigner might have been strange; yet those days (would he were not!) are gone by, and the case since then is completely altered—Melton, if I mistake not, being at this moment, and having been for se-

* I wish to my heart, Sir, he had had our cock that crows all night long. The first crowing I always deemed to be not till four in winter; but now

“Every night at twelve o’clock
 ‘Tis cock-a-doodle-doo.”—FACT.

veral years past honored by the presence of several illustrious foreigners, the best proof of whose *al fresco* taste is in their being *there*.

Dorsetshire, too, can this season, and the last, boast of more than one foreigner who ride like Britons; and no wonder, Sir, seeing, perhaps, they come from Bretagne! but Frenchmen always ride well—it forms, I believe, a part of their education: whereas in this country only the son and heir is very frequently taught the art—lest the pretty little dear should break his pretty little neck in teaching (like his younger brothers, poor devils!) himself. Younger brothers, considering the bad times and the price of oats, do contrive, however, now and then to get across country, going “the pace” as long as they possibly can! Younger brothers, said a remarkably shrewd, sensible, well-informed, intelligent agreeable lady, who knew human nature well, are by far the pleasantest, because they seem less on their guard than the heirs apparent (one of whom by-the-by she actually appropriated to her own special purpose notwithstanding), who measure every word they utter, fearful lest it might be inadvertently construed into the “amatory interrogatory,” as Liston has it. Yes! exclaimed another Lady present, who enjoyed the peculiar privilege of thirteen (always a lucky number “since eggs were eggs”) full-sized *bona fide* grown-up daughters to bring out and take home again: yes, and younger brothers, those scorpions of the human race, may be permitted to flirt with impunity—for girls are far too sensible, and far too well instructed in the present age to

think of uniting themselves exclusively for love! so true is it, Mr. Editor, that after all said and done ’tis

“Money makes the grey mare go!”

But writing of grey mares (and there are in the county two or three very beautiful thorough-bred ones) reminds me, I don’t know why, of matrimony; and matrimony, singular enough! of many things—one being that Melton, the Metropolis of Sporting, from having been formerly the Temple of Dice, has within the last few years been converted into the Temple of Diana—many of the resident Lords of the creation (woman only excepted), knights of the boot and buckskin, having evinced their architectural taste by fitting up and completely furnishing the neighbouring mansions after the most approved models of beauty and fashion; and taking their Ladies down there for “the season,” to form a society, without whose vivifying influence no colony of red coats, or any other colour, ever yet became civilised:

“Love gilds the scene, and beauty guides the plot.”—SHERIDAN.

beings whose tender bosoms, amid all the disappointments of “Dones” and “Doings” of dull wintry “dog-days,” prove, *after all*, the only real and never-fading haven of man’s earthly repose and rest—beings, moreover,

“Whom but to see is to admire:
And oh! forgive”

me, Mr. Editor, if I break off my stanza somewhat abruptly, to remark that it has been by no means an unusual practice of late years among the illustrious Sporting characters of these Sporting climes,

“Talk not of Italy! she cannot shew
More sporting scenes than these”—

—on tempting the Fates, Cupid, Hymen, Venus, and all the other heathen Gods and Goddesses—to go down there for the purpose of passing the hunter's honeymoon—that prolific period of bliss and blue-eyes—{“blue ruin,” since it dwindled into cheap gin* being no longer patronized,) amidst those sequestered dells dedicated to Fox-hunting and the Fine Arts!

But bold, indeed, Sir, must be the Gentlemen Sportsmen who do such things as these—proving, however, to the very letter of law and love, that

“None but the brave deserve the fair:” and no doubt very excellent, though not over-fattening fare love is; for *honey* is sweet, and the *moon* shines bright, consequently combining the cornucopia of connubial bliss—the very honeycomb of happiness—and requiring, I should conceive, no “brush” to array it in glowing colours. But, Sir, excusing one little bit of egotism, may my happy moon, (a period so awfully imposing, and by far, rely on it, the dullest, because the dearest†, in life's earthly span,) whenever destiny shall have decreed it, may my happy moon of treacleized bliss roll quietly by, amid the more romantic scenery (forgive me, Melton!) of Bonchurch! prophetic name! or Black Gang Chine! oh, ominous echo! or the Cliff of Culver, bright spots in Albion's white-washed Isle, where love may linger in all its luxuriousness on fine hot lobsters, and Hymen may slake his parched lips in the saline liquid of its liver-relieving Spa!

Oh! blissful haven of twin-side happiness! soft shore of Siamese sentiment! main earth of matrimonial measures!

And now, Mr. Editor, taking leave for the time being of that holy and happy estate—*à la* woman's sole existence—with the fond hope that the single may be speedily (many thanks!) married, and the married (don't mention it—they always are) happy—leaving, moreover, both parties to enjoy themselves in whatever way (mine being fox-hunting) they may think proper; I will forthwith proceed to the next point in my paper, which I find to be, though rather a dry one to the rider, by no means an uninteresting one to the most beautiful animal (with one exception), the horse, being a short *Treatise on Oats*—not Titus, but Chinese From the *sublime*, then, of Matrimony and Melton, descend we now, Sir, to the useful of ‘Mowing’ and ‘the Manger.’

In looking, the other morning, through “Moore's Almanack Improved, or Farmer's and Countryman's Calendar for 1831,” my attention was drawn to the following paragraph, which I copy for the perusal of such of your readers as are interested in the condition of hunters. It is headed “New Species of Oats!” and says, “the Avenacea Farina, or true skinless oat, is the most valuable crop perhaps ever produced in this empire. It was grown in the season of 1830—the first time it was ever produced in Great Britain—by Thomas Derenzy, Esq. of Clobemon Hall, who obtained the seed through a friend of his at Rotter-

* Cheap gin! which means nothing more nor less than gin and water!! though may be “gin and bitters” would be its most appropriate term to many.

† “*Nulle rose sans épines!*” as the motto has it.

dam, whither it was imported from Shantang, a remote district in China, and was quite unknown to Europeans till within these three years. The advantages which this extraordinary and valuable grain possesses over all other kinds of oats are numerous: viz. when threshed from the sheaf it is exactly like oatmeal, and is fit for immediate use for culinary purposes, and every other for which oatmeal is consumed, the grain being quite free from any particle of rind or husk. The flavour is delicious, and it contains much more farinaceous matter. There is of course a considerable saving of oats, and expense of kiln-drying, grinding, sifting, &c. &c. and one peck of it contains more nutritious food for a horse than three pecks of common oats. The produce is most astonishing, the average being twenty-six barrels of fourteen stone to the *Irish* acre—the exact quantity grown by Mr. Derenzy on one acre. It was not sown till the 4th of May 1830, and was reaped early in August the same year. It is remarkably hardy, and well adapted for this climate."

Perhaps, Sir, should this meet the eye of Mr. Derenzy, or any friend of his, who may be able to furnish further information of this extraordinary grain, they would kindly favour, through the medium of your Magazine, your readers therewith, it being a subject deeply interesting both to the fox-hunter and the farmer, and indeed to all who have the comfort and condition of that noble animal, the horse (where they ought always to be), *at heart*.

Yours, &c. A NATIVE.

March 8, 1831.

P. S. Treating just now of gin,

reminds me of a certain Ladies' Seminary which must be nameless, over the garden gate of which was painted in legible characters

MAN-TRAPS

set on these premises:

under which a wag wrote thus—

VIR-GINS.

Now *vir* is Latin for *man*; *gin* is English for *trap*—ergo "*Vir-gin*" is "*a Man-trap*" to all intents and purposes, clear as the *pons asinorum* of old Euclid, which I never could get over!—Q. E. D.!

I was rather amused one day during the late frost at a piece of rural wit which met my ear. A man was walking very fast along the turnpike road with his hands in his pockets, and seemingly very cold, to overtake his cart on some way before him, when a little urchin, just breeched, exclaimed, "That's right, measter, look sharp, and you'll soon catch het (heat)."—"Zhall I, my buoy," replied the frost-bitten pedestrian; "that's right, then, for that's what I be walking *a'ter*."

MATRIMONY!

WANTED as a Wife, by a single Gentleman of a certain age and eccentric temper, on bad scenting days, situated in a pleasant part of Dorsetshire, abounding with fish, flesh, fowl, and plenty of foxes! a LADY free from all incumbrances; of good family and still better fortune (face being *no object*!), who is arrived *bona fide* at the age of discretion, leaving it to her own good taste to determine when that important point may have been fulfilled. She must be highly accomplished; must ride, walk (never run), gallop, and above all

(that most difficult of earthly attainments!) sit with becoming ease and graceful propriety, never being addicted, either in look, *leg*, or lecture, to *cross* purposes. She must sing, play on the harp, pianoforte, and guitar, and be fond of reading the advertisements (only!) in the *Times* newspaper; more especially possessing a practical knowledge of the most approved art of preserving puppies and pea-fowls; therewith combining a natural taste for copper caps, boot-top stuff, and the Racing Calendar. She must speak the vulgar tongue fluently in all saving *one* word—the last!—never wearing her shoes down at the heel *during dinner* (as is the case with some fine ladies who *VAINLY* attempt to force large feet into little shoes), thereby endangering that very sensitive and susceptible part of the human frame, the shins of her *vis-à-vis*, in searching for them, should they by accident (as shoes are sometimes apt to do) go astray; and never appearing on any *pretence* whatever, as she values the peace of mind of her husband, or her own head, in the morning, or at any other period of the day between breakfast and bed-time, *en papillote*! Any Lady as aforementioned, not *too* anxious for a change of state, may now stand a chance of a comfortable situation for life, and, moreover, one wherein she will eminently enjoy the peculiar and exclusive privilege of having her own way so long as it be subservient to her lord and master's, by applying personally at 'The Turf Tap,' Tattersall's; or to the 'Head Ostler,' Horse Bazaar, London.

N.B.—No match-book keeper need apply. A Grass Widow would be preferred.

BILLY WHITE,

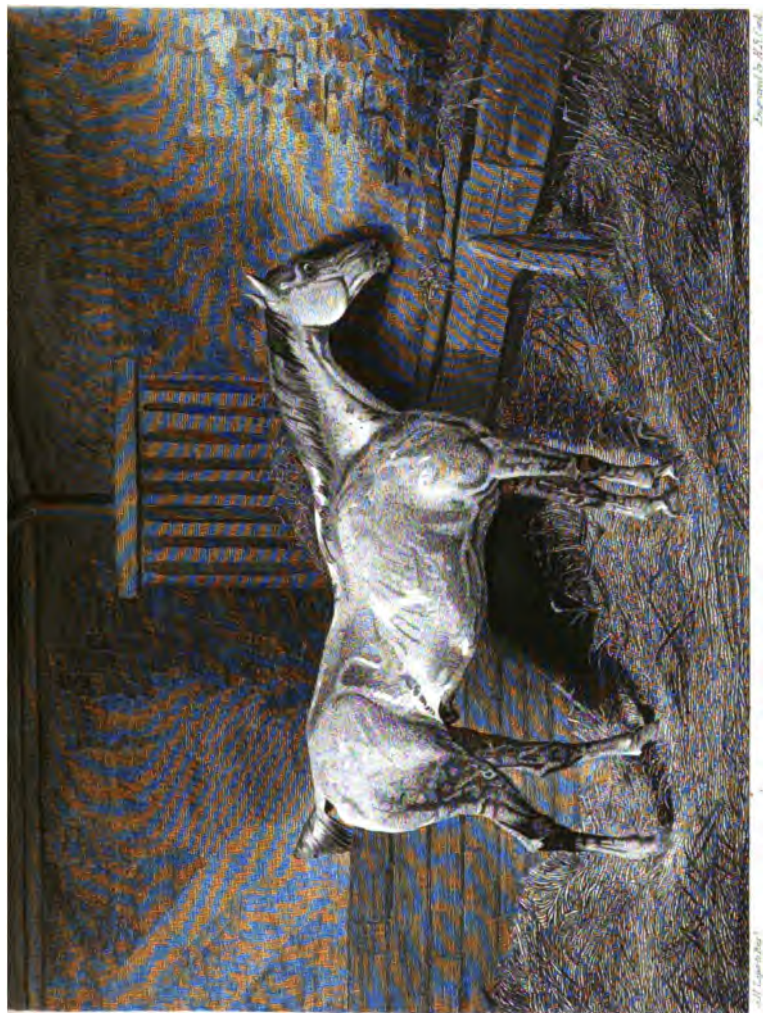
A CELEBRATED CAMBRIDGE HACK.

ALL Cantabs must know Ben Jordan as a good sort of fellow, where men can get mounted upon easier terms than they can at any other stables; and all that know him must know his grey horse BILLY WHITE, which has carried men hunting to covert and on all sorts of freaks. When Cross, of Pettycurry, had him young and fresh, he was a perfect model: declining years, however, added to much knocking about, have blemished him, though not taken from his courage or his lasting powers.—As a harness horse he is as perfect as was ever put to. A hack at Cambridge must be a good one, as his place there is no sinecure. The drawing by LAPORTE, is an excellent portrait of the animal.

FOX-HUNTER'S ALPHABET.

SIR,

THE old proverb says, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." The truth of this maxim has never been disputed; and though we see many youthful Nimrods educated according to its directions, it has, I believe, been acted on hitherto only in a vague and undefined manner. I propose to reduce the education of the embryo Fox-hunter to a system; and with a view to this, I now submit to your judgment an Alphabet which I have framed, and which I am in hopes may suit even children of a larger growth. Of this I am certain,



BILLY WHITE.

Painted by N. J. Simmons. Horse, Square, 1895. April, 1895.

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TILDEN FOUNDATION

that let those who peruse it (of whatever age they may be) only follow the steps of the workmen named in it, and they will never fail in the "way they should go."—I also annex the second of the Songs of the Affectations, by Felix Hum'man.—I am, &c.

SCREWDRIVER.

Edinburgh, March 4, 1831.

THE LETTERS determined a dinner to give
To the best going Sportsmen in Scotland who live:
They issued their cards from Alphabet-Hall,
Agreeing that each his own guests should instal.

A announced Annesley, as Arthur address'd ;
B brought *Buccleugh and *Baird, boldest and best ;
C Christie, *Chalmers, and Caithness convey'd ;
D daring Dalryell and Douglas display'd ;
E entering Elcho, each eagerly eyes ;
F forth for Fletcher and Fortescue flies ;
G Grant and Gilmour, grave, gallant, and gay,
H harking home, had Hope, Hopetown, and *Hay.
I independent *James Johnston insures ;
K Kennedy, *Kelburne, Kinloch, *Kintore ;
L lets light Lindsay on learn'd Liston lean ;
M Minto, Morton, Whyte Melville, M'Lean ;
N natty Norvell and Newton next named ;
O *Oswald "oppressing of olden" obtain'd ;
P parades Pringle and proudly progress'd ;
Q his own corner in quiet possess'd.
R receives *Ramsay, and Ross, Rigg, and Rait ;
S Sattel, and Suttie, and Shairp seats in state ;
T tally's *Taylor, and true Tweeddale tends ;
W with *Wemyss and Will Williamson wends.
X Y and Z having each got a fall
in the field, could not shew at the banquet at all.

Note—Those marked * are, or have been, masters of fox-hounds.

PARODY.

"There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet."—MOORE.

THERE is not a perfumer whose shop smells so sweet
As that field next the covert where Fox-hunters meet:
Oh! the last scarlet coat to the tally must start,
Ere the smell of the baccy shall fade from the part.
Oh, it is not that broad cloths have shed o'er the scene
Their brightest of scarlet, or deepest of green ;
Nor the white top oxalic, with magical skill,
Oh, no, 'tis Cabana, more magical still.
'Tis that friends, who are smokers, to covert are come,
When you have forgot your cigar case at home,
And shew how the best weeds much better appear
When we get them for nothing from friends who are near.
Sweet Woodville, how quickly thy leaves will be burn'd
When the efforts of Althorp to smoke shall be turn'd ;
When the chill tax which hangs o'er Havannas shall end,
And the duty-free baccy our nostrils ascend !

THE ROYAL HOUNDS.

SIR,

As you have thought the few remarks I sent you upon the sport with the Royal Hounds worthy a place in your pages, I now resume the subject, as I pledged myself to do at the end of my letter. In my last I carried on the scent up to the 14th of January, where I brought myself to a timely check, fortunately perhaps for the patience of your subscribers. On Monday the 17th of the same month we met at New Lodge, but the weather was so foggy as to prevent even the possibility of sport; and we reluctantly returned home, hoping that the morrow would bring forth a new and a better day for our favorite diversion. On Tuesday, therefore, we mustered again at the same place; but the day, though more favorable than the last, was far from being what we could have desired, the fog still hanging over us in mysterious grandeur. Notwithstanding this, however, we had a capital run of an hour, and took on Waltham Common—the deer, as usual in foggy weather, having run very short.

Friday the 21st, the weather still continuing particularly dull and foggy, our meet was Langley Broom, where more than two hundred *well-meaning* sportsmen assembled; and after a delay of some twenty minutes for change of nags, &c., a noble animal was uncartered. In three quarters of an hour this fine fellow gave us all *quantum suff*, very few even of the best amongst us being able to make out a gallop—many, and good ones too, having long ere this been unable to raise a

trot; and some few, but perhaps not of the best sort, being neither able nor willing to walk—so heavy was the country, and so killing the pace at which we went. In fact it was perfect racing, and nothing less, all the way. After leaving Langley, the deer led us by a long circuitous route to Datchet; and, turning sharp to his right, bent his steps to Staines, where we naturally expected him to take refuge in the Thames. This, however, he disdained; and, making another turn, he led us at his best pace nearly to Bedford, where he was taken, after causing more distress than I ever remember to have witnessed in the same time. So killing indeed was his rate of going, that many, and among them some of the *Nobs*, stuck fast in the brooks we had to encounter. Many indeed were the disasters of the day, which will be long remembered by both man and beast, as will the run I have now to describe, which I feel is worthy of a far more vigorous pen than mine.

This run, worthy to be recorded in letters of gold, took place on the 24th of January, and the meet was Bracknell. Our friend the stag (for he proved himself as much the sportsman's friend as the horse's enemy) took us in the first place nearly to Binfield; then to Hawthorn hill; leaving it on the left, he bore down upon New Lodge and Fyfield; then straight a-head to Hollywood; leaving Bray, Wick, and Maidenhead to the right, he made very hard running nearly up to Little Marlow; crossed the Thames at Cookham, and went as straight and as swift as an arrow to High Wycombe: here

he turned to his right, and led us in such style up to Penn, that long ere we reached it many a bold one had got his quietus; and from this time very few indeed saw anything of this splendid affair. From Penn, where rest the bones of the great and good man who rendered its name distinguished, the stag, little daunted by all that had yet occurred, led us at a most tremendous pace across the small enclosures and woodlands in a direction for Bulstrode Park and Gerrard's Cross, but being headed, he turned, and went into Wilton Park (Mr. Dupree's). Crossing the park, as if resolved on making Beaconfield his head-quarters, he was again headed; turned to his left, taking the high park palings, with the hounds close at him, and went down to Amersham, where terminated one of the most splendid runs ever witnessed by mortal man.

To notice briefly even all that happened this day by flood and field would fill your whole Number; I shall therefore only add, that many were not able to live half through the run; very few indeed reached Wilton Park, and only two *who were at the start*, besides the huntsman and one whipper-in, reached Amersham. The distance gone over must have been considerably more than thirty miles, as it is at least twenty-one miles the nearest way by the road. The huntsman and his whip were of course obliged to leave their horses all night, which they did at Beaconfield; and on two hacks, with much difficulty, succeeded in getting the weary and jaded hounds to their home a little before mid-

night. With this brilliant affair I will conclude my remarks for the present, though I have more of the same sort in store, which I shall have pleasure in forwarding to you should these prove acceptable.—I am, yours, &c.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

STEEPLE CHASE, AND CHASSE AT ROE-DEER, FORFARSHIRE.

SIR,

I Herewith enclose you the particulars of a Steeple Chase which has recently taken place, together with a brief account of a *chasse* at Roe-deer, in this county.

The conditions of the former were announced in the following programme:—

"1. Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, P.P. gentlemen-riders, 12st. four miles across Forfarshire; to be run on the 1st March 1831: to close on the 25th February. Gentlemen to notify their intention of subscribing to Horatio Ross, Esq. Rossie Castle, Montrose.

"2. A meeting of Subscribers to be held at Budge's Hotel, Dundee, at 2 o'clock on the 11th February, for the purpose of naming an umpire, who will fix the ground and settle every dispute. The umpire will give notice to subscribers four days before the race, at what place and hour they are to meet him, and also the hour of starting; he will shew the line of country to those gentlemen who intend to ride, and will allow half an hour beyond the hour fixed for starting; those who are not then ready at the post will be excluded, and forfeit their stakes.

"3. Any one going more than

one hundred yards on a road, causing any fence to be broken down, or opening a gate previous to the race, to be considered distanced.

"4. The last horse to pay five pounds to the second."

The run took place on the day named, according to the articles. H. Ross, Esq. of Rossie Castle, was chosen umpire, and Captain Dowbiggan of Broughty Ferry, judge. The ground was posted with flags, and pointed out to the riders by the umpire *three hours previous* to starting. There were twenty-five stone walls, averaging from four to five feet each, and two brooks, in the run, and two-thirds of the course was over heavy plough. Eleven subscribers had named, but only three horses started :—

Major Cruikshank's ch. h. His Worship, by Magistrate out of Circassian's dam :—rode by Captain William Hunter :

H. Ross's Esq. b. h. Young Roseden, by Roseden out of Sister to Tom Pipes :—rode by Captain Graham Hunter.

Captain Vaughan's b. h. by Swordsman :—rode by the owner.

At half-past three o'clock, the horses were at the post at Bal-lumie House, about four miles east of Dundee, the winning-post being at Gaigie. The horses went off at a moderate pace, each rider anxious to discover what his opponent would be at. The first wall, measuring upwards of five feet out of heavy plough, was taken in sporting style, which opened the ball, and to work they went like good ones. The next fence was a wall and brook, *alias* a ravine, which was taken by Captain Vaughan in gallant style. This gave him a

decided advantage over his opponents ; but as they were undeniable ones, it proved but temporary. The three horses were together at the three next fences, and a desperate race appeared inevitable. Here the Swordsman horse refused, and, as bad examples are always contagious, was followed by the others. —Young Roseden, however, got first over, and obtained a decided lead, followed at some distance by the other two ; but refusing the next fence, was passed, and thus lost his chance. Here a desperate contest ensued between His Worship and Swordsman, when the former met with a severe fall at a wall and brook, which gave his adversary a start of three fields—an advantage which nothing but a thoroughbred could have surmounted. Swordsman, refusing a wall, was now caught by His Worship, when a beautiful race ensued, both coming over the last fence *neck and neck* ; and, after a severe struggle home, His Worship was defeated—chiefly owing to the extraordinary exertion in endeavoring to make up nearly half a mile of lost ground after his fall. It is but justice to the riders to observe, that for nerve and judgment they have not been surpassed.

Another Steeple Chase of five sovs. each, open for all horses carrying 13st. four miles across Forfarshire, gentlemen riders, subject to the same articles as the above—thirteen subs.—Captain Dowbiggan of Broughty Ferry, umpire—will be run on the 25th of the present month, the particulars of which I will forward to you as soon as the event comes off.

A Cup, value 50 sovs., for all horses, with a subscription of five each to be added, will be given by Horatio Ross, Esq. of Rossie, to be run for on the 1st March 1892, four miles across Forfarshire, 13st. each, gentleman riders, subject to the same articles as those above named—to become the property of the winner of it three times.

CHASSE AT ROE-DEER.

ON the 3d March, Captain Chalmers, of Auldbar, gave his friends a grand *chasse* in his woods, which abound with these beautiful little animals. Ten couple of highly-bred harriers, were selected for the purpose of rousing the roes, and the shooters were placed in certain parts of the openings where the deer were expected to cross. Six double guns obtained chances; and the result was, fifteen head of deer were killed, and two wounded. The best shooting was made by Captain Ross, who had six chances, in which he killed four and wounded one; and Captain Anderson, who had four and killed three.

VENATOR.

March 7, 1891.

P. S. Extraordinary Shot.—

Robert Davidson, gamekeeper to Horatio Ross, Esq. of Rossie, killed last week eight wild geese flying at one shot.

SUSSEX CRICKETERS.

SIR,

ON taking up your last *Sporting Magazine* I was highly entertained by the perusal of a letter on the "Sports of the People," which I found in due

time bore the signature of JOHN STUMP. I thank him for the amusement it afforded to a "snug little assemblage." In addition, I beg my own particular acknowledgments for his Postscript; and, rather than be charged with bandying compliments to him, content myself with this remark, that however true sportsmen may entertain varied opinions on minor points of a game, they never disagree on essentials. As Lillywhite is the leading subject of J. S.'s correspondence with me through your impartial pages, and as he has received the observations elicited from me on the subject of his letter on "Sussex Cricketers," in November last, with genuine good humour, I most readily give him the information respecting my little hero that he has solicited, and this it is:—Lillywhite is five feet three inches and a half in height, and his weight ten stone; he is a close well-knit little fellow, cast in the very mould to endure fatigue without a grumble, of which one instance may suffice. In the last match played at Brighton between All England and the County of Sussex, it fell on a time when Lilly was full of business as superintendant of Stevens's brick-ground at Hoove, two miles distant from the Royal Cricket Ground. By dint of early rising he did a fair day's work every morning of the match, in which he retained in full force his accustomed activity. This most excellent match was determined in favour of All England the third day by twenty-one runs; the betting on the previous evening being current at 60 to 10 against the winners.

Lillywhite was born at West

Hampnett, near Chichester, in 1792, and brought up at His Grace the Duke of Richmond's brick-kilns under his father, a very worthy man, who is manager of the concern, and left for his present situation at Brighton eight years ago; at which time I recommended him to the Brighton Club, and a short trial made him a member. This circumstance might have created a little partial feeling with me; and I lament that when Mr. Stump has seen him play, "on the whole he has been rather unfortunate." I can say the same of Pilch; but let not this detract from the merit of either player. Mr. S. has called Lilly a "Great Little Player!"—a rare compliment from such a high source. I could almost fancy Mr. S. participated in my feelings three years back in Petworth Park, when in the first innings so many excellent bats obtained only 57 runs, of which number only five were made off Lillywhite's balls: he also, at the same place, won the Sweepstakes, getting 43 the second innings from his own bat; which, against such bowling as Matthew and Flavel, with Saunders's wicket-keeping to boot, is far out of the reach of a commoner.

When Brown, the tremendous Brown (a word of whom I shall add, if I have room), first went down to Darnall Park, Sheffield, to play, he was authorised to engage Lillywhite for the next match. When the time came, the numbers assembled at the inn were immense to view the "Great Lilly!" when the coach pulled up; but seeing only quite a little man by the side of Brown, quite a large man, murmurs were

loud and many that Brown had deceived them, and the little man's reception could hardly be termed lukewarm, even after Brown explained that it was really the person they wished for: however, Lillywhite's lucky star predominated, and to him was ascribed the winning of the match. Honors, accompanied by substantial tokens, now recompensed him for the cold and suspicious looks he encountered on the night of his arrival; and a small puff of wind would not have unseated him from the roof of the coach on his return home, his pockets were so well ballasted.

I have applied the word "tremendous" to G. Brown, who, though now a Brightonian, is a plant from this neighbourhood (Stoughton), some time previous to Lillywhite. As a bowler and a thrower he left all others in the back ground. It is universally admitted that Mr. Osbaldeston was not so fast as Brown. I have seen him bowling when in the heyday of youth: he was the Ajax of the Emsworth Eleven on Cold Harbour Lawn, with only one man before the striker, the other nine being all placed behind the wicket! If at any time he chanced to have a long run after the ball, the manner in which it was thrown home to the wicket used to be the admiration of the spectators. It is about twelve years ago that a near neighbour of mine measured the distance he threw a 5½ ounce ball on Walderton Down, out and back, each throw being one hundred and thirty-seven yards! However astonishing the distance may appear, Mr. P.— repeated it to me

this morning, adding, that, if necessary, he would verify it on oath. I firmly believe it myself. Brown has received an admonitory hint or two from Time, who mellowes all things:—the gouty shoe he must reconcile himself to, and derive comfort that his hair is now become of that colour as to render the use of hair-powder unnecessary. Probably he has left off his old bet, which I have known him win many times in succession—thirty shil-

lings that he got thirty runs in both innings.

I entreat your indulgence, Mr. Editor, for the length I have gone into on this favorite topic, subscribing myself your very humble servant, C. CHESTER.

Chichester, March 1831.

P.S.—In my former letter, in mentioning a promising young bowler, I was in error as to his name—I called him *Downer* instead of *Godwin*.

A RUN VERY LATE IN THE SEASON.

“There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lea.”

I HIED from the hall to the bonny brown heather,
Where hunters and hounds stood in *melée* together;
Bright *Phœbus* was glowingly shedding his beams
O'er the hills, on the valleys, the silvery streams.
Tally ho! Tally ho!

And there flow'd the *Lyd*, so flashing and foamy,
Whose castle is fall'n to decay (goes the story),
With its mountain-ash sighing in every breeze,
Responsively echoing to other green trees.
Tally ho! Tally ho!

There hunters and hounds expectantly wait
For *Reynard*, the sly one, to give them a treat;
Amid the blythe group were proud sons of best blood
As e'er cross'd a horse since the days of the flood.
Tally ho! Tally ho!

Bold *TRELAWNY* stood first in the height of his pride,
The champion of ancestry long known and tried:
I remember well at his seat—sweet *Trelawn*—
How he worried the fox from its earliest dawn.
Tally ho! Tally ho!

Then *ERVING* the clipper, a regular one,
Oh! the feats he's perform'd, and the brushes he's won,
Will exalt him on high wherever he goes,
And his courage and pluck every good fellow knows.
Tally ho! Tally ho!

LITTLE ARTHUR is there with an eye straight and keen,
On as pretty a hunter as ever was seen ;
And seeming to say, " brother sportsmen, stand true,
Or else in the burst I shall make ye look blue."

Tally ho ! Tally ho !

And one of the CLIMBY, of riders none bolder,
Take heed, *clipper* ERVING, he gives you no shoulder,
For his " Yoicks gone away !" is the watch-word of speed,
So he *must* be a sluggard who doesn't take heed.

Tally ho ! Tally ho !

An appurtenant here, little SAMMY the stripling,
Who drives all the tail ones with cramming and whipping :
And if I'm no *prophet*, I swear by my pen
He can beat half the ugly great *long legged* men.

Tally ho ! Tally ho !

The hero of GOODAMOOD looks calm and steady,
With his eye on the check-strings, a hand firm and ready ;
He'll prove to his *palle* he's of excellent stuff,
He can spin o'er the plains—can bound over the rough.

Tally ho ! Tally ho !

There's GEORGIE the LAWYER, a rare bit of wire,
Which the longest and deepest dell never can tire ;
On *Minna* the fleetest—few coursers can reach,
When jockey'd by one who can sit like a LEACH.

Tally ho ! Tally ho !

Another QUILL-DRIVER of merry good face,
On *Lady-bird* brown, which can take him a pace ;
He's fan'd for possessing an excellent stud,
And being the master of one that can scud.

Tally ho ! Tally ho !

There's no man more fond of this jolly good sport,
There's no man more friendly o'er a bottle of *Port* :
And though he's a *big un*, I vow and declare
Few prads will outstrip his bright trump of a mare.

Tally ho ! Tally ho !

Pleasant GLANVILLE is watching with sly cunning leer
For RUSSEL to give the glad *gone-away* cheer ;
And if not with the first when they're ganging at score,
He'll be in at the death—what would you have more ?

Tally ho ! Tally ho !

Now I've told all the prominent Stars of the Hunt,
The *rough* and the *ready*, the *polish'd* and *blunt*,
Perhaps I may yet, at no far distant day,
Have something in prose on these *scutes* to say.

Tally ho ! Tally ho !

Old *Liberty's* threading the deepest of lairs
As o'er *shelter'd* foxes or timorous hares ;
She rates him, there's *music* in every note,
And melody's streaming from every throat.

Tally ho ! Tally ho !

Off, off, jovial huntmen, the race is begun,
 The vixen will yield you some hearty good fun ;
 She's old and she's strong—gods ! what rapture divine,
 And her head looks put forward to work the straight line.
 Tally ho ! Tally ho !

Brentorr fades behind like a speck in the sky,
 The land-mark to many a sailor's glad eye
 As up Channel he steers from a far distant land,
 And gladly returns to his dear native strand.
 Tally ho ! Tally ho !

Away to the *Tamar* fast fleeting she flies,
 Neither heeding the whoop nor the merry hounds' cries ;
 And skirting the coppice she flings down the dale
 Of *Dunhaved* the strong in History's tale.
 Tally ho ! Tally ho !

But *Empress* and *Juggler* keep true to her track,
 And *Whimsy* and *Racket* are close at her back ;
 So she's puzzled, and deems a right course o'er the hill
 Will floor many riders and give them their fill.
 Tally ho ! Tally ho !

Through the woods of old *Hayne* she pursues her career,
 And looks back with disdain, thinking naught now to fear ;
 But onwards she must, for th'enlivening cry
 Is resounding from earth to the sunny blue sky.
 Tally ho ! Tally ho !

The *Scarlets* who flew to this beautiful spot,
 All gallant and gory, were forced to a trot :
 From the wood to the meadow a rasper stood high,
 And a ditch on the other side seem'd to defy.
 Tally ho ! Tally ho !

Some skirted, some stuck, and over some fell,
 And who won the laurel you scarcely could tell :
 Well righted again, flew away to the pack ;
 But egad ! to the pace were growing quite slack.
 Tally ho ! Tally ho !

But forward, go follow, she's game as a cock,
 And as bold in her daring as flint-harden'd rock :
 All Nature's glad beauties she passes in scorn,
 But sighs for the land whence she's recklessly torn.
 Tally ho ! Tally ho !

The music, tho' softer, is heard from afar,
 She's not safe from the sound of the deep-baying war,
 And feels a foreboding of weakness appear,
 As her brush from the fiery eye wipes the warm tear.
 Tally ho ! Tally ho !

Every art is now tried, every shift is applied,
 But still the brave pack now bolder on hied,
 And true to her course, thus in vengeance they swear,
 Every bone in her skin they would fearfully tear.
 Tally ho ! Tally ho !

The bristles are fix'd—every dog speeds in pride,
 And anxiously on the red murder divide;
 The brake near yon windmill, where HOLWORTHY stood,
 Ennanguin'd the ground with the vixen's best blood.
 Tally ho! Tally ho!

The death-whoop was sounded, and on RUSSEL dash'd,
 But lo! in an instant his countenance 'bush'd
 As it fell on the mangled remains of the dead—
Five youngsters, alas! on the green sward were spread!
 Tally ho! Tally ho!

He swore in good earnest, by every vow dear,
 That he'd ne'er in the chase engage *this time of year*;
 And truly he cried, "*April's* plentiful show'rs
 Should recruit the worn hunter, and give him new pow'rs."
 Tally ho! Tally ho!

Now farewell, ROUGH AND READY, DEVONIAN, and all,
 The great and the little, the slender, the tall!
 May the next season bring lots of your favorite sport,
 And I too be there o'er your fields to disport!
 Tally ho! Tally ho!

March 10, 1831.

GILBERT FORESTER.

THREE DAYS MORE SPORT WITH THE LINLITHGOW AND STIRLINGSHIRE FOX-HOUNDS.

SIR,
WHEN I sent you a short epistle, giving an account of "Three Days with the Duke of Buccleuch's Fox Hounds," I had no idea this period would have arrived and found me in the good City of Hill and Dale; but such is the case, and I feel no cause to regret its having so happened: on the contrary, time has passed swiftly and most agreeably. Indeed, truly may I say, nowhere can a stranger, properly introduced, and entitled to be in good society, spend a few months more pleasantly than where my tent is now pitched.

At the time frost set in in England, it did so throughout Scotland. I found a capital opportunity of enjoying skating upon Duddingstone Loch, about three miles distant; and on its glassy surface shone forth

Mr. Skeene and some excellent skaters. A heavy fall of snow succeeded, and the country was dismally shut up. The snow suddenly disappeared; and, upon calling at the New Club, a first-rate establishment, I was delighted to find the card announcing "the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire Hounds meet on Saturday, February 25, at Barn-ton kennel."

Mounted on one of the horses I have lately bought from Mr. Isaac Scott, a most respectable dealer, and accompanying my friend, whose kind and agreeable hospitality I am still enjoying, to the fixture we gently trotted; which I found to be the beautiful park surrounding the elegant mansion of the master of the hounds. We drew a large covert, partly furze, partly wood,

on Corstorphine hill, and found; the fox would not break; ran him in every direction through the covert, and at last killed in a neighbouring garden.

For Monday, Riccarton was appointed; and as I was at the covert-side nearly half an hour before it was drawn, I had every opportunity of looking at the hounds. I should not remark them as being well sized, but they appear in beautiful condition. I understand within a few years they have changed management four times: probably their present master will bring them more to the liking, in similarity of style, of the fastidious eye of the modern fox-hunter. I must say the huntsman and the two whips were extremely well mounted. The covert was rather of seducing aspect; perhaps it may lie low; however, no fox, much to the disappointment of the whole field—among whom was its proprietor, Mr. W. Gibson Craig, who was pointed out to me, riding a very handsome brown horse. We drew covert after covert, and no symptom of finding—the weather was like spring. The hour of two had just been told by the clock of a neighbouring farm house, when a fox was viewed away from Bonnington plantation, and the hounds were not long in settling to the scent. He went straight northwards towards Dundas Castle; he thence turned to Norton, and then with a circle ran to a newly-made drain, near where in the morning we had met. I should think it could not be less than nine miles without any very great check, and the scent by no means bad. On the whole, I should pronounce it fair sport. The field

was large, the country deep, with some very awkward fences: men and horses were strewn in all directions. One ditch and wall nearly at starting floored seven or eight, but I noticed some horses doing their work well; as likewise some men shewing eye to hounds, and judgment as horsemen for the country they had to go through. Mr. Ramsay of Barton was mounted on a brown mare, a most superior fencer. Major Shairp, whom I have before seen with the hounds, was particularly well carried: he rode a dark-grey horse. Lord John Scott made, I understand, his first appearance with these hounds, and rode a black horse, of a style I should not conceive best suited for their country. The Earl of Caithness, Earl of Hopetoun, Earl of Morton, and Sir William Scott of Ancrum, late Member for Carlisle, were in the field, which was, as I mentioned, very numerous. I likewise noticed Mr. Burrell, of Broomhall in Northumberland, on a black mare, taking her fences neatly and well.

On Thursday we met at Hope-toun House, a fine residence delightfully situated, surrounded with a large wood. The hounds had not been five minutes thrown into covert, when, I am sorry to say, unluckily my mare, or rather my friend's mare which he wished me to ride, got a small stob into her off hind foot, which, though almost immediately pulled out, made her so lame that I was obliged to return home, and can give no account of the day's sport; but I was afterwards informed it was moderate.

Saturday arrived, a fine hunting morning, and found me at

half-past ten by the covert, situated in a deep glen at the back of the village of Midcalder. The hounds drew it about ten minutes, and found: the fox made two or three turns, boldly broke, viewed away, and a fine fellow he appeared: the hounds were out of covert and settled on the scent in less than five or six minutes: went south through a country partly under plough, and a good deal of badly-drained pasture, with rather stiff fences, and several ditches with railings, which appeared, as I neared them, puzzling: however, the ground close was not so unsound as it suspiciously looked, and I rode well up to the hounds into a small wood, where he had made a turn westward, through grass certainly about three miles, but very boggy. The hounds had been getting fast away from me and I suspect from most men; indeed their pace was tremendous, without a moment's check. Again they turned towards the original line, south: my horse was getting in a slight degree beat, but I kept him forward at a steady gallop, and began to feel I had the hounds a little in command. Our country, though extremely deep, had been flat; but now, being able to reach the hounds with my eye, I saw them go right upon the brow of a steep hill—which I looked at rather with horror—when I immediately perceived they had run him to ground: it proved to be only under a large stone. He was poked out, and our fox killed. The Cairn hill was the name given, and the distance could not be much under ten miles.

Could a horse have gone up to the hounds throughout, I

should consider our sport brilliant: certainly the run was splendid, and the condition of the hounds speaks volumes for their kennel huntsman. In the field were likewise Sir Joseph Ratcliffe, Mr. W. Hay, who hunted our country several seasons, Mr. Dundas of Arniston, Mr. R. Lindsay, Mr. Stewart, Capt. Christie, Mr. G. Williamson, Mr. F. Grant, the Honorable Capt. Sandilands of the Third Guards, Mr. Maxwell, Mr. Hay Mackenzie, Major Rickaby, Capt. Makepeace, Mr. Mayou, and Mr. Place of the Fourth Dragoon Guards. In "the pink" and coats of various colours, I think the number exceeded sixty; and as in the run they tailed so far, most appeared.

Another fox was found, but of which, having lost a shoe, and gone to a neighbouring blacksmith to have it put on, I can give no account.

The Members of the Duke of Buccleuch's Hunt wear a button with the Ducal Coronet and B.Q.; those of this Hunt, L.S.H. The huntsman and whips have white collars. Hunting I like to enjoy attentively; but I must acknowledge, being "a Bit of a Jockey," and often turn my eye to the right and left to form my opinion of the horses and grooms as they arrive at the covert-side, as likewise "how go the men." As it has been but few times I have hunted with the Duke of Buccleuch's and the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire hounds, I cannot form a decided opinion. Certainly horses there were in both fields that little deserved the appellation of hunters; and owners, who, from their aspect, their seat, and even from some of the remarks I heard them make, must

be sorry performers. I hesitate not, however, to add, that others I saw, and not a few, mounted in such a manner, and so demeaning themselves, that I should at once pronounce them fit to appear as sportsmen in any country.

I find these hounds go into Berwickshire, and the Duke of Buccleuch's hounds into their favorite country of Roxburgshire; so I understand there will be no hounds in Lothian for full three weeks; and by that time I expect to be bending my steps homewards.

And now, in these few hurried lines addressed to you, Mr. Editor, allow me to express the sense I entertain of the polite attention I have received during my sojourn in Scotia's romantic land, to which I have some hope of returning towards the approach of the exciting twelfth of August. For that day Scotland stands unrivalled; but it is likewise now well replenished with game of almost every kind; and as wood is rapidly increasing, I should not be surprised to see it, ere many years, vying with some of the best districts in England. My friend, towards whom I shall not attempt to describe my feelings, tempts me with an account of the good sport often seen over Musselburgh and Kelso race courses; and if my arrangements will permit my being at either meeting, you may depend upon being in possession of a journal of what I well know to be interesting to the numerous readers of your valuable publication. With every good wish, I remain, yours, &c.

A WARWICKSHIRE PROPRIETOR.

Edinburgh, February 28, 1831.

COURSING MEETINGS.

ASHDOWN PARK

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 7th, 1831.

FOR the Ashdown Cup and Guineas.—

The Hon. Mr. Moreton's blk. b. Mermaid beat Mr. Phelps's blk. b. Rival; Mr. Shard's brin. and wh. d. Sandal beat Mr. Cripps's Blank; Mr. Etwell's blk. b. Electra beat Mr. Lawrence's blk. b. Locust; Col. Newport's wh. d. Nail'em beat Mr. Browne's blk. d. Bradley; Mr. Reed's blk. d. Rupert beat Mr. Astley's yel. b. Adelaide; Mr. Capel's blk. and wh. b. Index beat Mr. Harries's brin. and wh. b. Humble Bee; Mr. Goodlake's yel. d. Great Ben beat Mr. Heath's fawn d. Haphazard; Mr. Pettat's blk. b. Pussy beat Mr. E. Cripps's Blank.

The Gold Cup.—Mr. Pettat's blk. d. Phlegon beat Col. Newport's blk. and wh. d. Neck Ho; Mr. Reed's yel. b. Reticule beat Mr. E. Cripps's Blank; Mr. Phelps's blk. and wh. b. Rara beat Mr. Moreton's wh. b. Must-be; Mr. Shard's bl. b. Selina beat Mr. Heathcote's Blank; Mr. Etwell's blk. b. Erinys beat Mr. Astley's yel. and wh. b. Amelia; Mr. Harries's blk. b. Hilarity beat Mr. Lawrence's wh. d. Lizard; Mr. Browne's blk. b. Bugle beat Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Geggaw; Mr. Heath's fawn b. Halesflower beat Mr. Cripps's Blank.

First Class Craven Stakes, three socs. each.—Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Gracecup beat Mr. Pettat's blk. b. Pasta; Mr. Etwell's brin. d. Eurus beat Mr. Browne's blk. d. Bolton; Mr. Lawrence's wh. b. Lark beat Mr. Astley's bl. and wh. b. Annette; Mr. Capel's tan d. Jerry beat Mr. Harries's brin. b. Hybla.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY THE 8TH.

FIRST TIES FOR THE ASHDOWN CUP.

Nail'em	beat	Mermaid.
Sandal	—	Index.
Rupert	—	Electra.
Pussy	—	Great Ben.

FIRST TIES FOR THE GOLD CUP.

Halesflower	beat	Rara.
Hilarity	—	Reticule.
Bugle	—	Erinys.
Phlegon	—	Selina.

TIES FOR THE FIRST CLASS CRAVEN STAKES.

Eurus	beat	Jerry.
Gracecup	—	Lark.

Second Class of the Craven Stakes.—

Mr. E. Cripps's bl. d. Emilius beat Mr. Lawrence's wh. d. Lamborn; Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Geggaw beat Mr. Etwell's blk. b. Eudora; Mr. Harries's blk. d. Hymen beat Mr. Astley's yel. b. Ade.

laide; Mr. Browne's blk. d. Bradley beat Mr. Cripps's blk. and wh. d. Cælebs.

First Class of Ashdown Stakes.—Mr. Cripps's bl. d. Cadland beat Mr. Etwell's bl. b. Edith; Mr. Lawrence's blk. b. Locust beat Mr. Pettat's bl. d. Priam; Mr. Harries's brin. b. Hybla beat Mr. E. Cripps's blk. b. Emma; Mr. Astley's bl. and wh. b. Annette beat Mr. Browne's blk. b. Blanche.

Second Class of Ashdown Stakes.—Colonel Newport's fawn d. Nolekins beat Mr. Cripps's blk. and wh. d. Challenger; Mr. Reed's bl. b. Rosetta beat Mr. Cripps's blk. b. Eyebright.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY THE 9TH.

AT LETCOMBE BOWERS.

SECOND TIES FOR ASHDOWN CUP.

Sandal beat Nail'em.

Rupert — Pussy.

SECOND TIES FOR GOLD CUP.

Bugle beat Haleflower.

Hilarity — Phlegon.

Deciding Course for the First Class Craven Stakes.—Eurus and Gracecup (two hares) divided the Stakes.

TIES FOR THE SECOND CLASS CRAVEN STAKES.

Emilius beat Jewgaw.

Bradley — Hymen.

TIES FOR THE FIRST CLASS ASHDOWN STAKES.

Annette beat Cadland.

Locust — Hybla.

Deciding Course for the Second Class Ashdown Stakes.—Rosetta beat Nolekins, and won the Stakes.

Match for Five Sovs.—Mr. Moreton's brin. d. May Fly agst Mr. Cripps's bl. and wh. b. Cassandra—no course.

First Class of Letcombe Stakes.—Mr. Lawrence's wh. b. Lark beat Mr. Browne's blk. d. Bolero; Mr. Cripps's blk. and wh. b. Coquette beat Mr. Etwell's blk. b. Eudora.

Second Class of Letcombe Stakes.—Mr. Astley's blk. b. Artless beat Colonel Newport's bl. b. Notoriety; Mr. E. Cripps's blk. and wh. b. Emilia beat Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Goblet.

Third Class of Letcombe Stakes.—Mr. Capel's blk. and wh. b. Index beat Mr. Shard's bl. b. Selina; Mr. Pettat's blk. b. Polecat beat Mr. Moreton's wh. b. Must-be.

Matches.—Mr. Capel's Jerry beat Mr. Capel's Edith; Mr. Etwell's Esprit beat Mr. Lawrence's Lamborn; Mr. Goodlake's Gilcup beat Mr. Cripps's Cedric; Mr. Lawrence's Lictor beat Mr. Browne's Edion; Mr. E. Cripps's Edrich beat Mr.

Lawrence's Leda; Mr. Goodlake's Grazer beat Colonel Newport's Naughty Boy; Mr. Lawrence's Lud beat Mr. Astley's Amelia; Mr. Pettat's Pasta beat Mr. Etwell's Eloise; Mr. Browne's Blanche agst Mr. Astley's Anna—no course; Mr. Pettat's Priam beat Mr. Shard's Snowdrop; Mr. Harries's Humble Bee beat Mr. Lawrence's Lizard.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY THE 10TH.

Deciding Course for the Ashdown Cup.—Sandal beat Rupert, and won the Cup.

Deciding Course for the Gold Cup.—Bugle beat Hilarity, and won the Cup.

Deciding Course for the Second Class of Craven Stakes.—Bradley beat Emilius, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the First Class of Ashdown Stakes.—Locust beat Annette, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the First Class of Letcombe Stakes.—Lark and Coquette divided the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the Second Class of Letcombe Stakes.—Emilia beat Artless, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the Third Class of Letcombe Stakes.—Index beat Polecat, and won the Stakes.

The coursing was very interesting, owing to a Gold Cup of 100*gs.* value being run for. Mr. Browne's blk. b. Bugle and Mr. Harries's blk. b. Hilarity became the favorites. On the Tuesday evening Mr. Browne refused 100*gs.* for Bugle, and on the Wednesday night Mr. Harries sold Hilarity for 166*gs.*, the purchaser taking the chance of her winning the Cup, which she lost in slipping. She was thrown nearly over, yet for all that she ran very well, but had not the speed of Bugle, nor the superior method of turning, as Bugle never lost an inch in the turn, and seemed always pressing the hare; they are certainly a brace of fine bitches, but Bugle is by far the finest-made greyhound. Hilarity is as muscular in her thighs and loins, but very heavy on her shoulders, where Bugle's are so well placed for speed. The price of well-bred greyhounds seems very much enhanced, and will continue so to those of a running family, when such valuable Cups are given by the Members of Coursing Clubs.

The course for the Silver Cup, with Sandal and Rupert, was a very long and trying one. Poor Rupert made severe and gallant play until about fifty yards from covert, when he became dead beat, and actually trotted a few yards before he gave in, still keeping his eye on Sandal and the hare, although he could not move a yard forward. He seemed short of work, owing, it was conjectured, to the frost previous to the meeting.

NORTH MEOLS.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY THE 22D.

For the Cup.—The Hon. Mr. Wilbraham's f. d. Wamba beat Lord Molyneux's blk. and wh. b. Malice; Mr. Hesketh's yel. and wh. d. Huge beat Mr. Knowly's blk. d. Kite; Mr. H. Hornby's r. d. Higler beat Mr. E. Hornby's blk. and wh. d. Helenus; Mr. Brockholes's blk. d. Bowbearer beat Mr. Alison's blk. and wh. d. Augustus.

The Bold Stakes, for Aged Dogs.—Mr. E. Hornby's blk. d. Helvellyn beat Mr. Wilbraham's brin. d. Whizz; Mr. Ford's blk. d. Fitful beat Mr. H. Hornby's r. d. Hazard; Mr. Brockholes's bl. d. Browsholme beat Mr. Unsworth's blk. and wh. d. Ultimo—lame; Lord Molyneux's blk. d. Mute beat Mr. Hesketh's r. d. Hotspur.

Hesketh Stakes, for All-Aged Bitches.—Mr. Brockholes's blk. and wh. b. Betsey beat Lord Molyneux's bl. b. Matchless; Lord Molyneux's blk. and wh. b. Mischief beat Mr. Hesketh's r. b. Hap; Mr. Brockholes's blk. b. Belle beat Mr. E. Hornby's brin. b. Hawk; Mr. E. Hornby's blk. b. Hybla beat Mr. H. Hornby's r. and wh. b. Hasty.

Southport Stakes, for Puppies.—Mr. Unsworth's bl. d. Uncle beat Mr. Brockholes's r. b. Bess; Mr. E. Hornby's f. d. Hermit beat Mr. Brockholes's blk. d. Bowland.

TIES FOR THE CUP.

Huge beat Wamba.
Higler — Bowbearer.

TIES FOR THE BOLD STAKES.

Helvellyn beat Fitful.
Mute — Browsholme.

TIES FOR THE HESKETH STAKES.

Mischief beat Betsey.
Belle — Hybla.

Deciding Course for the Southport Stakes.—Hermit beat Uncle, and won the Stakes.

Matches.—Mr. Brockholes's Brickdust beat Mr. Ford's Forward; Mr. H. Hornby's Hotspur beat Mr. Brockholes's Broom; Mr. H. Hornby's Herod beat Mr. Hesketh's Hagler.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY THE 23D.

Deciding Course for the Cup.—Higler beat Huge, and won the Cup; Huge the Guinea.

Deciding Course for the Bold Stakes.—Mute beat Helvellyn, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the Hesketh Stakes.—Mischief beat Belle, and won the Stakes.

North Meols Stakes.—Mr. H. Hornby's l. d. Hazard beat Lord Molyneux's blk. and wh. b. Malice; Mr. E. Hornby's blk. b. Hybla beat Mr. Brockholes's blk. d. Bowbearer; Mr. Hesketh's blk. d. Hagler beat Mr. Wilbraham's f. d. Wamba; Mr. Alison's blk. and wh. d. Augustus beat Mr. Knowly's b. d. Kite.

Ditch-In Stakes.—Mr. Brockholes's blk. d. Browsholme beat Mr. E. Hornby's brin. b. Hawk; Mr. Hesketh's r. b. Hap beat Mr. H. Hornby's r. d. Herod.

Church Town Stakes.—Lord Molyneux's bl. b. Matchless beat Mr. H. Hornby's r. d. Hotspur; Mr. E. Hornby's blk. d. Helenus beat Mr. Ford's blk. d. Fitful.

TIES FOR NORTH MEOLS STAKES.

Hazard beat Hybla.
Augustus — Hagler.

Deciding Course for the Ditch-In Stakes.—Hap beat Browsholme, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the Church Town Stakes.—Helenus beat Matchless, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the North Meols Stakes.—Augustus and Hazard divided the Stakes, after an undecided course.

Matches.—Mr. Wilbraham's Whiss beat Mr. Brockholes's Brickdust; Mr. Brockholes's Bess beat Mr. Unsworth's Uncle—a slip to two hares.

DEPTFORD INN UNION CLUB.

FIRST DAY.

For the Gold Cup and Sovereigns.—Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Geygaw beat Mr. Etwell's blk. b. Erinny's; Mr. Hesketh's fawn b. Haleflower beat Mr. Heathcote's wh. and red b. Harebell; Mr. Pettat's blk. b. Pussay beat Mr. Biggs's blk. d. Beverly; Mr. Shard's bl. b. Selina beat Mr. Astley's red b. Adelaide; Mr. Lawrence's red d. Lud, late Roderick, beat Sir J. Hawkins's fawn b. Hurricane; Mr. Lawrence's wh. b. Lark beat Mr. A. Windham's fawn d. Warrior; Mr. A. Windham's fawn d. Wessex beat Mr. Heathcote's red b. Honour; Mr. Astley's wh. b. Amelia beat Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Gracup.

Deptford Stakes.—Mr. Pettat's blk. d. Phlegon beat Mr. Lawrence's brin. d. Lictor; Sir J. Hawkins's bl. and wh. b. Harriet beat Mr. Astley's blk. and wh. b. Aurora; Mr. Biggs's wh. b. Bequest beat Mr. Heathcote's bl. d. Hawthorn; Mr. A. Windham's fawn d. Wappaty beat Mr. Etwell's brin. d. Eurus.

Fisherton Stakes.—Mr. Shard's brin. d. Sandal beat Mr. Hesketh's fawn d. Haphazard; Mr. Etwell's blk. b. Eloise beat Mr. Biggs's blk. b. Bellona; Mr. Wind-

ham's blk. b. Winifred beat Mr. Astley's yel. b. Adora; Mr. Heathcote's blk. b. Hazelgrove beat Mr. Lawrence's bl. and wh. b. Leda.

Tilshead Stakes.—Mr. Etwell's bl. d. Esprit beat Mr. Astley's blk. b. Artless; Mr. Biggs's blk. d. Blackbird beat Mr. Heathcote's blk. b. Hermagild; Mr. Heathcote's brin. d. Hart beat Mr. Shad's wh. b. Snowdrop; Mr. Lawrence's blk. b. Locust beat Mr. Pettat's b. Pasta.

Match for Five Sovereigns.—Mr. Windham's bl. b. Wanny Lass beat Mr. Astley's fawn and wh. b. Agnes.

• SECOND DAY.—AT TILSHEAD.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CUP.

Selina beat Wessex.
Lark — Pusy.
Lud — Amelia.
Gewgaw — Halfpenny.

TIES FOR THE DEPTFORD STAKES.

Harriet beat Bequest.
Phlegon — Wappaty.

TIES FOR THE FISHERTON STAKES.

Hazelgrove beat Eloler.
Winifred — Sandal.

TIES FOR TILSHEAD STAKES.

Esprit beat Blackbird.
Locust — Hart.

Codford Stakes for Beaten Dogs.—Adelaide beat Haphazard; Erinny's beat Honour; Gracecup beat Snowdrop; Warrior beat Lictor.

First Class of Stockton Stakes.—Eurus beat Pasta; Leda beat Aurora.

Second Class of Stockton Stakes.—Mr. Goodlake's wh. d. Goaler, late Nail'em, beat Mr. Pettat's blk. b. Pigmy; Mr. Astley's bl. and wh. b. Annette beat Mr. Windham's bl. b. Wanny Lass.

THIRD DAY.

ON CODFORD DOWNS.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CUP.

Lark beat Lud.
Gewgaw — Selina.

Deciding Course for the Cup.—Mr. Goodlake's blk. b. Gewgaw beat Mr. Lawrence's wh. b. Lark, and won the Cup.

Deciding Course for the Deptford Stakes.—Mr. Pettat's blk. d. Phlegon beat Sir J. Hawkins's bl. and wh. b. Harriet, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the Fisherton Stakes.—Mr. A. Windham's blk. b. Winifred beat Mr. Heathcote's blk. b. Hazelgrove, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the Tilshead

Stakes.—Mr. Etwell's bl. d. Esprit beat Mr. Lawrence's blk. b. Locust, and won the Stakes.

TIES FOR CODFORD STAKES.

Adelaide beat Warrior.
Erinny's — Gracecup.

Deciding Course for the Codford Stakes.—Mr. Etwell's blk. b. Erinny's beat Mr. Astley's red b. Adelaide, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the Stockton Stakes First Class.—Mr. Pettat's blk. b. Pasta beat Mr. Lawrence's bl. and wh. b. Leda, and won the Stakes.

Deciding Course for the Stockton Stakes Second Class.—Mr. Goodlake's wh. d. Goaler beat Mr. Windham's bl. b. Wanny Lass, and won the Stakes.

The Mountain Stakes.—Beverly beat Artless; Eudora beat Hurricane.

Deciding Course for the Mountain Stakes.—Mr. Biggs's blk. d. Beverly beat Mr. Etwell's blk. b. Eudora, and won the Stakes.

Matches.—Mr. Etwell's Eurus beat Mr. Biggs's Blackbird; Mr. Biggs's Bequest beat Mr. Heathcote's Hawthorn; Mr. Goodlake's Bess agst Mr. Pettat's Priam—undecided.

MID LOTHIAN.

The Spring Meeting was held at Dalkeith on Tuesday and Wednesday the 8th and 9th of March 1831. Earl of Moreton, Preses; N. G. Craig, Esq. Vice-Preses. The following prizes were run for on the Marquis of Lothian's property at the Roman Camp:—

A Sweepstakes of One Sov. each, with Ten Sovs. from the Funds of the Club, by Dogs under Twenty Months—Seven subs.—B. F.—Lord Torphichen's yel. b. Tiesey beat Lord Lauderdale's b. b. Maggy Lauder; Mr. Ramsay's br. d. Billy beat Mr. Graham Stirling's b. b. Duchess; Mr. G. Craig's b. d. Conrad beat Sir David Milne's bl. b. Rose; Mr. Aitchison's r. b. Adelaide ran a bye.

TIES FOR THE SWEEPSTAKES.

Tiesey beat Adelaide.
Billy — Conrad.

Deciding Course for the Sweepstakes.—Lord Torphichen's Tiesey beat Mr. Ramsay's Billy, and won the Stakes.

The Club Cup, value 20gs., by Dogs of All Ages.—B. F.—Lord Lauderdale's bl. d. Sailor beat Mr. G. Wauchope's b. b. Wildfire; Mr. Dundas's br. d. Dandy beat Mr. Dick's b. and wh. d. Cherub; Mr. Aitchison's b. and wh. d. Achmet beat Mr. Hunter's b. d. Sharp; Mr. G. Craig's bl. and wh. d. Chester beat Lord Mel-

vill's br. d. Renter; Lord Torphichen's b. d. Trusty beat Sir David Milne's b. d. Doctor; Mr. Graham Stirling's b. and wh. d. Tickler beat Mr. Ramsay's br. d. Brush.

FIRST TIES FOR THE CLUB CUP.

Dandy beat Sailor.
Chester — Achmet.
Trusty — Tickler.

SECOND TIES FOR THE CLUB CUP.

Dandy beat Chester.
Trusty ran a bye.

Deciding Course for the Club Cup.—Mr. Dundas's Dandy beat Lord Torphichen's Trusty, and won the Cup.

The Champion Cup and Stakes, of five sovs. each—All Ages—B. F.—Mr. Ramsay's yel. d. Baron beat Lord Lauderdale's Spitfire; Mr. Craig's b. and wh. d. Cosack beat Mr. Aitchison's b. d. Agitator.

Deciding Course for the Champion Cup.—Mr. Craig's Cosack beat Mr. Ramsay's Baron, and won the Stakes and Cup.

A Sweepstakes, of one sov. each—Eight subs.—B. F.—Mr. G. Wauchope's bl. d. Wonder beat Mr. Craig's b. d. Clarence; Mr. Graham Stirling's b. b. Virgin beat Mr. Hunter's Go-by; Mr. Dick's b. and wh. d. Cherub beat Lord Lauderdale's Spring; Mr. Aitchison's Antelope beat Sir D. Milne's Doctor.

TIES FOR THE SWEEPSTAKES.

Wonder beat Virgin.
Antelope — Cherub.

Deciding Course for the Sweepstakes.—Mr. Aitchison's Antelope beat Mr. Wauchope's Wonder, and won the Stakes.

Match.—Mr. Ramsay's Brilliant beat Mr. Aitchison's Achmet.

Gower, from Bramham, Tryer.

SUTHERLAND.

This meeting took place on the 22d and 23d of February. The weather was remarkably favorable, and the ground in the best state for coursing.

The Sutherland Stakes.—Mr. Leslie's bl. d. Ryno beat Mr. Houston's b. b. Fly; Mr. J. Craig's b. d. Oscar beat Mr. Reed's r. b. Fairy; Mr. A. Craig's b. d. Acteon beat Mr. Leith's b. d. Catch; Mr. Ross's r. d. Spring beat Major Gilchrist's b. d. Reveller; Mr. Gunn's r. b. Famous beat the Hon. G. Dunbar's b. d. Spring; Mr. Brander's r. d. Swift beat Mr. Sinclair's r. d. Spring; Mr. Innes's r. b. Pet beat Major Gilchrist's b. and wh. b. Brenda; the Hon. R. Dunbar's r. d. Nimrod beat Mr. Williamson's r. b. Fauny.

FIRST TIES.

Oscar beat Famous.
Swift — Ryno.
Acteon — Pet.
Nimrod — Spring.

SECOND TIES.

Oscar beat Swift.
Acteon — Nimrod.

Deciding Course.—Mr. A. Craig's Acteon beat Mr. J. Craig's Oscar, and won the Stakes.

Sweepstakes for Dogs, the property of Gentlemen connected with the County.—Mr. Craig's b. b. Rose beat Mr. Reed's b. d. Magnus; Major Gilchrist's b. d. Reveller beat Mr. Houston's b. d.; Major Mackay's r. d. Violence beat Mr. Brander's wh. d. Spring.

TIES.

Rose beat Reveller.
Violence, a bye.

Deciding Course.—Major Mackay's Violence beat Mr. Craig's Rose, and won the Stakes.

Besides most of the gentlemen residing in the county, there was a number of strangers present, among whom were Fraser of Lovat, Fraser of Culduthel, Mr. Sinclair of Forns, Mr. Innes, jun. of Thrumster, &c. The sport was capital, the hares numerous and strong, and many of the courses were very long and keenly contested. One pure white mountain hare, in particular, gave more than ordinary exertion to the long tails that pursued her, and by her speed, dexterity, and beauty, was an interesting specimen of the *mettle* furnished by our Northern hills.—The party dined the first day at Clashmore, and the second at Golspie. Upon the evening of the 23d, the subscribers gave a ball to the ladies at Golspie Inn. The whole arrangements (says a correspondent) were peculiarly calculated to promote the comfort and happiness of all present, and nothing could exceed the spirit and *celat* with which the dance was kept up until the dawn of day cast its sombre and demure light over the gaiety of the brilliant ballroom. The harmony and hearty concord which characterise these delightful assemblies in Sutherland afford the most pleasing evidence of the healthy and sound state of our society. In the midst of dire alarms from abroad, and of discontent and distress in several districts of Britain, we here enjoy a degree of harmony, social order, and comparative comfort, never surpassed in this district. No meeting of the kind, whether regarding the amusement in the field, or that in the ball room, ever gave greater satisfaction, to which

the excellent conduct of the Preses, Mr. Dempster of Skibo, contributed in a very great degree.

HAREWOOD.

The Cup was won by Gunshot; the All-age Stakes by Ulster; a Silver Cigar Case by Mr. Gibbes's Brenda; a Silver Fish Knife by Mr. S. L. Fox's Teazer; a Silver Goblet by Mr. S. L. Fox's Flicker; and the Silver Gravy Spoons by Mr. S. L. Fox's Traveller. Several matches were also decided. The greyhounds were generally of a superior character, and afforded almost unexampled diversion to a numerous field, in the midst of which were Lord Harewood and his family. The weather was delightful during the meeting, which continued three days.

CHESTERFORD.

Some excellent sport was witnessed at this Meeting by a numerous assemblage. Mr. Vipian's Vulcan beat Mr.

Dobede's Déptford, and won the Cup; Déptford the Goblet. For the Dog Puppy Sweepstakes, Mr. Smiles's Smiles beat Mr. Dobede's Faithful; and for the Bitch Puppy Sweepstakes Mr. Scarie's Wat beat Mr. Dobede's Daffodil. Several matches were afterwards well contested.

SWAFFHAM.

This Meeting took place on the 9th, 10th, and 11th of February, in place of the usual Spring Meeting at Newmarket. The Cup was contested by four brace of dogs, and won by Mr. Caldwell's Red beating Mr. Chute's Harbinger. The Westacre Sweepstakes was contested by two brace of dogs, and won by the Duke of Gordon's Venom beating the Earl of Stradbroke's Midnight. Between thirty and forty matches were run, and the sport altogether was of a superior character. The Duke of Gordon's dogs and horses travelled from Gordon Castle, Scotland (800 miles), to Swaffham, on purpose to attend the meeting.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

The Chase.

GLADLY do we herald to our numerous readers the glad tidings that Lord Petre's excellent crack pack of hounds are not to be lost to the sporting community, which we feared, from the announcement given in our last of his Lordship's retirement from the field, would have been the case—a thing to be regretted by all who may have had the good fortune to behold and appreciate such a valuable kennel. The pack, we understand, is to be taken in hand by Gentlemen, whom we are convinced will, as far as in them lies, keep them up to the mark for the gratification of all interested in this soul-stirring and health-giving sport. That His Lordship has acted wisely, selfishness almost tempts us to respond in the negative; but the cause of his retiring must be admired by all classes, and is patriotic and highly commendable; verifying, we pronounce (without the accusation of flattery being attributed to us, for we despise her wanton vortices) His Lordship's long past life as princely in his actions, and moreover

as benevolent in his nature as he is known to be munificent in his practice. We hope the Gentlemen who are now to become the owners of so rare an article will stick to the present blood, and shew themselves worthy of wearing the mantle which has fallen from His Lordship's shoulders.

To convince this worthy Nobleman of the very high estimation in which he is held in his neighbourhood and county, an advertisement appeared in a local journal, directed "to the Gentlemen, Yeomen, Farmers, and others frequenting Lord Petre's Hunt, requesting a meeting at Billericay on the 8th of March, for the purpose of taking into consideration the most eligible mode of conveying to His Lordship the high sense and grateful feelings they entertain for his liberality in providing and maintaining, at his own expense, and for so long a period, his Fox-Hunting Establishment, which has contributed so much to their amusement." In consequence therefore of the above, a numerous and respectable meeting answered the requisition by their presence and

purse, and a Committee was formed in order to present to His Lordship a suitable piece of plate, as a humble acknowledgment of the general and universal feeling entertained for his liberality and condescension. Bankers were chosen to receive subscriptions, which we are sure will be showered with an unsparing hand in virtue of such a cause.

Nothing could diffuse more balm to any man's feelings, or be more consolatory on quitting any department of society, than such a token. We can only hope that the remaining portion of a sojourn hitherto so well spent may be long, very long before it have its finish, and enjoin in the words of our modern Catullus,

"Peace be around thee wherever thou
lovest,...."

May life be to thee one summer's day!
And all that thou wishest, and all that
thou lovest,

"Come smiling around thy sunny way!"

Eight of His Lordship's hunters were purchased by Mr. Anderson, the dealer, of Piccadilly, who every man knows is at all times a good caterer for the field provided you drop the *siller*. They realized capital prices, but not more so than the qualities warranted of such *bone, game, and blood*. The sum total was 1500l.—proof positive as Holy Writ of the magnificent *et-ceteras* in this establishment.

We here recount one of the last runs which His Lordship's hounds had whilst under his good government. Early in the month they assembled at Galleywood Common at the Grand Stand, and threw off at Moulsham Thrift, when soon that brilliant bitch *Pleasant* challenged, and was instantly joined by the whole pack, making the glad welkin ring with merry notes, sweeter than music's softened tones, foreboding inspirations of future bliss. Reynard tried the precincts of his native lairs for a time, but here not a hair of his head was safe, so faced the open meads; being headed he took a peep at Mr. Labouchere's beautiful park and grounds; then skirted Sow-wood

and advanced to King-wood, not, however, entering its thick and mazy labyrinths, but keeping still to the open; like a thorough *game* one, he scorned to take his abode in peace in the deep and safe earths of Edney woods; so he led the *hot and fiery* at a teasing bat on to Moor Hall, where a check of a short duration occurred. Here he manœuvred skilfully by making a retrograde movement behind the dogs, foiling his previous gallop, and doubtless would have succeeded with "a good morning, my worthies!" had not a few of the *lasy ones*, who could not live the *rattling*, coming up in the rear, viewed the sly gentleman working his crafty way back; so "at him again" was the word, pushing him at a devil of a pace over his previous scamperings. The chase now was *earnest* on both sides; and in Moulsham Thrift he had another chance (one which would have insured him safety from many a pack), a brace of fresh *carminets* being on foot: but no! the education and tutorage of these hounds shone here pre-eminent, as nothing could divert their energies from their lawful opponent. After taking a circuitous and quick step around Galleywood Common, skirting the Stock and Ship woods, he went on to Mole Hill Common, harking back to Lodge-wood. At this period the *bristles* were all *à-la-porcupine* every inch, ere he gained the covert, never again to grace a brilliant run of two hours and a half duration. Mr. Conyers, who is master of good hounds and good horses, has had several sharp skirmishes with this now fallen veteran, but always on the losing side. This trump of a fox was rather deficient in the most ornamental portion of his frame, having a *very short brush*; and a clod-pole being interrogated during the run, if he had seen the hero, replied, "*Yes, zur, I see'd un—I'm don'd if they dogs han't run'd un till his tail's dropt off.*"

On the 11th March, Lord Middleton's hounds did the brilliant.—Ratcliffe was the fixture, and in drawing Cropwell Lings, success attended

their efforts, a dead being the instant reward.—The wily animal padded off in no measured steps for the Maiden Hills, turning to the right of Semendale, disdaining to hide himself, and on to Wiverton Hall at a merry pace: but when in Piperhole covert, he had, after fifty minutes' run, to make play with his *worries*, the rusty pack taking no denial, although Master Slyboots seemed to exclaim,

"Come one, come all, this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."

The previous success in the last rencontre set all hands agog for another sly; so at it they went, and soon found in the Fen plantation, going away at a snapping gallop by Coulston Basset for Harley, turning to the left by Langan town, sporting over the vale to Car Coulston. The speed and expanse of country over which they had sped in this and the former run, proved a *stopper* to all save a few of the select and *élite*: consequently Mr. Sherbrook, Mr. Shaw, Captain Martin, Mr. Turbott, the huntsman Bob Count, and the whip Tom Smith, were the only individuals who had the pleasure of the reverberating sounds from Car Coulston to Bingham town, whither the tragedy was finished, after taking up an hour and ten minutes of Old Father Time, placing a memento in the memory of the snatching happy feats performed on that day.

The end of February, by way of a wind-up to the month, the Blackmoor Vale Harriers, though the weather was tempestuous, did the thing well. In the gorge of Trent parish, a dog-fox was unkenelled, who led them over the beautiful and enchanting country in the neighbourhood, and to Shewborne park, near Gosthill, and on to Hamover wood, over the inclosed grounds to Plumley wood, and down to the village of Stourton Caundle, making for the plantations in the vicinity of Stock House, where he was headed: starting off again for the village of Bishop's Caundle, and over the meadows there for the Cam-

ble's silvery stream, which he crossed by Holwell church, his game pursuers being at score with him; and before he could reach the Holwell commons, strength and speed bade a hasting adieu to the willing heart, and he became the prey of this excellent pack, rewarding them for two hours and two minutes brush over fifteen miles of country.

On the 5th of March, the weather being still inauspicious, this jolly pack bled from Batcombe wood, near Bruton, having had a find (the weather, however, preventing the scent being of the first order), crossed the inclosure by Batcombe Lodge, thence to Acton wood (600 acres), taking straight away for the Pyrenean tops of Mendip, carrying the scent well through the feathery heaths and amber-scented fuzes of that romantic and wildered region: here a heavy mist (such as in Scotland they bid you not heed, but soon, however, finds its way through the broad cloth) seemed determined at one time to put a finish to the day's diversion: but, alas! for reynard, it was a mere reprieve: the pack being taken on about two miles, and a judicious cast made, he was forced from his hiding place in Lye wood, and racing followed through the covert and park of Colonel Horner at Mells, and on to Vallis and Little Elm near Frome, where he played a funny trick. In the craggy outlet of the vale, at the foot of a tree overbending the mountain flood, the dogs were at bay, and on the top of the tree, about twenty feet from *terra firma*, enshrouded in the green ivy was master reynard, viewing with sly cunning eye his enemies beneath: finding this resting place *no go*, he plunged into the pebbly stream below, and a crack dog stuck to him, sinking together to the bottom. This run took up four hours and forty-five minutes over every description of country extending twenty miles.

We consider the *past* month has been one of the most distressing that has been for a series of time to the hunter, the very severe runs having

killed so many excellent nags. This we presume to think has been occasioned by the holiday which the snow and its companion Captain Frost unexpectedly gave; consequently the horses, being precluded from regular exercise, were not up to the mark the instant Aurora, by her beams, brought again the green sward to view, and unprepared to meet ground more than usually heavy and deep: moreover the scent, which is generally after snow and frost good, urged the packs on faster. In instance of the above, we need only give the loss of Lord Southampton's brilliant horse *Forefather*—a better hunter never wore saddle—and Lord Brudenell's celebrated entire horse *Dandy*, a splendid prod across the severest country: this disaster occurred in a run with the first-named Nobleman's hounds: and we know of many a good hunter that has shed honours around the heads of their masters in past days are for the present obliged to shut up.

We announce, though painfully, a sad accident which befel that pink of sportsmen, Sir Harry Goodricke, who, whilst hunting near Saxby early in the past month, was flung from his horse, and unfortunately hung in the stirrup, being dragged a considerable distance on the ground. We hear he is much bruised, but trust, as no bones are broken, the injury is not dangerous. Sir Harry was about leaving to attend in his official capacity the Judges of Assize, but this disaster has damped the gaieties which ever attend the High Sheriff on such occasions. Ere we again go to press, we hope to hear of his return to former good health.

Lieutenant Edward Wakefield of the 15th Hussars, stationed at Nottingham, whilst hunting with Lord Middleton's hounds on the 14th of March, had his leg broken by a fall from his horse. The Lieutenant, who we understand is a clipper across country, was taking a leap, when his horse, from the heaviness of the soil, missed his mark, and both kissed the sod. It having happened

near Langer, he was removed to a farm house in its vicinity, and Mr. Wright, the surgeon of Nottingham, soon rendered every emergency aid which he is skilled in doing, and we shall rejoice saying in our next publication that his patient is all right again.

The Turf.

INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

Newmarket First Spring Meeting 1831.—Monday: Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for all ages.—New T.Y.C.

Mr. Cooke's *Harold*, 4 yrs, 8st. 5lb.
Mr. S. Stonehewer's *Caller*, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb.
Lord Jersey's *Charlotte West*, 3 yrs, 8st.
Mr. F. Mills's *Clio*, 3 yrs, 7st.

Friday: Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for all ages.—T. M. M.
Capt. G. Bulkeley's *Bustle*, 3 yrs, 7st. 4lb.
Mr. Grant's *Lady Emily*, 4 yrs, 8st.
Mr. Theakston's *Surprise*, 3 yrs, 7st. 3lb.
Col. Wilson's *Ringleader*, 3 yrs, 7st. 2lb.

ASCOT HEATH.

This meeting will commence on Tuesday, May 31.—The following is a programme of the sport:—

First Day.—The Oatlands Stakes of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. for all ages, two-year-olds excepted.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.; colts, 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb.—New Mile.—11 subs.

Sweepstakes of 100 each, h. ft. for three-year-old colts.—Old Mile.—15 subs.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for fillies.—Old Mile.—18 subs.

Mr. Gardnor's *Tarquin*, by *Moses* out of *Luna's* dam, against Mr. Ricardo's bl. c. by *Whalestone*, dam by *Octavius*, out of *Thalestris*, 8st. 5lb. each, T.Y.C. 100, h. ft.

Second Day.—The Albany Stakes, 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb., the winner of the Derby, Oaks, or 2000gs. Stakes, to carry 5lb. extra.—New Mile.

Lord Exeter's *Hemus*, brother to *Verna*. Lord Exeter's s. by *Trump* out of *Augusta*.

Duke of Rutland's b. c. *Clansman*. Lord Orford's c. by *Merlin* out of *Miranda*.

Lord Jersey did not name.

The *Swinsley Stakes* of 25 sovs.

each; for three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb. and four-year-olds, 8st. 10lb.; fillies allowed 8lb.—Mile and a half.

His Majesty's c. by Champion out of Mervina, 3 yrs.

Lord Exeter's Augustus, 4 yrs.

Lord Orford's Nalad, 3 yrs.

Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, 30 ft. for two-year-olds.—Last half of the New Mile.—Sixteen subs.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for the produce of Mares covered in 1827.—New Mile.—Four subs.

The Brigade Cup.—To close May 1.

Third Day.—The Windsor Forest Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 4lb.; the same extra weight as for the Albany.—Old Mile.

Lord Exeter's Marmora, by Sultan out of Miss Catton.

Lord Exeter's f. by Catton out of Dulcinea. Duke of Grafton's Oxygen, by Emilius out of Whizgig.

Mr. Stencher's Sister to the Lion.

The Gold Cup, value 100 sovs., the surplus, if any, to be paid to the winner in specie, by a subscription of 20 sovs. each, for horses, &c. *bona-fide* the property, at the time of starting, of a Member of the Jockey Club, of a Member of the Upper or Lower Rooms at Newmarket, or of those Clubs in London whose Members may be admitted into the above Clubs without ballot.

His Majesty's ch. h. The Colonel, 6 yrs, 8st. 8lb.

Lord Exeter's ch. c. Augustus, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb.

Sir M. Wood's b. m. Lucetta, 5 yrs, 8st. 9lb.

Sir M. Wood's b. c. Cetus, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb.

Mr. W. Chifney's b. c. Priam, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb.

The Royal Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old colts.—Old Mile.—Seven subs.

Fourth Day.—The Wokingham Stakes of five sovs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards: handicap.—Last three-quarters of a mile.—Horses to be named at the post on Tuesday in the race week.

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. for any horse carrying 10st. 7lb.—Gentlemen riders.—New Mile.—Winner to be sold for 200 sovs., if de-

manded in the usual way.—To name on or before June 1.

The Earl of Verulam, S. U. Heathcote, Esq., W. Sowerby, Esq., and W. R. Phillimore, Esq. have accepted the office of Steward at the ensuing Meeting at St. Alban's, which commences May 11.

At the Heaton Park Meeting, Thursday, Sept. 30th (see our *Racing Calendar*, p. 59), in running for the Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for horses belonging to and rode by Officers of the Queen's Bays, Mr. Lewis's b. g. Marshall (the winner), rode by Capt. Copeland, bolted in the first heat, and threw his rider; but as there was no distance post, he re-mounted, came into the course where he had left it, and brought in his weight. The Steward (Lord Forester), on an objection being made, decided that he had a right to start again. Marshall was the favorite, and the third heat was run by moonlight.

The following singular event occurred at the Warwick Meeting, Sept. 8th, 1830:—

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for hunters not thorough-bred.—Two-mile heats.—Five subs.

Mr. Robinson's b. f. Maria, 3 yrs, 8st. 8lb. 1

Mr. Lucas's b. f. Daylight, 4 yrs, 10st. 5lb. 2

Mr. Wise's b. g. by Musician, 6 yrs,

11st. 10lb. 3

Mr. Smith's Matilda, 5 yrs, 11st. 5lb. 4

All the above, except Musician, were disqualified, from not producing the proper certificates of having hunted; and the rider of the Musician gelding, during the confusion occasioned by this dispute, having thrown down his saddle before taking it to the scale to weigh, the Stewards (H. C. Wise and T. Giffard, Esq.) decided that the race was void.

RACES TO COME.

Newmarket ..	April 4
Catterick-Bridge ..	6
The Heo ..	9
Malton ..	14
Newmarket ..	18
Caistor ..	19
Durham ..	21
Clifton and Bristol ..	27

Newmarket	May 2
Chester	2
York	9
Liverpool (Maghull)	11
St. Alban's	11
King's Meadows	11
Epsom	17
South Shields	23
Manchester	25
Ascot	31
Beverley	June 1
Stockbridge	8
Barton	8
Newcastle	20
Bibury	28
Liverpool (Aintree)	July 5
Newmarket	11
Preston	12
Cheltenham	19
Oxford	August 3
Worcester	9
Wolverhampton	16
York	23
Stourbridge	30
Leeds	31
Warwick	September 6
Lichfield	13
Doncaster	19
Newmarket	October 3
Newmarket	17
Newmarket	31

ADDITIONAL STALLIONS 1831.

21. CANNON BALL, at Newmarket at 5gs. and 5s.:—by Sancho, dam by Weathercock, out of Cora, by Matchem.

14. DUNSHANE, at Bretby Park near Burton upon Trent, at 5gs.:—by Macbeth, out of Peterca, by Sir Peter.

14. COLUMBUS, at York, at five sovs. and 5s.:—by Filho da Puta, out of Staveley Lass, by Shuttle or Hambletonian.

11. SIR EDWARD, at the Plough Inn, Wellington, at 5gs. and 5s.:—by Friend Ned, dam by Eagle.

12. SIR WALTON, in the Holderness country, at five sovs.:—by Walton, out of Lucy, by Hambletonian; grandam, by Coriander.

3. GREY BLUHEM, at Copmanthorpe, near York, at five sovs.:—by Blucher, dam by St. George; grandam by Hambletonian—Delpini.

ARCHERY.

A new Archery Society has been established at Newbury, Berks, to

whose use the Hon. Keppel Craven has assigned part of that picturesque spot, Benham Park, the residence of Her late Serene Highness the Margravine of Anspach.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

A match of much interest took place at Harewood Bridge on Thursday the 24th of February. The birds, which were the best blue rocks, proved most superior flyers, and the shooting of all the Gentlemen engaged was excellent. The prize, an elegantly-chased Silver Goblet, was won by Richard Lacy, Esq. of Cayton Hall, near Ripley.

SPORTING OBITUARY.

The following horrid and barbarous act was lately perpetrated in the stables of Mr. John Day, near Stockbridge, by two boys left in charge of the horses, during the temporary absence of Mr. D., who was engaged in writing, and of Roe, the head lad, occupied in inspecting the corn, &c. The alarm being given, Roe instantly proceeded to the stable, and found that a fork had been thrust three feet into the hinder parts of Tyke, the property of Harry Biggs, Esq., which caused the death of the animal in sixteen hours afterwards. Strong suspicion attaching to the two boys in the stable, Mr. D. took them before a Magistrate for examination, and they were committed to the County Gaol for trial. Tyke (a chestnut colt, foaled in 1826) was got by Tramp, dam by Cervantes out of Carouser's dam. It will be recollected that Tyke, then belonging to R. Ridsdale, Esq. beat Zingane and Tamboff at Doncaster in 1829 for the Fitzwilliam Stakes. In 1830 Tyke had eight engagements, six of which he won, viz.—in the Newmarket Craven Meeting; ree. 100 ft. from Mr. Thornhill's Merchant, a match, D. M.; 125 sovs. at Bath; the Wiltshire Stakes of 130 sovs. and the Gold Cup at Salisbury; the Dorsetshire Gold Cup, with 20 sovs. in specie at Blandford; and the Royal Purse at Weymouth. In the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting, Tyke ran second to Lord Mountcharles's Gayhurst by Whalebone, for a Sweepstakes of 500 sovs. each,

B. C., and he was also beat at Stockbridge by The Colonel and Morris Dancer.

The celebrated and valuable race horse Albert, the property of the Earl of Verulam, after taking his exercise on Monday, March the 7th, dropped down and died immediately. Connolly was riding him, and the Noble Earl was on the ground at the time. Though the loss of such an animal was irreparable, his Lordship's first anxious question was, "Is the jockey hurt?"—This promising colt, "one of the finest three-year-old horses in England," according to that acute and excellent judge, *OBSERVATOR*, "always prepared to run with the stout or wait with the speedy," started five times last year, and won all his engagements. Albert was got by Moses or Waterloo, out of Varennes (Sister to Quadrille) by Selim.

The late John Mangie.—On reference to our note-book we find that the winner of the St. Leger in 1780 (*Powett* by *Tandem*) was rode by *W. Wilson* and not *Mangie*. So far *MEDICUS* is right; but he is mistaken in his remark that the information might have been obtained through the *Racing Calendar*, inasmuch as the riders were not given in *Weatherby's* book till within the last ten years. It may be added that *Zanga* by *Laurel* came in first; but that in consequence of a jostle proved against the Duke of Hamilton's rider, *Powett* was deemed the winner, and Lord Fitzwilliam received the Stakes.

Engilism.

TOM GAYNOR AND NED NEAL.

ON the very night of the long procrastinated match being made between Neal and the *Young Phenomenon*, a friend of the former, with more zeal than discretion, made another with Tom Gaynor, to fight 300l. to 200l. in eight weeks after the settlement of the differences between Neal and Sam. This was evidently ill-judged; as, even if Neal had been victorious in his encounter with the *Young Phenomenon*, his punishment with so accomplished and scientific an antagonist must be presumed to be (as it actually was) of the severest description. We know, too, that Neal had resolved to fight no more; but, though much annoyed by the

injudicious confidence of his friend, the challenge having been made he was too honorable to leave his backer in the lurch; and though it might have been more prudent to have forfeited, yet he could not resist the persuasions of those who estimated his present capabilities by his former exploits.

The scene of action was at Warfield, Bucks, the arena of Ned's former glory and his present defeat: for on this spot he had beaten his present antagonist. The day was stormy, and of course unpropitious, but fortunately there was no other obstacle, as the magistrates did not attempt to interfere. During the greater part of the period that had elapsed since his battle with Young Dutch Sam, he had devoted himself to preparing for his new labour. Gaynor had been equally assiduous; and both men arrived on the ground in good condition, and with equal confidence in their own talent. As the hour of contest approached, the former fame of Neal was called to mind, and his patrons came more boldly forward to sustain his pretensions, sporting their money with freedom, and backing him at six to four, or rather offering to back him, for there were few disposed at the last pinch to accept even these odds. On entering the ring Neal seemed to be in better condition, and in point of weight exceeded his opponent by about a stone: in age, too, he had an advantage, being but 26, while Gaynor was 32.—Neal was seconded by Tom Spring and Young Dutch Sam; and Gaynor by Harry Holt.

In describing the fight, a recapitulation of the rounds (forty-three in number) would be not only tedious, but uninteresting; for in truth they consisted rather of a series of wrestling bouts. Before a single blow was struck on either side, forty-two minutes were exhausted—a period which was occupied in feints, half hits, and stops, each trying to draw the other so as to produce a favorable opening—and at last, when Neal did go in, it was in so hesitating a manner, that little damage was done, and Gaynor

succeeded in giving the first fall. They afterwards fought more quickly and with greater execution, Neal giving and receiving heavy hits, and ultimately having his left eye completely closed; while Gaynor shewed a severe contusion and gapping wound on his left cheek, and other marks of heavy visitations on his mouth and nose. The falls were severe on both sides; but from the superior strength of Neal, he succeeded on two or three occasions in lifting Gaynor clean from the ground in his arms, and dashing him with terrific force on his head and neck. These manoeuvres, as well as the exhaustion from the repetition of violent struggles for the throw, at length had the effect of reducing Gaynor to such a state of weakness, that his defeat seemed to be almost certain, and Neal was backed at three and four to one. In despite of these disadvantages, however, the unshrinking game of Gaynor enabled him to struggle on, and finally to bring himself again so much in favour that he was backed at even. Still confidence in Neal was unshaken; but in a few more rounds the persevering obstinacy of his gallant opponent, as well as a few more additional hits and throws, shook his frame so severely, and exhausted his patience so entirely, that in the forty-third round, after a heavy fall, in which Gaynor tumbled on his neck with all his weight, he became insensible, and could not again be shook into activity. The victory was in consequence given to Gaynor, in exactly one hour and fifty-one minutes; and so much had he recovered in the last few rounds, that he was enabled at the close to make a vigorous bound, and to walk firmly to the carriage without assistance, while Neal was carried off perfectly helpless. Thus the "Star of Streatham," has set in darkness; but still his honesty is unquestioned, his game undoubted.

For the last six rounds he had entirely lost all power with his right arm, which hung listlessly by his side, or could only be brought up in guard of his body: and when it is

considered that he had previously fought seventeen battles, the last and most serious within "two little months," all with men of parishing qualifications, it is not surprising that his stamina is impaired; or, to quote his own words previously to the battle, "that he could not stand beating as he was wont to do." He certainly was but the shadow, comparatively, of the *Streatham Youth* whose mighty powers had laid so many great ones low; and though now defeated, his former excellence will long live in the recollection of those friends and supporters who knew and duly appreciated his valour as a pugilist and his worth as a man.

Neal has retired from the Ring for ever, and does so with the consciousness of having endeavored to do his duty, and with the pride of leaving it without a stain on his honesty.—He is about to become a *Benedict*, and to open a house of "Entertainment for man and horse." As a good son, it may be fairly presumed he will make a good husband; and in the "art and mystery" of a vintner, we have no doubt that he will—*virtute et opera*—justify the opinions of his friends, and deserve equal support to that of "mine host of the Castle," for manliness in demeanour, uprightness in conduct, and integrity in all his dealings.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.—A match is at length made between Jem Ward and Simon Byrne to decide which of them shall bear the envied title of CHAMPION OF ENGLAND. The fight is announced for the 12th of July, to come off within 100 miles of London, in the direction of Liverpool, but not less than fifty, for 200l. a-side. The first deposit of 25l. each was made at the Castle Tavern on the 17th inst. and regular articles entered into. In the event of Magisterial interference, the stakeholder to name another place of meeting, and the stakes not to be given up till fairly won or lost by a fight: the veteran Tom Cribb to be the final stakeholder, and two umpires and a referee to be chosen on the ground.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR contributions have so much increased this month, that, although we have given an extra half-sheet, we still have to apologise for the omission of several interesting communications.

"Philo-Turf," on the comparative merits of Eclipse and Velocipede—"Som-ex-set"—and "Leo," shall appear in our next.

The "Abuses practised on the Horse" is very ably written, and does equal credit to the head and heart of the author: but we have so often exposed the "tricks and trickeries of a certain description of Horse-dealers," that the insertion of this article would throw no new light on the subject, and would be only repeating what has been so often advanced in our pages.

The portrait of the celebrated trotting mare Catch-me-who-can has been received, and is now in the hands of our engraver. It shall appear forthwith, with an account of a match, when thirteen years old, in which she did sixteen Scottish miles within the hour.

Our Correspondent VENATOR begs us to correct an error in his statement of the "Extraordinary Shot" mentioned in page 391.—Instead of Mr. Ross's keeper killing eight wild geese at one shot, "it was done at two shots, but by a double-barrelled gun."

"J. R." will find some "Remarks on the present method of breaking Horses" in our xiiith Volume, N.S. p. 251, and in the succeeding Volume, pp. 15 and 75.

In reply to "An Old Subscriber," who asks "if there be a distinct breed of Otter-hound, and where they are to be seen," we say with SOMERVILLE,

"If th' amphibious otter be thy chase—

the deep flew'd hound
Breed up with care, strong, heavy, slow, but sure,
Whose ears down-hanging from his thick round head
Shall sweep the morning dew, whose clanging voice
Awake the mountain echo in her cell,
And shake the forest."

So far the Poet of *The Chase*. Almost any kind of dog, however, may be taught to hunt the otter; and perhaps none better than the water spaniel or Newfoundland dog, from its strength and high courage. There are now very few regular packs kept. Sir Rowland Hill of Hawkstone, Salop, in October 1828 had an excellent pack; and in Devonshire, Mr. Trezillick of Harburton, and Mr. Palk of Little Hempston, near Totnes, follow this sport; the former entering beagles, and the latter water spaniels. Otter-hounds were lately kept at Presteign, by Messrs. Gittos and Moor, and also by Mr. Corbet of Shropshire; and Mr. Eld, of Seighford, Staffordshire, some years back had another powerful lot of dogs.

"A Constant Reader," who wishes to spend a season in Scotland, asks where he can get good grouse and partridge shooting, which is the best country for sport, and the probable expense?—Our Correspondent must be aware that game on the Moors is as strictly preserved as on the most aristocratic domain in England. The good City of Edinburgh is the most likely source whence he can obtain the information he requires as to the first points—the latter must naturally depend on the length of his purse.

Two Gentlemen desirous of knowing "the distinctive appellation which a sportsman should use to denote 'two woodcocks,' whether it should be a *brace* or a *couple*; and, also, as regards snipes"—are informed that the correct phraseology is, when speaking of either, to say a couple, a couple and a half; and when describing numbers, they are termed a flight of woodcocks; a wisp of snipes.

We are requested by a Correspondent to say that he has found great benefit by applying the DAMP RESISTER to the hoofs of horses inclined to shell or crack, instead of oil; as when used about three times a week—rubbed on with the usual brush—it has never failed to soften and bring the hoof to a natural healthy state.

In the "Dorsetian Sketch" of the present Number, the writer alludes to a new species of Oats lately introduced into this country from China, and solicits farther information of this extraordinary grain. We copy the following paragraph from the *Shrewsbury Chronicle* on "a subject so deeply interesting to the fox-hunter, the farmer, and indeed to all who have the comfort and condition of that noble animal the Horse at heart."—"The *Skinless Oats*, which we mentioned as having been grown to prodigious advantage by Mr. Derenzy, of Essex, have also, it appears, been cultivated with like advantage by Mr. Culwick, of the Clive, in the parish of St. Mary, in this town. Mr. Culwick, two or three years ago, received sixty grains from a friend in Surrey; he has since planted the produce annually; and on Saturday last he sold half-a-strike of them in our market for a Sovereign!—In many instances, although no manure was laid on the land, twelve or fourteen stems sprung from a root, and ninety-nine grains were gathered from many of the heads. When threshed from the sheaf, it is fit for immediate use, the grain being quite free from any particles of rind or husk. It is a native of a remote district of China; but is very hardy, and well adapted for this climate."

THE RACING CALENDAR, 1830.

TAUNTON MEETING.

THURSDAY, July 15.—The TAUNTON STAKES of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft. with 30 added.—Heats, one mile.—Sixteen subs.

Mr. Ley's b. h. *Omen*, by Orville, out of Whizgig, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (Cowley)..... 1 1

Mr. Dickinson's ch. c. *Lawn Sleeves*, 4 yrs, 8st. 11lb..... 2 2

Three subs. paid 10 sovs. ft., and eleven others having declared by the time prescribed paid only five sovs. each.

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Members for the Borough, for all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Finch's b. f. *Benefit*, by Olseau, dam by Prime Minister, 4 yrs, 8st.

(Norman).....

2 1 1

Mr. Wreford's ch. h. *Upas*, aged, 9st. 4lb..... 1 2 dr.

Mr. Barrow's br. h. *Toughstick*, 6 yrs, 9st. 2lb. 3 dis.

FIFTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Stevenson's ch. c. *Cornelian*, by Rubens, dam by Woful, 4 yrs, 7st. 7lb.

(E. Percy).....

1 1

Mr. W. Wyndham's b. h. *Colleger*, aged, 8st. 13lb..... 2 2

Mr. Finch's ch. g. *Moses*, aged, 8st. 10lb. 3 dr.

FRIDAY, July 16.—HANDICAP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added.—One mile and a half.—Foursubs.

Mr. Ley's b. h. *Omen*, by Orville, out of Whizgig, 5 yrs, 8st. 7lb. (Cowley) 1

Mr. Wreford's ch. h. *Upas*, by Abjer, aged, 8st. 9lb. 2

Mr. Finch's b. f. *Rosary*, 4 yrs, 7st. 11lb. 3

LADIES' PURSE of 50 sovs. for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Stevenson's ch. c. *Cornelian*, by Rubens, 4 yrs, 8st. (Cowley) 1 1

Mr. Finch's ch. g. *Moses*, aged, 8st. 3lb. (post entrance) 2 dr.

Mr. Barrow's br. h. *Toughstick*, 6 yrs, 9st. 5lb..... 3 dr.

TOWN PURSE of 50 sovs.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. C. Finch's b. f. *Benefit*, by Olseau, 4 yrs, 7st. 4lb. (Norman) 4 1 1

Mr. Ley's br. h. *Souter Johnny*, 5 yrs, 8st. 12lb. 1 2 dr.

Mr. W. Wyndham's b. h. *Colleger*, aged, 9st. 6lb. 2 dr.

Mr. Higgins's b. g. *Young Sancho*, 6 yrs, 9st. 3 dr.

WINCHESTER MEETING.

FRIDAY, July 16.—PRODUCE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. :—colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—3lb. allowed, &c.—New Mile.—Thirteen subs.

Sir M. Wood's b. c. *Cetus*, by Whalebone, out of *Lamia*, by Gohanna (S. Day) ... 1

Mr. H. Scott's ch. f. *Carmine*, by Rubens, out of *Scarpa*, 3lb..... 2

Mr. I. Sadler's ch. f. *Design*, by Tramp—Defiance..... 3

Even betting on *Cetus*.

The King's Purse of 100gs. for four-year-olds and upwards.—Four-mile heats.

Mr. I. Sadler's b. g. *Jocko*, by Filho da Puta, dam by Clinker, aged, 12st.

(Buffey).....

1 1

Mr. Shard's ch. f. *Acacia*, by Phantom, out of *Augusta*, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb..... 2 2

Six to 4 on the winner.

The Reveller Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. with 50 added, for the produce of mares covered by Reveller in 1827.—Last half mile.—Five subs.

Mr. I. Sadler's b. f. by Reveller, out of Defiance, by Rubens, 8st. 4lb.....walked over.

The Ladies' Purse of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Lord Palmerston's ch. c. by Reveller, out of Biondetta, 3 yrs, 7st. (G. Randall), 2 1 1

Mr. Jones's ch. f. *Tipsey*, by Reveller, out of Sentiment, 3 yrs, 6st. 11lb. 1 2 2

Mr. Maten's br. f. by Centaur, dam by Sorcerer, out of Tawny, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb. 3 3 3
 Mr. Finch's ch. g. Moses, by Walthamstow, aged, 9st. 6lb. 4 4 4

SATURDAY, July 17.—SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds: colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Last half mile.—Four subs.

Mr. Shard's br. c. *Caleb*, by Waterloo, out of Enchantress, by Sorcerer (Connolly).. 1
 Lord J. Fitzroy's br. c. Washington, by Smolensko 2
 Five to 1 on Washington.

MATCH for 100 sovs. h. ft. both three-year-olds.—Last Mile.
 Sir M. Wood's b. c. *Cetus*, by Whalebone, out of Lamia, by Gohanna, 8st. 7lb. 1
 (S. Day) 1
 Mr. Shard's br. c. De Vere, by Reveller, 8st. 4lb. 2

MATCH for 100 sovs. h. ft. both three-year-olds.—New Mile.
 Mr. Wyndham's b. f. *Dwarf*, by Comus, out of Dorina, by Gohanna, 8st. 7lb. 1
 (J. Day) 1
 Mr. Stephenson's b. c. Nightmare, by Phantom, 8st. 7lb. 2

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the City Members.—Two-mile heats.
 Mr. Shard's b. f. *Harmony*, by Reveller, dam by Orville, 4 yrs, 7st. 6lb. (G. Randall) 1 1
 Mr. Radcliffe's br. h. Brownlock, aged, 9st. 2 dr.
 Mr. Jones's b. h. Pandarus, 6 yrs, 8st. 11lb. 3 dr.

WENLOCK MEETING.

FRIDAY, July 16.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Twice round and a distance.—Eleven subs.

Mr. Massey's b. f. *The Little Duchess*, by Bobadil, 3 yrs, 6st. 9lb. (Hardy) 0 1
 Sir W. Wynne's b. h. Courtier, 5 yrs, 8st. 9lb. 0 2
 Mr. Painter's b. f. by Strephon, 4 yrs, 7st. 11lb. 3
 Mr. Giffard's br. f. Lucy, 4 yrs, 7st. 11lb. 4
 Mr. Pickernell's b. m. Golconda, 5 yrs, 8st. 9lb. 5

The Little Duchess and Courtier ran a dead heat. A most excellent race.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough bred.—Heats, twice round and a distance.—Ten subs.

Mr. Smith's ch. m. *Matilda*, by Duplicate, 5 yrs, 11st. 11lb. (W. Lear) 2 1 1
 Mr. Farley's ch. g. Sailor, 4 yrs, 10st. 4lb. 1 2 dr.

FIFTY POUNDS, given by P. B. Thompson, Esq. M.P., for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. by Blacklock, out of Camillina's dam, 4 yrs, 8st. (W. Lear) 1 0 1
 Mr. Painter's b. f. Eleanor, by Muley, 4 yrs, 7st. 11lb. 0 1 2
 Mr. Thorne's b. g. by Master Henry, out of Young Chryseis, 3 yrs, 6st. 7lb. 2 2 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Icke's b. f. Hebe, by Swap, out of Julia, 4 yrs, 7st. 11lb.; Mr. Farlow's b. c. Caradoc, 3 yrs, 6st. 10lb.; and Mr. Macdonald's b. f. Glance, by Spectre, out of Miss Allegro, by Waxy, 3 yrs, 6st. 7lb.

KENDAL MEETING.

TUESDAY, July 20.—SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, h. ft. with 20 added, for three and four-year-olds.—Two miles.—Four subs.

Mr. Parson's b. c. *Gilsland*, by Frolic, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb. (Shepherd) 1
 Mr. H. T. Thompson's br. c. by Blucher, 3 yrs, 7st. 2

A MAIDEN PURSE of 50l. for horses, &c. of all ages that never won the value of 50l. before the day of naming.—Two-mile heats.

Sir E. Dodsworth's ch. c. by St. Patrick, 3 yrs, 7st. (Jacques, jun.) 2 1 1
 Mr. Walker's b. c. Cock Robin, 4 yrs, 8st. 3lb. 1 3 3
 Mr. Hardy's b. m. Cottage Girl, by Gambler, 5 yrs, 8st. 7lb. 4 4 2
 Mr. Somerville's br. c. Renishaw, 4 yrs, 8st. 3lb. 3 5 4
 Mr. Parson's b. c. Gilsland, 4 yrs 8st. 3lb. 5 2 dr.

Cock Robin bolted in the last heat.

WEDNESDAY, July 21.—GOLD CUP, value 100gs. by 10 subs. of 10gs. each, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Three miles.

Mr. Nowell's b. h. by Walton, dam by Election, out of Fair Helen, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.
(R. Johnson)..... 1
Mr. Williamson's b. h. The Earl, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. 2

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Four subs.

Mr. Ferguson's b. c. *Young Patrick*, by St. Patrick, dam by Smolensko, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. (Jacques) 1 1
Mr. Williamson's b. h. The Earl, 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. 3 2
Mr. Simpson's b. h. Young Comus, aged, 8st. 13lb. 2 3

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Two-mile heats.—Five subs.

Mr. Hudson's b. m. *Prosody*, by Doctor Syntax, 5 yrs old, 11st. 6lb. (Owner).... 1 1
Mr. Williamson's br. f. Pomona, 4 yrs old, 10st. 10lb 2 dr.
Mr. Hudson purchased *Prosody* of Mr. Wilkinson, previous to running for the above race.

THURSDAY, July 22.—TOWN PURSE of 50l. for horses, &c. of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Ferguson's b. c. *Young Patrick*, by St. Patrick, dam by Smolensko, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (Jacques) 1 1
Mr. Simpson's b. m. Young Duchess, 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. 2 2
Mr. Hodgson's b. m. Agnes, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 3 3

HANDICAP STAKES of seven sovs. each, with 20 added.—Two-mile heats.—Six subs.

Mr. Hudson's b. m. *Prosody*, by Doctor Syntax, 5 yrs, 8st. 2lb. (Owner) 3 1 1
Mr. Walker's b. c. Cock Robin, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. 1 4 2
Mr. Hardy's b. m. Cottage Girl, 5 yrs old, 7st. 10lb 4 2 3
Mr. Hudson's b. c. Sober Robin, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2 3 4

IPSWICH MEETING.

TUESDAY, July 20.—The KING'S PURSE of 100gs. for four-year-olds and upwards.—Four-mile heats.

Colonel Wilson's ch. c. *Jack Junk*, by Nicolo, dam by Juniper, 4 yrs old, 10st 7lb. (W. West)..... 1 1
Mr. Pearson's b. g. Tristram, aged, 12st. 3 2
Mr. G. Edwards's b. c. Navarin, 4 yrs, 10st. 7lb. 2 dr.
Mr. Caldecott's b. c. Scymetar, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. 4 dr.

The MEMBERS' PURSE of 50 sovs. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Colonel Wilson's ch. c. by Emilius, dam by Rubens, out of Tippetwitchet, 3 yrs old, 7st. (Edwards) 1 1
Mr. Coleman's b. f. Scarlet Runner, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. 3 2
Mr. Pedgrift's ch. g. Screw Driver, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. 2 dr.
Mr. F. Caldecott's b. h. Naughty Tommy, aged, 9st. 4 dr.
Mr. Fiske's b. h. Talma, by Filhq, aged, 9st. 5 dr.
The winner the favorite. Won very easy.

WEDNESDAY, July 21.—FIFTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a quarter.

Colonel Wilson's br. c. by Comus, out of Rotterdam, by Juniper, 3 yrs, 7st. 10lb. 1 1
Lord Stradbroke's ch. g. Blinker, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. 2 2
Mr. Caldecott's b. c. Scymetar, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. 3 dr.

The STEWARDS' CUP, for hunters, 10st. each.—Heats.

Mr. Stephenson's b. g. *Brush*, by Phantom, aged 3 1 1
Mr. F. Caldecott's b. h. Naughty Tommy, aged 1 2 2
Mr. Pearson's b. h. Brother to Tristram, aged 2 3 dr.

THURSDAY, July 22.—The TOWN PURSE of 50l.—Heats, two miles and a quarter.

Lord Stradbroke's b. f. *Gallopade*, by Reveller, out of Romp, 4 yrs, 8st. 4lb. 0 1 1
Mr. Edwards's b. c. Navarin, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 0 2 2
Mr. R. Wilson's b. c. Rondo, 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. 3 3 3
Mr. Williamson's b. c. by Nicolo, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. dis.
Mr. Pedgrift's ch. g. Screwdriver, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. dis.

The first a dead heat; the second and third won easy.

CHELMSFORD MEETING.

TUESDAY, July 20.—The KING'S PURSE of 100*gs.* for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. G. Bulkeley's b. f. <i>Bustle</i> , by Whalebone, out of The Odd Trick, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. (S. Mann)	1	1
Mr. Theobald's br. m. Bobadilla, 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb.	2	2
Mr. Weeks's b. f. Dolly Spicer, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	3	3

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added by the Members for the County.—Heats, the New Mile. The owner of the second horse received back his stake.—Ten subs.

Mr. Batson's ch. c. <i>Suffolk Punch</i> , by Wrangler, 3 yrs, 7st. 5lb. (Hornsby)	1	1
Lord Clarendon's b. f. by Centaur, dam by Don Cossack, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.	0	2
Mr. Scaith's b. f. Harmony, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	2	0
Mr. Latour's b. f. Esperance, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.	4	0
Lord Ranelagh's Queen of Hearts, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	0	0
Mr. Wilson's b. c. by Tramp, dam by Shuttle, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.	0	0
Mr. R. Wilson's br. f. Jannette, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.	0	0
Mr. Thornhill's b. f. Esprit, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.	3	dr.
Mr. Harri dance's Zigzag, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	0	dr.

WEDNESDAY, July 21.—The CUP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Three miles.—Eleven subs.

Mr. Batson's ch. c. <i>Suffolk Punch</i> , by Wrangler, dam by Shuttle, 3 yrs old, 7st. 1lb. (Bradford)	1
Mr. Wilson's ch. c. Gambol, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	2

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Thornhill's b. c. by Emilius, out of Surprise, 3 yrs, 7st. 1lb.; Mr. Roberts's ch. c. Verderer, 4 yrs, 8st. 7lb.; Mr. Weeks's b. f. Dolly Spicer, 4 yrs, 8st. 4lb.; and Mr. Hunter's gr. f. Christiana, 3 yrs, 6st. 12lb.

The TOWN PURSE of 60 <i>l.</i> for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.		
Lord Ongley's ch. h. <i>Gameboy</i> , by Octavian, 5 yrs old, 9st. 1lb. (Macdonald) ...	1	1
Mr. Wilson's b. c. by Tramp, dam by Shuttle, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.....	3	2
Mr. Scaith's br. f. Harmony, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.....	2	3
Lord Ranelagh's Queen of Hearts, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.....	4	4
Captain G. Bulkeley's bl. h. Cupid, by Whisker, out of Trulla, 5 yrs old, 9st. 1lb. 5	5	5

THURSDAY, July 22.—The STEWARDS' PURSE of 50*l.* for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. R. Wilson's ch. c. <i>Gambol</i> , by Nicolo, out of Romp's dam, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (Watland)	2	1	1
Mr. Theobald's br. m. Bobadilla, 5 yrs old, 9st. 1lb.	1	2	2

SWEEPSTAKES of three sovs. each, made up 50*l.* for the beaten horses of all ages.—Heats, the New Mile.

Mr. Hunter's gr. f. <i>Christiana</i> , by Gustavus, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. (Willis)	1	1
Mr. Thornhill's b. f. Esprit, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.	3	2
Lord Clarendon's br. f. by Centaur, dam by Don Cossack, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.	2	3

STAMFORD MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, July 21.—The BURGHLEY STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only five if declared, &c. with 25 added.—Once round, starting at the New Mile Post.

Mr. Sowerby's bl. h. <i>Coroner</i> , by Magistrate, 5 yrs old, 10st. (Wakefield)	1
Mr. Flintham's b. g. Anti-Catholic, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	2
Nine subscribers paid 15 sovs. each, and four others having declared forfeit by the time prescribed paid only five sovs. each.	

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Once round and a distance.—Five subs.

Lord Exeter's ch. c. <i>Red Rover</i> , by Middleton, out of Patron's dam (Connolly)	1
Sir G. Heathcote's b. f. Cantatrice, by Comus	2
Mr. Platel's br. c. Bill, by Panther to Little Nolly	3

The DONATION CUP, value 50 sovs. by subscriptions of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses of all ages, not thorough-bred.—Gentleman riders.—Heats, once round and a distance.—The surplus in specie to the second horse.—Eleven subs.

Mr. Standwell's ch. m. <i>Doubtful</i> , by Bilsthorpe, aged, 12st. 2lb.	1	1
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Mr. Horner's b. h. by Bradbury, aged, 12st. 9lb.....	3	2
Mr. Gosalp's gr. g. Henry, by Equator, 5 yrs old, 11st. 11lb.....	2	3

FIFTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round.

Lord Exeter's b. f. <i>Ipsala</i> , by Sultan, out of Ada, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. (Stilton),	2	1	1
Lord Tavistock's b. c. Envoy, by Comus, out of Aline, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.....	1	2	2

THURSDAY, July 22.—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—T.Y.C.—Five subs.

Lord Exeter's b. f. by Sultan, dam by Woful, out of Zealot's dam (Connolly)	1
Mr. Platel's br. c. Peter, Brother to Nolens Volens.....	2

The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs., by ten subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Thrice round.

Mr. Sowerby's bl. h. <i>Coroner</i> , by Magistrate, 5 yrs old, 6st. 13lb. (Wakefield),	0	1
Lord Exeter's br. f. Varna, 4 yrs old, 8st.....	0	dr.

The following also started but were not placed:—Sir G. Heathcote's b. f. Lyric, 4 yrs, 7st. 11lb.; Mr. Flinham's b. g. Anti-Catholic, 4 yrs, 7st. 11lb.; and Dr. Willis's br. m. by Cannon Ball, aged, 9st. 4lb.

The TOWN PURSE of 70l. for three-year-olds.—Heats, once round.

Mr. Rogers's ch. c. <i>Firman</i> , by Sultan, dam by Haphazard, 8st. 7lb. (Wheatley)	1	2	1
Sir G. Heathcote's b. f. Cantatrice, by Comus, out of Jane Shore, 8st. 4lb. (post entrance)	3	1	2
Lord Exeter's ch. c. Red Rover, by Middleton, out of Patron's dam, 8st. 10lb.	2	dr.	

FRIDAY, July 23.—FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Marquis of Exeter, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, twice round.

Lord Exeter's b. f. <i>Ipsala</i> , by Sultan, out of Ada, by Woful, 3 yrs, 6st. 9lb....	1	1
Mr. W. Charlton's ch. m. Camellia, 6 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.....	3	2
Mr. Flinham's b. g. Anti-Catholic, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.....	2	dr.

ROCHDALE MEETING.

THURSDAY, July 22.—The ROCHDALE STAKES (Handicap) of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft. and five only if declared, &c. with 100 added, for horses of all ages.—Two miles and a distance.—Eight subs.

Mr. R. Turner's b. h. <i>Clinton</i> , by Blacklock, out of Sister to Sophy, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (Garbutt)	1
Mr. Jackson's b. c. Hazard, by Waverley, 4 yrs, 7st. 9lb. (received back his stake)...	2

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Johnson's ch. h. Jupiter, 6 yrs, 8st. 10lb.; Mr. Thompson's br. g. Orthodox, aged, 8st. 7lb.; Mr. A. Bower's b. m. Lady Vane, 5 yrs, 8st. 2lb.; Mr. Heatline's b. c. Flambeau, 4 yrs, 7st. 10lb.; and Mr. Whitehead's br. c. St. Nicholas, 4 yrs, 7st. 5lb.—An excellent race, and won by only half a neck.

A PIECE OF PLATE, given by James Dearden, Esq. for horses, &c. not thoroughbred, the property of subscribers to the Rochdale, Holcome, Bury, Oldham, and Halifax Hunts, and that have been regularly hunted the preceding season.—Gentlemen riders.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Harwar's b. g. <i>Wellington</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. (Mr. Griffiths)	1	1
Mr. Roston's b. g. President, aged, 12st.....	2	2
Mr. Wardell's ch. g. Bobby, 6 yrs old, 12st.....	3	3

FIFTY POUNDS, for horses, &c. that never won before the day of naming.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Sir T. Stanley's b. c. by Antonio, out of Infant Lyra, 3 yrs, 7st. (Yarley)...	0	1	1
Mr. Tarlton's b. c. Barnacles, 3 yrs old, 7st.....	1	2	2
Mr. W. Turner's b. f. The Nab, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.	2	3	dr.
Mr. Thompson's bl. c. by Fitz-Langton, 3 yrs old, 7st.	0	0	dr.
Mr. S. L. Fox's ch. c. by Jack Spigot, dam by Blacklock, 3 yrs old, 7st. ...	0	0	dr.
Mr. G. O. Smith's br. f. Miss Andrews, by Catton, out of Joseph's dam, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb.	3	dr.	
Mr. Weatherill's b. c. by Welbeck, 3 yrs old, 7st.	0	dr.	
Mr. Hoyle's b. f. Blackberry, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.....	0	dr.	
Mr. Tate's b. g. Chance, 6 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.....	0	dr.	

FRIDAY, July 23.—The **TOWN PURSE** of 50*l.* for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Thompson's b. f. by Master Henry, out of Armida, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. (Skelton).....	1	0	1
Mr. Hopkinson's b. g. The Captain, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb. (received 10 sovs.).....	0	1	2
Mr. S. L. Fox's ch. c. by Jack Spigot, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.....	0	2	0
Mr. Barge's b. c. Kangaroo, by Whisker, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.....	2	0	0
Mr. Whitehead's br. c. St. Nicholas, by Sherwood, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.....	0	0	dr.
Mr. Gill's b. c. by Peter Lely, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.....	0	0	dr.
Mr. G. O. Smith's br. f. Miss Andrews, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb.....	3		dr.

The **SILVER TEA POT**, value 25*l.*, added to a Sweepstakes of seven sovs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Gentlemen riders.—Heats, two miles and a distance.—Seven subs.

Mr. R. Holt's br. f. <i>Victorine</i> , by Muley, 4 yrs old, 10st. 10lb. (Mr. Griffiths)....	1	1
Mr. Harwar's b. g. Wellington, 5 yrs old, 11st. 12lb.....	0	2
Mr. Hand's b. g. by Grand Duke, 5 yrs old, 11st. 8lb.....	2	0
Mr. Howell's b. g. Marshall, 6 yrs old, 12st.....	0	0

EDINBURGH MEETING.

TUESDAY, July 27.—The **ST. LEGER STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, *p. p.* for Scotch bred three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—Once round and a distance.

Lord Elcho's gr. c. by Champignon, out of an Arabian mare (T. Nicholson).....	1
Mr. G. Dawson's bl. c. by Fitz-Orville— <i>Marphisa</i>	2
Sir J. Boswell's b. c. by Monreith— <i>Bird of Paradise</i>	3
Two to 1 on the winner. Won easy.	

The **GOLD CUP**, value 100*gs.*, by 10 subscribers of 10 sovs. each, *p. p.* for all ages.—Twice round and a distance.

Mr. Bogue's b. g. <i>Kilnocky</i> , by Columbus—Catton, out of Blacklock's dam, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. (Jacques).....	1
Mr. Ramsay's b. c. Round Robin, 4 yrs old, 8st.....	2
Sir R. Dick's b. g. Charley, by Percy, 6 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.....	3
Five to 4 on Charley. Won easy.	

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Duke of Buccleuch, for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Robbs's ch. h. <i>Conjuror</i> , by The Juggler, aged, 12st. (Mr. Young).....	1	1
Mr. Ferme's b. g. Moonlight, by Viscount, aged, 12st.....	3	2
Mr. Weir's b. m. by X Y Z, aged.....	2	3
Mr. Allan's b. m. Fair Maid, aged, 12st.....	0	0
Mr. Somerville's b. g. by Champignon, 4 yrs old.....	0	0
Mr. Usher's br. g. Mountaineer, 4 yrs old.....	0	0
Mr. Hume's b. m. by Champignon (fell).....		dis.
Won easy.		

WEDNESDAY, July 28.—**PRODUCE STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, *h. ft.* for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—Half-a-mile.—Four subs.

Lord Belhaven's ch. f. <i>Cranberry</i> , by Monreith, out of Susanne (T. Nicholson)....	1
Mr. Baillie's b. f. by Stainborough— <i>Salamanca</i>	2
Even betting. Won easy.	

The **KING'S PURSE** of 100*gs.* for horses of all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr. Ramsay's b. c. Round Robin, by Borodino, dam by Cerberus, 4 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. (Nicholson).....	1	1
Sir R. Dick's b. g. Charley, 6 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.....	3	2
Sir J. Boswell's b. g. Gallopade, 6 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.....	2	3
Five to 4 on Charley. Won by a head.		

The **CITY PURSE** of 50 sovs. for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Gilmour's bl. f. <i>Sister to Jerry</i> , by Smolensko—Louisa, 4 yrs, 7st. 11lb. (Nicholson).....	0	1	1
Sir J. Boswell's b. f. Meretrix, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.....	1	3	2
Mr. Bogue's b. g. Kilnocky, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.....	3	2	3
Major Rickaby's br. f. The Broom Girl, by Columbus, dam by Walton, out of Helen, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.....	0	4	4
Mr. Edwards's b. f. by Candidate, 3 yrs old, 6st. 5lb.....	2		dr.
Five to 4 on Kilnocky. A good race.			

THURSDAY, July 29.—SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—Half a mile.—Three subs.

Lord Elcho's b. f. by Warkworth, out of an Arabian mare (T. Nicholson) 1
Mr. Baillie's br. f. Salmonia, by Cleveland—Smolt 2
Mr. Charles's b. f. by Richard, out of Varnish 3

Even betting between the first two. Won by half a length.

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Duke of Buccleuch, for horses of all ages.—Gentlemen riders.—Two miles.

Lord Elcho's br. h. *Brunswick*, by Comus, out of Byram's dam, 6 yrs old, 12st. 4lb. (Owner) 1
Mr. Dick's gr. h. Siam (late Dicky Walkington), 5 yrs old, 12st. 2
Mr. Baillie's ch. h. Taurus, by Ardrossan, 5 yrs old, 12st. 3

A good race.

The **CITY PURSE** of 50 sovs. for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Hay's b. g. *The Major*, by Busler, dam by Shuttle, aged, 8st. 5lb. (Jacques) 3 1 1
Sir J. Boswell's br. m. Leda, 6 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. 1 2 2
Mr. Baillie's b. c. by Champignon, 4 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. 2 dr.

The Major the favorite. Won easy.

CHELTENHAM MEETING.

TUESDAY, July 27.—SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, h. ft. with 20 added, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—The last half mile.—T.Y.C.—Five subs.

Mr. I. Sadler's br. f. by Reveller, dam by Selim, out of Euryone, by Witchcraft, (Chapple) 1
Mr. Rawlinson's b. c. Brother to Retriever, by Spectre 2
Mr. R. Griffiths's b. c. by Spectre, out of Fanny Leigh 3

Seven to 4 on the field. A good race.

PRODUCE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—One mile and a quarter.—Eight subs.

Mr. Griffiths's b. c. *Thorn Grove*, by Smolensko, out of Fanny Leigh, by Castrel, 8st. 7lb. (Calloway) 1
Mr. Sadler's ch. f. Design, by Tramp—Defiance, 8st. 3lb. 2
Mr. Rawlinson's b. c. Retriever, by Spectre, 8st. 4lb. 3

A most excellent race, and won only by half a neck.

The **GLOUCESTERSHIRE STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and five only if declared, &c. for horses of all ages.—Two miles.

Mr. Ormsby Gore's b. h. *Hesperus*, by Hollyhock, out of Rally, aged, 8st. 7lb. (S. Darling) 1
Mr. Richards's b. c. Allerdale, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. 2
Mr. Davis's ch. h. Villager, 5 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Griffiths's b. h. Musquito, 5 yrs, 8st. 8lb.; Mr. J. Day's b. c. Fantoccino, 4 yrs, 7st. 12lb.; Mr. J. Day's br. g. Little Boy-Blue, 5 yrs, 8st.; Mr. Sadler's ch. f. Device, by Tramp, 4 yrs, 8st.; Mr. Tomes's b. c. Foxcote, 4 yrs, 7st. 12lb.; and Mr. Dickinson's br. g. Niger, 4 yrs, 7st.—Fifteen subscribers paid 15 sovs. ft. and 33 others having declared by the time prescribed paid only five sovs. each. Five to 2 agst Villager, and 3 to 1 agst Allerdale. Won by half a length.

The **SALFERTON STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added.—Two miles.—Four subs.

Mr. J. H. Peel's ch. c. *William Tell*, by Swiss, out of Britannia, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. (a Boy) 1
Mr. Richards's b. c. Allerdale, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 2

THURSDAY, July 29.—The SHERBORNE STAKES of five sovs. each, with 30 added, for all ages.—About a mile.—Fifteen subs.

Mr. Davis's ch. h. *Villager*, by Bustard, out of Lady Byron, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. (Connolly) 1

Mr. Tomes's br. c. The Burgess, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Molony's ch. g. Goshawk, by Merlin, aged, 9st. 7lb.; Mr. I. Day's bl. m. Busk, by Whalebone, 6 yrs, 9st. 3lb.; Mr. Day's b. g. Brilliant, by Harkaway, 6 yrs, 8st. 4lb.; Mr. Sadler's ch. f. Device, by Tramp, 4 yrs, 8st. 6lb.; Mr. J. H. Peel's b. f. Beatrice, 4 yrs, 7st. 11lb.; and Mr. Ormsby Gore's b. c. Jasper, 3 yrs old, 6st. 13lb.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 30 added.—Two miles.—Eleven subs.

Mr. F. Craven's br. h. <i>Balcine</i> , by Whalebone—Vale Royal, by Sorcerer, 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (Connolly).....	1
Mr. Day's br. g. Little Boy Blue, 5 yrs old, 9st. 2lb.	2
Mr. Sadler's ch. f. Camilla, by Tramp, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.	0
Mr. Tomes's b. c. Foxcote, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	0
Mr. Dundas's ch. c. Honest Robin, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	0

The GOLD CUP, in specie, by nine subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for all ages.—Three miles.

Mr. I. Sadler's br. g. <i>Jocko</i> , by Filho, dam by Clinker, out of Bronze, aged, 9st. 1lb. (Chapple)	1
Mr. Day's b. c. Fantoccino, by Phantom, 4 yrs old, 8st.	2
Mr. R. Griffith's b. h. Musquito, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	3
Mr. Griffith's b. c. Barabbas, 4 yrs old, 8st. also started, but did not run the course through.	

BIBURY MEETING.—CHELTENHAM COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, July 28.—The BIBURY STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. with 30 added, for horses of all ages.—Two miles.—Six subs.

Mr. Molony's ch. g. <i>Goshawk</i> , by Merlin, out of Coquette, by Dick Andrews, aged, 9st. (C. Day)	1
Mr. Ormsby Gore's ch. f. Tib, by Langar, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.	2
Four subscribers having declared ft. by the time prescribed paid only five sovs. each.	

HANDICAP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added.—The last three quarters of the New mile.—Five subs.

Mr. T. M. Goodlake's b. h. <i>Dandelion</i> , by Merlin, dam by Waxy, 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. (Connolly)	1
Mr. Ormsby Gore's b. c. Jasper, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.	2
Mr. Rawlinson's br. f. Mrs. Brown, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.	3
Mr. Hervey's b. f. Rubna, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.	4

PRODUCE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—Last mile.—Nine subs.

Mr. Molony's ch. f. <i>Carmine</i> , by Rubens, out of Scarpa, by Crispin, 8st. (C. Day) ...	1
Mr. Dundas's ch. f. by Moses—Euphrasia, 7st. 12lb.	2
Mr. West's ch. f. by Claude Lorraine, out of Angelica, 7st. 12lb.	3

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.—New mile.—Five subs.

Mr. Molony's ch. f. <i>Carmine</i> , by Rubens	walked over.
Mr. Rawlinson's b. c. Rattler, by Spectre, out of Reality's dam ...	withdrew his stake.

The BURFORD STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added.—Heats, the last mile.—Six subs.

Mr. Molony's ch. g. <i>Goshawk</i> , by Merlin, out of Coquette, aged, 9st. 7lb. (C. Day)	4	1	1
Mr. Ormsby Gore's br. g. Bundler, 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.	1	2	2
Mr. T. M. Goodlake's ch. f. Figarina, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.	2	dr.	
Mr. Rawlinson's b. f. Pet, 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.	3	dr.	

KNUTSFORD MEETING.

TUESDAY, July 27.—PRODUCE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—Two miles.—Six subs.—The second received back his stake.

Sir T. Stanley's b. c. <i>Laurie Todd</i> , by Whisker, out of Maid of Lorn, 8st. 5lb. (S. Templeman)	1
Sir W. Wynne's b. c. Convoy, by Ivanhoe, 8st. 5lb.	1

PIECE OF PLATE, value 100 sovs. by subscription of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added.—Three miles.—Thirteen subs.—The second received 20 sovs. out of the stake.

Mr. Clifton's br. c. <i>Guido</i> , by Peter Lely, out of Miss Syntax, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. (G. Nelson)	1
Mr. R. Turner's b. c. Navarino, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb.	1
Mr. Mytton's b. h. Halston, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	1
Lord Wilton's b. h. Pelion, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	1

MAIDEN PURSE of 50l. for three-year-olds and upwards.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Yates's gr. f. <i>Cicely</i> , by Paulowitz, dam by Paynator, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb.		
(Spring)	1	1
Mr. Palin's b. c. <i>Rolla</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb.	0	2
Mr. W. Turner's b. f. <i>The Nabb</i> 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	2	3
Mr. Bloor's b. f. <i>Frail</i> , by <i>Filho</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	0	dr.

WEDNESDAY, July 28.—The **PROVER STAKES** of 10 sovs. each :—three-year-olds, 7st. ; four, 8st. 2lb. ; five, 8st. 9lb. ; six and aged, 9st.—Once round and a distance.—Eleven subs.

Lord Derby's b. c. <i>Felt</i> , by <i>Langar</i> , out of <i>Steam</i> , 4 yrs old (R. Johnson)	1	
Sir T. Stanley's br. h. <i>Doctor Faustus</i> , aged	2	
Sir W. Wynne's b. c. <i>Convey</i> , by <i>Ivanhoe</i> , 3 yrs old	0	
Mr. Clifton's b. f. <i>Butterfly</i> , by <i>Whisker</i> , 4 yrs old	0	

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 40 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, one mile and a half.—The second received 15 sovs.

Sir W. Wynne's ch. c. <i>Sir Walter</i> , by <i>Ambo</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (J. Spring) 2	1	1
Mr. Holt's b. c. <i>Pluralist</i> , by <i>Ambo</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	1	2
Mr. W. Turner's b. f. <i>The Nabb</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.	0	3
Mr. Hoyle's jr. f. <i>Blackberry</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st.	0	dr.

The **SILVER CUP**, value 50l.—Two-mile heats.—The second received 10 sovs.—Five subs.

Mr. Griffith's ch. g. <i>The Monk</i> , aged, 12st.	1	1
Mr. Lythgoe's ch. g. <i>The Major</i> , 6 yrs old, 12st.	2	2
Mr. Williams's br. m. <i>Nettle</i> , 6 yrs old, 12st.	0	dr.
Mr. Massey's <i>Waterloo</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 4lb.	0	dr.

THURSDAY, July 29.—The **DUNHAM MASSEY STAKES** of 25 sovs. each :—three-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb. ; fillies, 8st.—3lb. allowed, &c.—Two miles.—Five subs.

Sir T. Stanley's b. c. <i>Laurie Todd</i> , by <i>Whisker</i> , out of <i>Maid of Lorn</i> ... walked over.		
SIXTY POUNDS, for all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.		
Mr. R. Turner's b. c. <i>Navarino</i> , by <i>Blacklock</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (S. Templeman)	1	3
Lord Derby's ch. c. <i>Mirabel</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (broke down)	0	1
Sir W. Wynne's b. m. <i>Effie</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	0	dr.
Mr. Clifton's b. f. <i>Butterfly</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.	2	dr.

BRIGHTON MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, July 28.—The **BRIGHTON STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only five if declared, &c. with 100 added.—Two miles.—Twenty-six subs.

Mr. Forth's ch. c. <i>Aaron</i> , by <i>Moses</i> , dam by <i>Election</i> , 4 yrs, 8st. 11lb. (F. Buckle), 1	
Lord Mountcharles's b. h. <i>Rasselas</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	2

The following also started but were not placed :—Lord Worcester's b. h. *Coulon*, 5 yrs, 9st. 11lb. ; Duke of Richmond's ch. c. *Confederacy*, 3 yrs, 6st. 4lb. ; Mr. Gully's br. c. *Tranby*, 4 yrs, 8st. 7lb. ; Mr. Gardner's *Conjuror*, 6 yrs, 8st. 5lb. ; Mr. Clark's *Scipio*, 5 yrs, 8st. 3lb. ; and Lord Egremont's b. c. *Brother to Grampus*, 3 yrs, 6st. 8lb. Eleven subscribers paid 15 sovs. ft. and 10 others having declared by the time prescribed, paid only five sovs. each.—Four to 1 agst *Rasselas*, and 5 to 1 agst *Aaron*.

The **VICTUALLERS' PURSE** of 50 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each.—Heats, the New Course.—Four subs.—The second received back his stake.

Mr. Rush's b. f. by <i>Partisan</i> , out of <i>Chintz</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. (Wakefield)	1	1
Mr. Shackel's b. c. <i>Watchman</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.	3	2
Mr. Hammond's ch. c. <i>Waltram</i> , by <i>Morisco</i> , out of <i>Waltz</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. 2		dr.

the **SUSSEX PURSE** of 50l. for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, the New Course.

W. Day's b. h. <i>Masaniello</i> , by <i>Phantom</i> , out of <i>Oceana</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. (S. Mann)	1	1
Rush's b. h. <i>Jenkins</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. 11lb.	2	2

r. Gardner's br. m. *Emmelina*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. recd. ft. from Mr. Fairlie's br. h. ndsfoot, aged, 8st. One mile, 100 sovs.

THURSDAY, July 29.—The **TOWN PURSE** of 50l. added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each.—Two-mile heats.

Gardner's b. h. <i>Conjuror</i> , by <i>Tircias</i> , out of <i>Oriana</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 4lb. (F. Boyce)	0	1	1
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OL. II.—SECOND SERIES.—No. 7.

B

Mr. S. Stonehewer's b. c. Almaviva, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.	1	2	2
Lord Mountcharles's b. c. Brother to Gayhurst, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.	0	0	3
Mr. Pearce's b. f. by Eryx, out of Coral, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.	2	0	dr
Duke of Richmond's b. g. Juvenis, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.	0	0	dr
Mr. Rush's b. f. by Partisan, out of Chintz, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.	0	0	dr
Mr. W. Day's b. f. Caradori, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	0	0	dr.

HIS MAJESTY'S GOLD CUP, value 100gs. added to a Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. for horses of all ages.—Two miles.—Thirteen subs.

Mr. Grant's b. f. <i>Lady Emily</i> , by Emilius, out of Antiope, 4 yrs old, 8st. (W. Arnall)	1
Duke of Richmond's b. c. Hindoo, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.	2

The following also started but were not placed:—Lord Jersey's b. g. Glenartney, 6 yrs, 9st.; Mr. Theobald's gr. c. The Exquisite, 4 yrs, 8st. 3lb.; Mr. Pearce's ch. g. Guildford, 4 yrs, 8st.; Lord Mountcharles's br. h. Rasselas, 5 yrs, 8st. 12lb.; Mr. Lumley's b. c. Erymus, 3 yrs, 6st. 12lb.; and Mr. Rush's b. c. by Tiresias—Rhoda, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.—Six to 4 agst Glenartney, 3 to 1 agst Hindoo, 6 to 1 agst Lady Emily, and 8 to 1 agst Rasselas.

MATCH for 100 sovs. h. ft.—One mile.

Mr. Ricardo's b. h. <i>Launcestrian</i> , by Merlin, 5 yrs old, 9st. (G. Dockeray)	1
Mr. Gardnor's ch. c. King William, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.	2

MATCH for 200 sovs. h. ft.—Pavilion mile.

Mr. Gardnor's br. m. <i>Emmelina</i> , by Blacklock, out of Agatha, 5 yrs old, 9st. (Boyce)	1
Mr. Baynes's ch. f. Credulity, 3 yrs old, 8st.	2

FRIDAY, July 30.—THE LADIES' PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats' the New Course.

Mr. Coleman's b. f. <i>Scarlet Runner</i> (late Timandra), by Wrangler, 3 yrs old, 7st. 1lb. (Wakefield)	2	1	1
Mr. W. Day's br. f. Caradori, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	1	2	3
Mr. Pearce's br. f. Crane, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.	3	3	4
Mr. Rush's b. c. by Phantom, dam by Pioneer, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.	5	5	2
Mr. Oliver's b. c. by Centaur, out of Doctor Busby's dam, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.	4	4	dr.

THE VICTUALLERS' PURSE of 50l. added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each.—Heats, the New Course.—Four subs.—The second horse received back his stake.

Mr. Gully's b. c. <i>Donzelli</i> , by Orville or Bustard, 3 yrs old, 7st. 1lb. (Wheatley)	1	1
Mr. Rush's b. f. by Whalebone, out of Discord, 3 yrs old, 7st. 1lb.	3	2
Mr. Pearce's ch. m. My Lady, aged, 9st. (broke down)	2	dis.

Six to 4 on Donzelli, and 2 to 1 agst Mr. Rush's filly.

HANDICAP PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. G. Dockeray's b. h. <i>Launcestrian</i> , by Merlin, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (G. Dockeray)	1	2	1
Mr. Coleman's b. f. <i>Scarlet Runner</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st.	2	1	2
Mr. Clark's b. h. Hal, aged, 8st. 7lb.	4	3	dr.
Mr. Sivewright's b. h. The Palfrey, aged, 8st. 9lb.	3	dr.	

Mr. Ricardo's b. g. Sceptre, by Spectre, 8st. 12lb. recd. ft. from Mr. Fairlie's br. h. Houndsfoot, aged, 8st. 6lb. Two miles, 50 sovs.

WORKINGTON MEETING.

THURSDAY, July 29.—FIFTY POUNDS, added to a Sweepstakes of one sov. each, with five added, for three and four-year-olds, not thorough-bred.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Moore's b. f. <i>Pomona</i> , by Thesis, dam by Abraham Newland, 4 yrs, 7st. 9".	
Mr. Sibson's b. f. Serina, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	
Mr. Ramsbottom's br. c. Silverheels, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb.	

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 50 added, for horses, &c. of all ages.—twice round.—Six subs.—The owner of the second horse received 15 sov

Mr. Hodgson's ch. c. <i>George the Fourth</i> , by Abjer, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. (Doddson)	5
Mr. Sewell's b. c. by Frolic, 4 yrs old, 8st.	1
Mr. Simpson's b. m. Young Duchess, 6 yrs old, 8st. 1lb.	2
Mr. H. T. Thompson's b. m. by Teddy the Grinder, aged, 8st. 11lb.	4
Mr. Williamson's b. c. Push Forward, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb.	3

Young Duchess the favorite. Won easy. This stake is disputed on two grounds, one that George the Fourth is 4 yrs old, and the other that Mr. Hodgson and Mr. Williamson are joint confederates.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Heats, twice round.—Five subs.

Mr. Hodgson's b. m. *Agnes*, by Thesis, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. walked over.

FRIDAY, July 30.—**FIFTY POUNDS**, added to a Sweepstakes of one sov. each, with five added, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Heats, thrice round.

Mr. Cragg's b. m. <i>Emily Ann</i> , by Macduff, 5 yrs old, 10st. 7lb.	1	1
Mr. Wilkinson's b. f. by Don Juan, 4 yrs old, 9st. 7lb.	3	2
Mr. Moore's b. f. Pomona, 4 yrs old, 9st. 7lb.	2	dr.
Mr. W. Bell's b. g. Little John, 5 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. (rider thrown)	dis.	
Mr. Telson's ch. g. Jack Spigot, aged, 11st. 4lb. (rider thrown)	dis.	

FIFTY POUNDS, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, thrice round.—The owner of the second horse recd. 10 sovs.

Mr. Hodgson's b. m. <i>Agnes</i> , by Thesis, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (Dodgson).....	1	1
Mr. Hudson's b. m. Prosody, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.	3	2
Mr. Lamb's ch. m. Lady Mary, aged, 8st. 9lb.	2	3
Mr. Walker's b. g. Cock Robin, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.	5	fell
Mr. Williamson's b. c. Push Forward, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	4	dr.

BISHOP'S CASTLE MEETING.

THURSDAY, July 29.—The BOROUGH MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for maiden horses, &c.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Griffiths's gr. m. <i>Miracle</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	1	1
Mr. Thornes's b. m. Master Henry, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb.	4	2
Mr. Cooper's ch. c. by Bobadil, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.	3	3
Mr. Stubbs's ch. f. by Treasurer, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.	2	dis.

The **WOODCOTE STAKES** of three sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Heats, about a mile and three quarters.—Nine subs.

Mr. B. Hickman's b. g. <i>Jerry</i> , 6 yrs old, 10st. 8lb.	1	1
Mr. Patrick's b. m. Cholstrey Lass, aged, 10st. 3lb.	7	2
Mr. Griffiths's gr. m. <i>Miracle</i> , 6 yrs old, 10st. 3lb.	0	0
Mr. Hewitt's b. g. Associate, 6 yrs old, 10st. 13lb.	0	0
Mr. Davies's The Bishop, 5 yrs old, 9st. 9lb.	0	0
Mr. Thornes's b. g. Churchwarden, aged, 10st. 3lb.	0	0

FRIDAY, July, 30.—The **CASTLE STAKES** of five sovs. each, with 25 added by Viscount Clive.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Thornes's b. c. <i>Worcester</i> , by Don Juan, 4 yrs old, 8st.	1	1
Mr. Peel's b. f. Flora, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.	2	2
Mr. Stubbs's ch. f. by Treasurer, 4 yrs old, 7st. 6lb.	3	dr.

The **TALLY-HO STAKES** of five sovs. each, with a Cup, value 30 sovs.—Heats, one mile and a half.—Four subs.

Mr. Stubbs's b. m. by Hylas, 6 yrs old, 10st. 12lb.	1	1
Captain Oakley's ch. m. Bridesmaid (late Lady Frances), 6 yrs old, 10st. 2lb.	2	2

FORCED HANDICAP STAKES, with 20 added.—Heats.

Mr. Thornes's b. c. <i>Worcester</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	2	1	1
Mr. Davies's The Bishop, 5 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.	1	2	2
Mr. Stubbs's ch. f. by Treasurer, 4 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.	4	3	dr.
Mr. Wadlow's Little Harry, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.	3	dr.	

LEWES MEETING.

SUNDAY, August 2.—HIS MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs. :—four-year-olds 10st. 7lb.; five, 11st. 7lb.; six, 11st. 12lb.; and aged, 12st.—Four-mile heats.

R. Wilson's ch. c. <i>Gambol</i> , by Nicolo, dam by Remembrancer, 4 yrs old ...	1	1
Clark's b. h. Hal, by Warrior, aged ...	3	2
Rush's b. c. by Tiresias, out of Rhoda, 4 yrs old ...	2	3
Ricardo's br. g. Second, by Spectre, aged ...	4	dr.

to 4 on Mr. Rush's colt, and 6 to 4 agst Gambol; after the first heat, 6 to 4 on Gambol.

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—One mile.—Five subs.

Mr. Clark's ch. f. <i>Tajloni</i> , by Whisker, out of Sister to Coronation	1
Mr. Gully's b. c. Donzelli, by Bustard or Orville	2
Duke of Richmond's ch. c. Confederacy, by Godolphin	3
Two to 1 on Donzelli.	

The **COUNTY PURSE** of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Rush's b. f. by Partisan, out of Chintz, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.	4	4	1	1
Mr. Gardnor's b. h. Conjurer, 6 yrs old, 9st. 3lb.	5	1	2	2
Duke of Richmond's b. c. Almaviva, by Figaro, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.	1	2	3	dr.
Mr. Clark's ch. m. Amelia, aged, 9st.	2	3		dr.
Mr. Kemp's gr. c. Mazouka, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	3	5		d.c.

TUESDAY, August 3.—The **LADIES' PURSE** of 60l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, one mile.

Lord Jersey's b. g. <i>Glenartney</i> , by Phantom, out of Web, by Waxy, 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb.	1	1
Mr. Gully's b. c. Donzelli, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.	0	2
Mr. Theobald's gr. c. The Exquisite, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	2	3
Mr. Gardnor's br. m. Kummelina, 5 yrs old, 9st.	0	0
Mr. Rush's b. c. by Phantom, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.	0	0
Mr. Young's ch. c. Acis, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.	0	0

The **MEMBERS' PURSE** of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a half.

Mr. Ricardo's br. g. <i>Second</i> , by Spectre, aged, 9st.	2	1	1
Mr. Wickham's b. f. by Waterloo, dam by Waxy, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.	1	3	3
Mr. Rush's b. f. by Whalebone, out of Discord, 3 yrs old, 7s. 4lb.	4	2	2
Mr. Coleman's b. f. Scarlet Runner, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.	3		dr.

WEDNESDAY, August 4.—The **TOWN PURSE** of 70l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, the New Course.—The second horse to receive 10l.

Mr. Shackel's b. c. <i>Watchman</i> , by Comus, out of Poozy, 4 yrs, 8st. 4lb.	2	1	1
Mr. Vansittart's b. h. Linkboy, aged, 9st. 3lb.	4	4	2
Mr. Coleman's b. f. Scarlet Runner, 3 yrs old, 7st. 1lb.	3	3	3
Mr. Young's ch. c. Acis, 3 yrs old, 7st. 1lb.	1	2	dr.

FIFTY POUNDS, for the losing horses of each day.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Rush's b. c. by Phantom, dam by Pioneer, out of Discord, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.	3	1	1
Mr. Gardnor's br. h. Conjurer, 6 yrs old, 9st. 5lb.	1	2	3
Duke of Richmond's b. c. Almaviva, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.	2		dr.

YORK AUGUST MEETING.

TUESDAY, August 3.—**PRODUCE STAKES** of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for the produce of mares covered in 1826:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—3lb. allowed, &c.—Four miles.—Eight subs.

Duke of Leeds's ch. c. <i>Rossignol</i> , by St. Patrick, out of Rhodacantha (S. Templeman)	1
Lord Milton's b. f. Marcella, by Whisker	2
Seven to 4 on Rossignol. Won in a canter. Run in 8 min. 5½ sec.	

The **GREAT YORKSHIRE STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—St. Leger Course.—One mile and three-quarters.—Six subs.

Mr. R. Shepherd's b. c. <i>The Cardinal</i> , by Waxy Popc, dam by Swordsman (T. Nicholson)	
Lord Scarbrough's b. c. Carolan, by Catton	
Mr. Bailey's br. c. Utrecht, by Figaro, out of Alfana	
Lord Sligo's br. c. Brine, by Waxy Popc	
Even betting on The Cardinal, 5 to 2 agst Carolan, and 6 to 1 Brine. Won in a canter. Run in 3 min. 12 sec.	

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Last mile and a half.—Four subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's br. f. <i>Christiana</i> , Sister to Fanny Davies, by Filho da Puta (S. Darling)	
Lord Scarbrough's br. c. by Waverley, dam by Catton, out of Hannah, by Sorcerer.	

Even betting. A most excellent race, and won by only half a head.

A GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs., given by the Hon. E. R. Petre, Lord Mayor, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Two miles.—Five subs. Major Yarbrough's br. h. *Laurel*, by Blacklock, out of Wagtail, 6 yrs old, 9st. (T. Nicholson)..... 1

Lord Queensberry's b. f. *Maria*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. 2
Mr. Ridsdale's ch. c. *Bryen*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3
Lord Milton's b. h. *Medoro*, 6 yrs old, 9st. 4
Two to 1 agst *Medoro*, 5 to 2 agst *Laurel*, and 3 to 1 agst *Bryen*. A good race, and won by half a length. Run in 3 min. 34 sec.

ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS, given by His Majesty, free for any horse, &c.:—four-year-olds, 10st. 7lb.; five, 11st. 7lb.; six, 11st. 12lb.; and aged, 12st.—Four miles.

Mr. Walker's br. c. *Mendicant*, by Tramp, out of Miss Cantley, by Stamford, 4 yrs old (W. Scott)..... 1
Mr. Rounthwaite's br. c. *Agitator*, 4 yrs old 2
Seven to 4 on *Mendicant*. A good race, won by a head. Run in 8 min. 24 sec.

WEDNESDAY, August 4.—HANDICAP STAKES of 15 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Fund, for horses, &c. of all ages.—One mile.

Lord Queensberry's b. f. *Maria*, Sister to Emma, by Whisker, 3 yrs, 7st. 2lb. (T. Lye), 1
Duke of Leeds's ch. m. *Jenny Mills*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Wilson's ch. c. *Liberal*, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb.; Mr. F. Richardson's b. f. *Landrall*, 3 yrs, 6st. 6lb.; Mr. Walker's ch. c. *Splendour*, 3 yrs, 7st. 4lb.; Mr. Watt's b. c. *Apantador*, 3 yrs, 7st. 2lb.; and Mr. T. O. Powlett's ch. f. by Sam, 3 yrs old, 6st. 8lb.—Five to 4 agst *Maria*, 4 to 1 agst *Liberal*, and 6 to 1 agst *Splendour*. Won easy, by a length. Run in 2 min. 46 sec.

TWO-YEAR-OLD STAKES of 20 sovs. each:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—T.Y.C. Twenty-one subs.

Lord Scarbrough's bl. c. *Clarence*, by Comus, out of Byram's dam, by Golumpus (G. Nelson)..... 1
Mr. Blakelock's b. f. by Osmond, dam by Catton 2
Duke of Leeds's b. f. by Wanton—*Lady of the Vale* 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Humphries's b. c. by Swise, out of Wilful; Mr. Walker's br. c. *Consol*, by Lottery—*Cerberus*; Mr. Watt's b. c. by Champignon, dam by Walton; Lord Sligo's b. c. *The Flea*, by Waxy Pope; Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. *Giovanni*, by Filho da Puta; Mr. Kirby's br. f. by Alexander, dam by Ardrossan; Lord Milton's ch. c. *Leo*, by Comus, out of Leonella; Lord Kelburne's ch. f. by St. Patrick—*Blue Stockings*; and Mr. J. Scott's b. f. by Champignon, out of *Maniac*.—Five to 1 agst *Clarence*, 6 to 1 agst Duke of Leeds's filly, and 7 to 1 agst *The Flea*. Won cleverly by a length. Run in 1 min. 11 sec.

The PERFORINE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, 15 ft. with 40L. added by the fund, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—One mile and three quarters.—Five subs.

Lord Kelburne's b. c. by Woful, out of Emilia, by Abjer—grandam, Emily, by Stamford (T. Lye) 1
Lord Scarbrough's b. c. *Chancellor*, Brother to Tarrare, by Catton (received 20 sovs. out of the stakes) 2

Three to 1 on *Chancellor*. A good race, and won by a neck.

SWEESTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Corporation of York, for four-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Two miles.—Six subs.

Mr. Richardson's b. f. *Lady Sarah*, by Tramp, out of Miss Wentworth, by Cervantes (Connolly)..... 1
Lord Scarbrough's br. c. *Cistercian*, by Catton 2
Mr. Wilson's ch. c. *Liberal*, Brother to Reformer 3
Mr. G. O. Smith's br. c. *Agitator*, by Blacklock 4
Even betting on *Cistercian*, 7 to 2 agst *Liberal*, and 8 to 1 agst *Lady Sarah*. A good race, and won by only a neck. Run in 3 min. 46 seconds.

THE CORPORATION PURSE of 50L. for three and four-year-olds.—Heats, one mile and three quarters.

Mr. Walker's b. c. *Netherby*, by Cervantes, 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. (W. Scott), 3 1 1
Mr. Riddell's ch. c. by Dr. Syntax, dam by Eaton, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. 1 2 dr.
Lord Scarbrough's ch. f. *Melrose*, 4 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. 2 3 dr.

Six to 4 on *Netherby*. Won easy. A protest was entered by the trainer of Mr. Riddell's colt against *Netherby*, for not passing the winning post before the jockey dismounted in the first heat. *Netherby* walked over for the third heat, and the plate was disputed, but afterwards decided in favour of *Netherby*.

THURSDAY, August 5.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Corporation of York :—five-year-olds, 8st. 7lb. ; six, 8st. 12lb. ; and aged, 9st.—Four miles.

Lord Milton's b. h. *Medoro*, by Cervantes, out of Marianne, by Sorcerer, 6 yrs old (H. Edwards) 1
 Lord Scarbrough's b. h. *Cambridge*, by Catton, 5 yrs old 2
 Even betting. A good race, won by half a length. Run in 7 min. 59 seconds.

PRODUCE STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—Two miles.—The owner of the second horse received back his stake.—Twenty subs.

Mr. F. Richardson's br. c. *St. Nicholas*, by Emilius, out of Seamew, by Scud, 8st. 2lb. (R. Johnston) 1
 Mr. Petre's b. c. *Brunswicker*, by Figaro, 8st. 2lb. 2
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. *Beagle*, 8st. 2lb. 3
 Duke of Leeds's ch. c. *Redstart*, by Whisker, 8st. 2lb. 4
 Lord Milton's br. c. by Cervantes, out of Clinkerina, by Clinker, 8st. 5lb. 5
 Thirteen to 8 agst *St. Nicholas*, 7 to 4 agst *Brunswicker*, 5 to 1 agst *Redstart*, and 5 to 1 agst *Beagle*. Won by half a neck. Run in 3 min. 32 sec.

A SILVER TUREEN, value 100l. given by the Fund, added to a Handicap Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 15ft. and five only if declared on or before the 31st of July. Two miles.

Mr. Houldsworth's ch. f. *Fortitude*, by Whisker, out of Fortuna, 4 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. (Connolly) 1
 Major Yarburgh's br. h. *Laurel*, 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. 2
 Mr. Dickinson's ch. f. *Lucy*, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. 3
 Lord Sligo's br. c. *Brine*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 8lb. 4
 Lord Fitzwilliam's b. m. *Ballad Singer*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. 5
 Mr. J. Scott's br. c. *Barleycorn*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 6lb. 6
 Ten subscribers having declared ft. by the 31st of July, paid only five sovs. each. Five to 4 on *Laurel*, and 7 to 2 agst *Fortitude*. Run in 3 min. 29 seconds.

FRIDAY, August 6.—SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for four-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 5lb. ; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Two miles.—Five subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. *Abel*, by Filho da Puta, out of Amiable, by Orville (S. Darling) 1
 Mr. Gascoigne's ch. c. by Tramp, out of Cora 2
 Even betting. Won easy. Run in 3 min. 42 seconds.

The HORNEY STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for the produce of mares covered in 1827 :—colts, 8st. 5lb. ; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—T.Y.C.—Six subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. *Circassian*, by Sultan, out of The Miller of Mansfield's dam (S. Darling) 1
 Mr. Petre's gr. f. *Lady Fraculous*, by Comus 2
 Six to 4 on *Circassian*. Won easy.

SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft. for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 5lb. ; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Last mile and a quarter.—Twenty-one subs.

Mr. R. Shepherd's b. c. *The Cardinal*, by Waxy Pope, dam by Swordsman (T. Nicholson) 1
 Mr. Ridsdale's ch. c. *Bryen*, by Blacklock 2
 Mr. Riddell's b. c. *Emancipator*, by Whisker 3
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. *Beagle*, by Whalebone 4
 Mr. Blakelock's b. f. by Osmond—Hambletonian 5
 Mr. M. Foulis's br. f. *Lady Frances*, by Figaro 6
 Ten to 6 agst *The Cardinal*, 3 to 1 agst *Emancipator*, 5 to 1 agst *Beagle*, and 5 to 1 agst *Bryen*. Won cleverly by a length. Run in 2 min. 19 seconds.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Corporation of York ; for four-year-olds, 8st. 3lb. ; five, 8st. 10lb.—Two miles.

Lord Scarbrough's b. h. *Cambridge*, by Catton, dam by Sir David, out of Sister to Cat, 5 yrs old (G. Nelson) 1
 Mr. G. Davidson's b. h. *Victory*, 5 yrs old 2
 Mr. Walker's b. c. *Mendicant*, by Tramp, 4 yrs old 3
 Mr. F. Richardson's b. f. *Lady Sarah*, 4 yrs old 4
 Six to 4 agst *Lady Sarah*, and 7 to 4 agst *Cambridge*. A good race, and won by only a neck.

Second Year of the RENEWED SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, for horses, &c. bona fide the property of a Subscriber, or his declared confederate three months before the day of running.—Two miles.—Eight subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's ch. f. *Fortitude*, by Whisker, out of *Fortuna*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (S. Darling) 1
Duke of Leeds's ch. m. *Jenny Mills*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. 2
Lord Scarbrough's br. f. by Swiss, out of *Lady Georgiana's* dam, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. 3
Five to 2 on *Fortitude*. Won easy.

SATURDAY, August 7.—The KING'S PURSE of 100gs. for five-year-old mares, 10st. each.—Four miles.

Lord Fitzwilliam's b. m. *Ballad Singer*, by Tramp, out of *Clinkerina*, by Clinker (H. Edwards) 1
Mr. Nowell's br. m. *Rosalie*, by Walton 2
Duke of Leeds's ch. m. *Jenny Mills*, by Whisker 3
Mr. Petre's b. m. *Delphine*, by Whisker 4
Mr. H. Lyth's b. m. *Miss Pratt*, by Blacklock 5
Mr. Haworth's b. m. *Brenda*, by Mines 6
Three to 1 agst *Brenda*, 3 to 1 agst *Jenny Mills*, and 7 to 2 agst *Ballad Singer*. Won easy. Run in 8 min. 18 sec.

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Members of the City of York, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Lord Scarbrough's br. c. by *Waverley*, dam by *Catton*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. (J. Holmes) 7 1 1
Mr. Dickson's ch. f. *Lucy*, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. 5 2 2
Mr. Brandenburg's b. c. *Netherby*, by *Cervantes*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. 4 5 3
Mr. Watt's b. c. Dr. *Oloroso*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. 6 3 4
Mr. Bailey's br. c. *Utrecht*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. 3 7 5
Mr. Hopkinson's b. c. *The Captain*, by *Wanton*, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. 1 6 dis.
Mr. Richardson's b. f. *Landrall*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. 2 4 dr.
Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. *Christiana*, by *Filho da Puta*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. (baited) dis.
Three to 1 agst *Utrecht*, and 7 to 2 agst *Netherby*; after the first heat 2 to 1 agst *The Captain*; after the second heat even betting on Lord Scarbrough's colt. Won cleverly.

OXFORD MEETING.

TUESDAY, August 3.—SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. with 50 added.—One mile.—Five subs.

Mr. I. Sadler's ch. f. *Design*, by Tramp, out of *Defiance*, by *Rubens*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. (Chapple) 1
Mr. Crouch's b. f. *Jenny Vertpre*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. 2
Mr. Tomes's b. c. *Port*, by *Paulowitz*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. 3
Seven to 4 agst *Port*, 5 to 2 agst the winner, and 5 to 2 agst *Jenny Vertpre*. Won easy.

The OXFORDSHIRE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft.—Two miles.—Twenty-five subs., 14 of whom having declared ft. by the time prescribed, paid only five sovs. each.

Mr. Day's br. g. *Little Boy Blue*, by *Paulowitz*, out of *Berenice*, by *Alexander*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. (Pavis) 0 1
Lord Mountcharles's b. c. *Gayhurst*, by *Whalebone*, out of *Spree's* dam, by Election, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. 0 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Lord Warwick's b. c. *Merman*, 4 yrs, 8st. 11lb.; Mr. Goodlake's ch. c. *Geoffrey Crayon*, 4 yrs, 7st. 4lb.; Mr. J. H. Peel's b. f. *Beatrice*, 4 yrs, 7st. 4lb.; Mr. Sadler's ch. f. *Camilla*, by Tramp, 3 yrs, 6st. 2lb.; and Mr. Dundas's ch. c. *Honest Robin*, 4 yrs, 7st. 4lb.—Two to 1 agst *Merman*, and 2 to 1 agst *Gayhurst*. After the dead heat *Little Boy Blue* walked over, and Mr. Day and Lord Mountcharles divided the Stakes.

The COUNTY PURSE of 50l., added to a Sweepstakes of three sovs. each.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Dundas's ch. c. *Honest Robin*, by *Robin Adair*, out of *Euphrasia*, by *Rubens*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (Chapple) 1 1
Mr. C. Day's ch. m. *Zelinda*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. 5 2
Mr. Tomes's b. c. *The Burgess*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. 4 3

Mr. Peel's ch. c. William Tell, 3 yrs old, 7st..... 2 dr.
 Mr. Goodlake's b. h. Dandelion, 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. 3 dr.
 Five to 2 agst William Tell, and 2 to 1 agst Honest Robin. The second heat won by only half a neck.

WEDNESDAY, August 4.—SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 50 added, for all ages.—Two miles.—Five subs.

Mr. I. Day's b. m. *Maldonia*, by Fungus, out of Young Rhoda, by Walton, aged, 8st. 13lb. (Pavis)..... 1
 Mr. Scott's ch. g. Goshawk, by Merlin, aged, 9st. 4lb. 2
 Mr. Sadler's ch. f. Camilla, by Tramp, 3 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. (carried 7st. 4lb.)..... 3
 Five to 4 on Goshawk, and 5 to 4 agst Maldonia. A good race.

The CUP, value 110 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each.—Two miles and a quarter.—Twelve subs.

His Majesty's b. h. *Hindustan*, by Whalebone, out of Arbis, by Quiz, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. (Pavis) 1
 Mr. Sadler's ch. f. Device, by Tramp, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. 2
 Mr. I. Day's b. g. Liston, by Ambo, aged, 9st. 3lb. 3
 Mr. Crouch's ch. f. Lady Blanche, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. 0
 Lord Mountcharles's b. c. Gayhurst, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. 0
 Two to 1 agst Hindostan. Won by a length.

SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. with 50 added, for two-year-olds:—colts,

8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Winners 3lb. extra.—Straight half-mile.—Five subs.
 Mr. I. Sadler's br. f. by Reveller, out of Defiance (Chapple)..... 1
 Mr. T. M. Goodlake's ch. f. by Tramp, dam by Waxy, out of Thomasina 2
 Mr. Hervey's ch. c. by Sassenagh, out of Larissa's dam 3
 Mr. Turner's br. c. by Filho, dam by Hambletonian 4
 Even betting on Mr. Sadler's filly. Won easy.

PRODUCE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—One mile.—Seven subs.

Mr. Sadler's ch. f. *Design*, by Tramp, 8st. 4lb. 1
 Mr. Molony's ch. f. Carmine, by Rubens, 8st. 1lb. 2
 Mr. Dilly's ch. f. Tipsey, by Reveller, 8st. 1lb. 3
 Five to 4 on Carmine. A fine race.

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the City Members, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. T. Goodlake's ch. f. *Figarina*, by Figaro, dam by Waxy—Thomasina, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. (S. Scott) 1 1
 Mr. Peel's ch. c. William Tell, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. 2 2
 Mr. C. Day's b. f. by Moses, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. 3 3
 A good race.

HUNTINGDON MEETING.

TUESDAY, August 3.—The CUP STAKES by ten subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Lord Ongley's ch. h. *Gameboy*, by Octavian, 5 yrs, 8st. 12lb. (Macdonald), 4 1 1
 Lord Exeter's ch. c. Red Rover, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3 2 2
 Mr. Rogers's b. c. Harold, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. 1 3 dr.
 Mr. Prince's br. c. Vortigern, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. 2 dr.
 Colonel Wilson's ch. c. Jack Junk, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. 5 dr.

The HINCHINGBROOK PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round.
 Duke of Grafton's b. c. *Paradox*, by Merlin, out of Pawn, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. (Radford) 1 1

Mr. Hunter's gr. f. Christiana, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. 3 2
 Mr. Prince's br. c. Vortigern, 3 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. 2 3
 Mr. Bloss's b. f. Elizabeth, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. 5 4
 Mr. Messer's b. f. Experience, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. 4 dr.

WEDNESDAY, August 4.—SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 50 added.—Heats, once round.—Seven subs.

Mr. Theakston's br. c. by Emilius, out of Surprise, by Scud, 3 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. 3 1 1
 Lord Exeter's b. f. Ipsala, by Sultan, 3 yrs, 8st. 5lb. 1 2 dr.
 Lord Ongley's ch. c. Suffolk Punch, 3 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. 2 3 dr.

HUNTER'S STAKES of five sovs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Two-mile heats.—Ten subs.

Mr. R. Bird's b. f. <i>Twirl</i> , by Smyrna, out of Twist, 3 yrs, 10st. 3lb.	1	1
Mr. Newman's br. g. Wellington, 4 yrs, 11st. 7lb.	2	2

THURSDAY, August 5.—The HUNTINGDON STAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for all ages.—Heats, once round.—Seven subs.

Duke of Grafton's b. c. <i>Paradox</i> , by Merlin, out of Pawn, by Trumpator, 3 yrs, 7st.	1	1
Lord Strathaven's ch. g. Blinker, 4 yrs, 8st. 7lb.	3	2
Mr. Boyce's br. h. Talma, 6 yrs, 9st. 2lb.	4	3
Mr. Rogers's br. c. Subaltern, 3 yrs, 7st.	2	4

A good race.—The winner was claimed, according to the articles, for 120 sovs.

The MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round.

Lord Exeter's b. f. <i>Ipsala</i> , by Sultan, out of Ada, by Weful, 3 yrs, 7st. 5lb.	1	4	1
Mr. Theakston's b. c. by Emilius, out of Surprise, 3 yrs, 7st. 5lb.	2	1	4
Mr. Prince's br. c. Vortigern, 4 yrs, 8st. 3lb.	3	2	3
Mr. Hunter's gr. f. Christiana, 3 yrs, 7st. 2lb.	4	3	2

A most excellent race, and won only by a head.

SALISBURY MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, August 4.—The WILTSHIRE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. Seventeen subs. thirteen of whom having declared by the time prescribed paid only five sovs. each.—Two miles.

Mr. Biggs's ch. c. <i>Tyke</i> , by Tramp, dam by Cervantes, 4 yrs, 8st. 5lb. (J. Day)....	1
Mr. Wiltshire's b. h. Laurence, aged, 8st. 7lb.	2
Mr. Shard's ch. c. by Emilius, out of Sheldrake, 3 yrs, 6st. 10lb.	3

Won cleverly.

The COUNTY MEMBERS' PURSE of 50 sovs. for maiden horses, &c. of all ages. Heats, the Cup Course.

Mr. White's b. f. by Bustard, 3 yrs, 6st. 11lb. (Percy).....	0	1	1
Mr. Gauntlett's b. m. Octina, aged, 8st. 5lb.	3	2	2
Mr. J. White's b. m. by Magnet, 5 yrs, 8st. 11lb.	4	3	dr.
Mr. Biggs's b. c. Wassailer, 3 yrs old	0	dr.	

The YEOMANRY CUP of 50l. given by the Steward, for horses, &c. of all ages. New Course.—One mile and half heats.

Mr. Finch's ch. g. <i>Moses</i> , by Walthamstow, aged, 11st. 11lb. (Mr. Forward) ...	1	1
Mr. Gould's b. g. Little Briton, aged, 11st. 11lb.	3	2
Mr. Gullmer's gr. g. Silverades, 5 yrs, 11st. 3lb.	2	3
Mr. Green's b. m. Maid of the Mill, aged	0	0
Mr. White's b. m. by Magnet, out of Gatty, 5 yrs.	0	0
Mr. J. B. Judd's bl. g. (half-bred), 6 yrs old.	0	0

THURSDAY, August 5.—The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. or upwards, by subscribers of 10 sovs. each:—three-year-olds, 6st. 9lb.; four, 8st. 3lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six, 9st.; and aged, 9st. 2lb.—The Cup Course, about two miles and a half.—Eleven subs.

Mr. Biggs's ch. c. <i>Tyke</i> , by Tramp, 4 yrs (J. Day)	1
Mr. Shard's ch. f. <i>Acacia</i> , by Phantom, 4 yrs old	2
Sir A. Malet's ch. m. Countess, 6 yrs old (broke down)	3

Won easy.

The CITY MEMBERS' PURSE of 50 sovs. for horses, &c.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Goddard's b. c. <i>Sketch-book</i> , by Rubens, 3 yrs, 6st. 12lb. (Chapple)	1	1
Mr. Radcliffe's br. h. Brownlock, aged, 9st. 7lb.	3	2
Mr. Shard's f. Harmony, 4 yrs, 8st. 8lb.	2	3
Mr. Biggs's Chiren, by Centaur, 4 yrs, 8st. 6lb.	4	4

The CITY BOWL, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Wiltshire's b. g. <i>Faddaceen</i> , 6 yrs, 9st. 2lb.	1	1
Mr. Green's b. m. Maid of the Mill, aged, 9st. 4lb.	2	dr.

MATCH for 50 sovs.—One mile.

Mr. Biggs's b. c. <i>Wassailer</i> , by Reveller, 8st. 11lb.	1
Mr. Wyndham's b. f. Dwarf, by Cenus, 8st.	2

FRIDAY, August 6.—HIS MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs. for horses of all ages. Four-mile heats.

Mr. Shard's f. <i>Harmony</i> , by Reveller, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb.	1	1
Mr. D. D. Ford's ch. h. Sydney.	2	2

The SUBSCRIPTION PURSE of 50l. for horses, &c. of all ages.—Two-mile heats.
Mr. Radclyffe's br. h. *Brownlock*, by Blacklock, aged, 9st. 4lb. 1 1
Lord Palmerston's ch. c. *Waldron*, by Reveller, out of *Blondetta*. 2 2

HANDICAP STAKES of three sovs. each, with a Purse added.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Wyndham's b. f. <i>Dwarf</i> , by Comus, 9st. 2lb.	3	1	1
Mr. Gulliver's gr. g. <i>Silversides</i> .	1	2	3
Mr. White's b. m. by Magnet, 5 yrs old	2	3	2
Mr. Gould's Revolution, 10st. 8lb.	4	dr.	

DERBY MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, August 4.—SIXTY GUINEAS, given by the Duke of Devonshire, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Arnold's b. f. by Figaro, dam by Filho da Puta, 3 yrs, 7st.	1	1
Mr. W. Abbott's b. m. Poll Ratcliffe, 6 yrs, 8st. 10lb.	3	2
Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. Goldstone, 3 yrs, 7st. 2lb.	2	dr.

The GOLD CUP, value 100gs. by nine subs. of 10gs. each.—Three miles.
Mr. Giffard's b. h. *Sampson*, by Ambo, dam by King Bladud, 6 yrs old, 9st. 8lb. walked over.

The DEVONSHIRE STAKES of 25gs. each, 15 ft. for three-year-olds.—About one mile and a half.

Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. <i>Crescent</i> , by Blacklock, out of Miss Maltby, by Filho da Puta, 8st. 7lb.	1
Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. Goldstone, 8st. 7lb.	2

THURSDAY, August 5.—SIXTY GUINEAS, for horses of all ages.—Three-mile heats.

Mr. Giffard's b. h. <i>Sampson</i> , by Ambo, dam by King Bladud, 6 yrs, 8st. 10lb.	1	1
Mr. Jones's br. c. by King of Diamonds, 3 yrs, 6st.	3	2
Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. by Blacklock, 4 yrs, 7st. 7lb.	2	3

SWEEPSTAKES of 20gs. each, for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 4lb. ; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Half a mile.—Three subs.

Mr. Morris's gr. f. <i>Zetilla</i> , Sister to Halston, by Banker, out of Olivetta, by Sir Oliver.	1
Mr. Charlton's b. c. by Negociator, out of Sister to Whittington.	2

SWEEPSTAKES of five guineas each, for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—One mile and a half.—Twelve subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. <i>Crescent</i> , by Blacklock, out of Miss Maltby, by Filho da Puta.	1
Mr. Arnold's b. f. by Figaro, dam by Filho da Puta	2
Mr. Munday's b. f. Faith, by Paulowitz, dam by Selim	3

The DONNINGTON PARK and FAT BUCK STAKES of five guineas each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Two-mile heats.—Fourteen subs.

Mr. Hobson's br. h. <i>Contraband</i> , by Shuttle Pepe, 5 yrs, 11st. 11lb.	0	1	1
Mr. Taylor's br. g. Tommy Tickle, 6 yrs, 12st. 2lb. (fell)	1	0	0
Mr. Abbott's bl. g. Tom Moody, 6 yrs, 12st. 2lb.	0	0	2
Mr. Buxton's gr. g. Post Captain, 4 yrs, 10st. 4lb.	0	2	0
Mr. Robinson's b. f. Maria, 3 yrs, 8st. 10lb.	2	0	dr.

Seven others started but were not placed.

THE POTTERY MEETING.

TUESDAY, August 3.—The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each.—Heats, twice round and a distance.—Seven subs.

Mr. Painter's b. g. <i>Wellington</i> , by Corinthian, 4 yrs, 7st. 5lb. (W. Lear)	3	1	4	1
Mr. Bower's b. m. Lady Vane, 5 yrs, 7st. 13lb. (received 10l.)	4	4	1	2

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Sir W. Wynne's b. h. Courtier, 5 yrs, 8st. 11lb.....	0	2	2	4
Col. Yates's br. f. Versatility, 4 yrs, 7st. 7lb.....	0	3	3	3

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses of all ages.—Three miles.—Five subs.

Mr. Painter's b. f. by Strephon, dam by Camillus, out of Young Rachel, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. (Hardy)	1			
Sir W. Wynne's b. m. Effie, 6 yrs, 8st. 8lb.	2			
Mr. Peel's gr. f. Cicely, by Paulowitz, 4 yrs, 7st. 12lb.....	3			
Mr. D. Drage's b. h. Poor Fellow, 5 yrs, 8st. 8lb.	4			

HUNTERS' STAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses, &c. not thoroughbred.—Heats, twice round and a distance.—Seven subs.

Mr. Cooke's br. g. <i>Bhurtapore</i> , by Paul Potter, 5 yrs old, 12st. 11lb.....	3	1	1	
Mr. Hobson's b. g. by Gulliver, out of Waxlight's dam, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb.	1	2	3	
Mr. Lawton's b. m. Ada, 5 yrs old, 11st. 13lb.....	4	3	2	
Mr. H. Parker's b. h. by The Grand Duke, 5 yrs old, 11st. 6lb.	2	4	dr.	

WEDNESDAY, August 4.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for three-year-olds.—Once round and a distance.—Four subs.

Sir W. Wynne's b. c. <i>Penrhos</i> , by Rowliston, out of Chesterfield's dam, 8st. 3lb. (Spring)	1			
Mr. Bower's b. f. Tartarina, by Tramp, 8st.	2			

THE WORKMEN'S PURSE of 50 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of three sovs. each, for all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.—Five subs.

Mr. Bower's b. m. <i>Lady Vane</i> , by Reveller, dam by Waxy, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. (Jones)	1	1		
Sir W. Wynne's b. m. Effie, 6 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.....	2	2		
Mr. B. Drage's b. h. Poor Fellow, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.....	3	3		

MAIDEN PURSE of 50 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of two sovs. each, for all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.—Five subs.

Mr. E. Peel's b. f. <i>Blanche</i> , by Filho da Puta, out of Lady of the Lake, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. (Morris)	1	1		
Mr. Bloor's b. f. Frail, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.....	2	2		
Mr. Mason's b. f. Jessica, by Alderman Wood, dam by Comus, 3 yrs, 6st. 12lb.	3	3		

TAVISTOCK MEETING.

TUESDAY, August 3.—**THE BEDFORD STAKES** of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. with 50 added.—Heats, one mile.

Mr. Taunton's b. h. <i>Coronet</i> , by Catton, 5 yrs old	1	2	1	
Mr. Wreford's ch. h. <i>Upas</i> , by Abjer, aged	2	1	2	
Mr. R. Nottle's Mytton	3	dr.		

THE ENDSLEIGH STAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. W. Nottle's <i>Tanfly</i>	1	1		
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Beating three others.

WEDNESDAY, August 4.—**FIFTY POUNDS**, given by the Duke of Bedford.—Heats.

Mr. Wreford's ch. h. <i>Upas</i> , by Abjer, aged, 9st. 12lb.....	1	1		
Mr. Taunton's br. f. by Sir Huldibrand, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.....	2	2		

HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added, were won, in four heats, by Mr. Perry's *Rock*, beating two others.

THE LADIES' SUBSCRIPTION PURSE of 25 sovs. added to a Handicap Stakes of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for the beaten horses.—Heats.

Mr. Taunton's br. f. by Sir Huldibrand, out of Woodbine, 3 yrs old	2	1	1	
Mr. Smith's Nora	3	3	2	
Mr. Sweete's br. g. Tom Moore, 6 yrs old	1	2	dr.	

BANBURY MEETING.

FRIDAY, August 6.—**THE TOWN PURSE** of 50l. added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Heats, one mile and a quarter.

Mr. Goodlake's b. h. <i>Dandelion</i> , by Merlin, 6 yrs old, 9st. 6lb. (C. Day) ...	2	1	1	
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Mr. R. Arnold's b. f. The Pet, 4 yrs old, 8st.	1	3	3
Mr. Gough's The Duchess, 6 yrs old, 9st.	3	2	2
Mr. Montagu's b. h. The Quaker, 6 yrs old, 9st. 3lb. (bolted)	dis.		

SWEEPSTAKES of three sovs. each, with 30 added, by the Banbury Racing Club, for horses not thorough-bred.—Heats, one mile and a quarter.

Mr. Reading's bl. m. Miss Green (Mr. Harris).....	3	1	1
Mr. J. Bazeley's br. f. Adelaide, 3 yrs old, 9st. 5lb.	1	2	3
Mr. Phillpot's ch. m. Fanny, aged, 12st. 2lb.	4	3	2
Mr. Gurden's ch. h. Chance, 6 yrs old, 12st.	2	4	4
Mr. Montagu's br. f. Maid of the Mill, 3 yrs old, 9st. 5lb.	5	dr.	

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. with 25 added by the Club, for horses not thorough-bred.—Gentlemen riders.—Heats, one mile and a quarter.

Mr. I. Day's b. g. Brilliant, by Harkaway, 6 yrs old, 12st. 6lb. (Mr. Peyton)...	1	1	
Mr. Arnold's ch. m. Godiva, aged, 12st.	4	2	
Mr. C. Morton's ch. g. Twin, 5 yrs old, 11st. 5lb.	2	3	
Mr. Drinkwater names Columbus, 6 yrs old, 12st. 3lb.	3	4	

GOODWOOD MEETING.

TUESDAY, August 10.—The ST. LEGER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. for three-year-olds.—Once round.—Five subs.

Lord Egremont's b. c. Brother to Grampus, by Whalebone, out of Rectory, 8st. 6lb. (Arnall).....	1		
Duke of Richmond's ch. c. Dreamer, by Middleton, out of Dream, 8st. 6lb.	2		
Four to 1 on Lord Egremont's colt. Won by two lengths.			

The COWDRAY STAKES of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—T.Y.C.

Mr. Gully's b. c. Donzelli, by Bustard or Orville, out of Prima Donna, by Soothsayer (Wheatley).....	1		
Duke of Richmond's ch. c. Confederacy, by Godolphin.....	2		
Mr. Gardnor's ch. c. King William, by Rubens	3		
Seven to 4 on Donzelli. Won by a length.			

The DRAWING-ROOM STAKES of 25 sovs. each, with a bonus by independent subscriptions of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds.—New Course, about two miles and a half.—Twenty-six subscribers to the Sweepstakes, and 48 to the bonus.

Mr. Maherly's b. c. Erymus, by Moses, out of Eliza Leeds, by Comus, 8st. 7lb. (A. Pavis).....	1		
Lord Exeter's b. c. Mahmoud, by Sultan, 8st. 7lb.	2		
Sir M. Wood's b. c. Cetus, by Whalebone, 8st. 7lb.	3		

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. S. Stonehewer's b. f. Variation, by Bustard, out of Johanna Southcote, by Beningbrough, 8st. 9lb.; Mr. Gully's ch. f. Clio, by Whisker, 8st. 2lb.; Lord Tavistock's ch. c. Gondolier, by Merlin, 8st. 7lb.; Lord Egremont's b. c. Brother to Grampus, 8st. 7lb.; Duke of Richmond's b. f. Refugee, Sister to Rasselas, by Wanderer, 8st. 2lb.; and Mr. Grant's ch. f. The Balkan, by Blacklock, 8st. 2lb.—Seven to 2 agst Cetus, 5 to 1 agst Gondolier, 5 to 1 agst Mahmoud, 6 to 1 agst Variation, and 8 to 1 agst Erymus. Won by a neck.

The LAVANT STAKES of 50 sovs. each, 30 ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Half-a-mile.—Three subs.

Duke of Richmond's b. f. Conciliation, by Moses, out of The Duchess, by Cardinal York (F. Boyce)	1		
Mr. Grant's ch. c. Brother to Raby, by Tiresias	2		

The GOODWOOD STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. with 50 added from the Fund.—Once round.

Mr. Forth's ch. c. Aaron, by Moses, dam by Election, out of Miss Manager, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. (F. Buckle).....	1		
Capt. Bulkeley's b. f. Bustle, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	2		
Duke of Richmond's ch. h. Rough Robin, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	3		

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Cosby's b. h. Masaniello, 5 yrs, 8st. 5lb.; Duke of Richmond's ro. m. Miss Craven, 6 yrs, 8st. 3lb.; Mr. Coleman's b. m. Whisk, 5 yrs, 7st. 13lb.; Mr. Gully's b. c. Donzelli, 3 yrs, 7st. 2lb.; Lord Jersey's bl. h. Juryman, 5 yrs, 8st. 5lb.; Mr. S. Stonehewer's ch. f. The Fairy, 3 yrs, 6st. 5lb.; Mr. Poynt's ch. f. The Gawry, 3 yrs, 5st. 13lb.; and Lord Verulam's

b. c. Whip, 3 yrs, 5st. 10lb.—Thirty-four subscribers having declared forfeit by the time prescribed, paid only five sovs. each :—3 to 1 agst Whisk, 4 to 1 agst Aaron, 7 to 1 agst Bustle, and 10 to 1 agst Rough Robin. Won by two lengths.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, one mile.—Seven subs.

Mr. W. Day's b. m. <i>Profile</i> , by Rubens, out of Effie Deans, aged, 8st. 11lb. (Chapple)	0	1	1
Mr. Biggs's bl. f. Negress, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	1	0	3
Mr. Maberly's ch. c. by Middleton, out of Nanine, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.	0	0	2
Lord G. Lennox's b. g. Juvenis, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.	2	0	dr.
Mr. Harrison's ch. c. Wigwam, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.	0	0	dr.
Mr. Sherwood's b. f. Barmald, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	0	0	dr.
Mr. Stuchbury's b. f. Blue Bonnet, by Master Henry, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.	0	0	dr.

Won cleverly.—The winner was claimed, according to the articles, for 80 sovs.

WEDNESDAY, August 11.—**MATCH** for 100 sovs. h. ft. both five-year-olds, 8st. 5lb. each.—Once round.

Lord Jersey's bl. h. <i>Juryman</i> , by Smolensko, out of Black Diamond, by Stamford (J. Robinson)	1
Mr. Cosby's b. h. Masaniello, by Phantom	2

Six to 4 on *Juryman*. Won easy.

THE LADIES' PURSE of 50l. added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each.—Heats, one mile.—Four subs.

Duke of Richmond's ch. h. <i>Rough Robin</i> , by Sober Robin, 5 yrs, 9st. (Boyce), 1 1	
Mr. Ricardo's b. h. Lancastrian, 5 yrs old, 9st.	2 dr.
Mr. Thornhill's gr. f. Corea, by Emilius, out of Dandizette, 3 yrs, 7st. 4lb.	3 dr.

Five to 2 on *Rough Robin*. Won easy.

THE GOODWOOD GOLD CUP, value 300 sovs. by thirty-eight subs. of 10 sovs. each, with 100 added, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Once round.

His Majesty's b. m. <i>Fleur de Lis</i> , by Bourbon, out of Lady Rachel, aged, 9st. 9lb. (G. Nelson)	1
His Majesty's b. h. Zingance, 5 yrs old, 9st. 10lb.	2
His Majesty's ch. h. The Colonel, 5 yrs old, 10st.	3
Lord Exeter's b. f. Green Mantle, 4 yrs old, 9st. 3lb.	4
Mr. Grant's b. f. Lady Emily, 4 yrs old, 8st. 13lb.	5
Duke of Richmond's b. f. Refugee, 3 yrs old, 7st. 10lb.	6
Lord Jersey's b. g. Glenartney, 6 yrs old, 9st. 9lb.	7
Mr. Ridsdale's b. c. Tranby, 4 yrs old, 9st. 3lb.	8
Duke of Richmond's b. c. Hindoo, 4 yrs old, 9st. 3lb.	9

Three to 1 agst Zingance, 7 to 2 agst *Fleur de Lis*, 11 to 2 agst Hindoo, 7 to 1 agst Lady Emily, 8 to 1 agst The Colonel, 8 to 1 agst Glenartney, and 10 to 1 agst Green Mantle. Won by two lengths.

PRODUCE STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—One mile and a quarter.—Three subs.

Duke of Richmond's gr. f. *Corea*, by Emilius, 7st. 13lb. walked over.

MATCH for 100 sovs. h. ft.—T.Y.C.

Duke of Richmond's ch. c. <i>Confederacy</i> , by Godolphin, out of Frogmore's dam, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. (Pavia)	1
Mr. Cosby's br. f. Caradori, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	2

Won by six lengths.

HANDICAP STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft.—Last three-quarters of a mile.—Four subs.

Mr. Grant's ch. f. <i>The Balkan</i> , by Blacklock, dam by Walton, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. (Chapple)	1
Mr. S. Stonehewer's ch. f. The Fairy, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.	2
Mr. Gardnor's br. m. Emmeline, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.	3

Six to 4 on *The Balkan*. Won by two lengths.

THE WATERLOO PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Gentlemen riders, in cocked hats.—Heats, T.Y.C.

Mr. Cosby's br. f. <i>Caradori</i> , by Centaur, out of Catgut, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. (Owner)	3	3	1	1
Mr. Biggs's bl. f. Negress, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb.	2	1	2	2
Mr. Harrison's b. c. Almaviva, 3 yrs old, 9st. 7lb.	1	2	3	dr.

Negress the favorite at starting; and the winner of each heat the favorite for the succeeding one.

THURSDAY, August 12.—The **MOLCOMBE STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, 30 ft. for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—T.Y.C.—Six subs.

Mr. Forth's b. f. by *Emilius*, dam by *Scud* or *Pioneer*, out of *Fandango's* dam (*Buckle*) 1
His Majesty's b. f. *Lisbeth*, by *Phantom* 2
Five to 4 on *Lisbeth*.

A **PURSE**, the gift of the Duke of Richmond, value 100gs. (Handicap)—The Last Mile.

Duke of Richmond's ch. h. *Rough Robin*, by *Sober Robin*, 5 yrs old, 9st. 6lb. (W. Arnall) 1
Lord Tavistock's ch. c. *Gondolier*, 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 2

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Gardnor's br. m. *Emmelina*, 5 yrs, 8st. ; Mr. W. Day's b. h. *Masaniello*, 5 yrs, 8st. 7lb. ; Lord W. Lennox's ro. m. *Miss Craven*, 6 yrs, 8st. 4lb. ; Capt. G. Bulkeley's b. f. *Bustle*, 3 yrs, 7st. 12lb. ; Duke of Richmond's b. f. *Refugee*, 3 yrs, 7st. 12lb. ; and Mr. Thornhill's gr. f. *Corea*, by *Emilius*, 3 yrs, 7st.—Three to 1 agst *Bustle*, 4 to 1 agst *Rough Robin*, 7 to 1 agst *Refugee*, 8 to 1 agst *Corea*, and 10 to 1 agst *Gondolier*.

HANDICAP STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft.—Once round.—Three subs.

Capt. Bulkeley's b. f. *Bustle*, by *Whalebone*, 3 yrs, 7st. 2lb. walked over.

Mr. W. Day's *Zodiac*, 9st. 10lb., rec. ft. from Lord W. Lennox's ro. m. *Miss Craven*, 11st. 4lb., T.Y.C., 50, h. ft.

Lord W. Lennox's ro. m. *Miss Craven*, by Mr. Lowe, 6 yrs old, 11st. 7lb., rec. ft. from Mr. Codrington's b. h. *Rembrandt*, 5 yrs old, 11st. Once round and a distance, 50 sovs.

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Members for the City of Chichester, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, once round.

Lord Egremont's b. c. *Brother to Grampus*, by *Whalebone*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. (*St. Mann*) 1 1
Lord W. Lennox's ro. m. *Miss Craven*, by Mr. Lowe, 6 yrs old, 9st. 1lb. 2 2
Mr. Gardnor's ch. c. *King William*, by *Rubens*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. 3 3
Six to 4 on *Brother to Grampus*, and after the heat 8 to 1 on him.—The winner was claimed, according to the articles, for 200 sovs.

WORCESTER MEETING.

TUESDAY, August 10.—**PRODUCE STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—One mile and a quarter.—Five subs.

Mr. Griffiths's b. c. *Thorngrove*, by *Smolensko*, out of *Fanny Leigh*, by *Castrel* (*Calloway*) 1
Mr. Yates's ch. c. *Jonathan*, by *Tiresias*, out of *Zora* 2
Mr. Thorne's b. c. *Ghost*, by *Spectre*, out of *Jesse* 3
Even betting on *Thorngrove*. Won easy.

The **WORCESTERSHIRE STAKES** of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., with 20 added.—Two miles.

Mr. Beardsworth's b. g. *Independence*, by *Filho da Puta* or *Sherwood*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (Spring) 1
Mr. Davis's ch. h. *Villager*, 5 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. 2
Mr. Ormsby Gore's b. h. *Hesperus*, aged, 9st. 3
Mr. Mytton's br. h. *Hedgford*, 2 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. 4
Mr. Thorne's b. m. *Maid of Mansfield*, aged, 8st. 6lb. 5
One subscriber having declared forfeit by the time prescribed, paid only five sovs.—Even betting on *Villager*, and 3 to 1 agst *Independence*. Won cleverly.

The **CITY MEMBERS' PURSE** of 50l. for horses, &c. of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Richards's b. c. *Allerdale*, by *Frolic*, out of *Otis*, 4 yrs, 8st. 5lb. (W. Lear), 1 1
Mr. Ormsby Gore's b. g. *Bundler*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. 0 2
Lord Warwick's br. c. *Merman*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 2 3
Mr. Davis's ch. g. *Abraia*, by *Merlin*, out of *Tippitywitchet*, 3 yrs, 6st. 7lb. 3 dr.
Mr. Beardsworth's b. g. *Brielle*, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. 0 dr.
Mr. Thorne's b. m. *Forester Lass*, aged, 9st. 4lb. 0 dr.

SWEESTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 10 added, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Two-mile heats.—Seven subs.

Mr. Thompson's b. g. *Knapp*, by *Frolic*, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. walked over.

WEDNESDAY, August 11.—The SEVERN STAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses, &c. of all ages.—One mile and a quarter.—Nine subs.

Mr. Davis's ch. h. <i>Villager</i> , by Bustard, out of Lady Byron, 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. (Connolly).....	1
Mr. Griffiths's b. h. Musquito, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.	2
Mr. Ormsby Gore's ch. f. Tib, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	3
Mr. Thornes's b. m. Maid of Mansfield, aged, 9st. 4lb.	4

Even betting on Villager.

The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. by fourteen subscribers of 10 sovs. each, the surplus in specie.—Four miles.

Mr. Ormsby Gore's b. h. <i>Hesperus</i> , by Hollyhock, out of Rally, aged, 9st. 2lb. (S. Darling).....	1
Mr. Ormsby Gore's b. g. Bundler, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb.	2
Mr. Yates's b. c. Douglas, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	3
Mr. Thornes's b. c. Worcester, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	4

Six to 4 on Hesperus.

SWEESTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added.—Two miles.—Four subs.

Mr. Davis's ch. h. <i>Villager</i> , by Bustard, out of Lady Byron, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (Connolly).....	1
Mr. Mytton's b. h. Hedgford, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.	2
Mr. Thornes's b. m. Maid of Mansfield, aged, 8st. 12lb.	3

The CORPORATION PURSE of 50l. added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Lord Warwick's br. c. <i>Merman</i> , by Whalebone, out of Mermaid, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. (Connolly).....	1	1
Mr. Ormsby Gore's ch. f. Tib, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb.	3	2
Mr. Thornes's b. m. Forester Lass, aged, 8st. 9lb.	2	dr.

HUNTERS' PURSE of 50l. given by the Members for the County, added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each.—Four-mile heats.

Mr. Thornes's b. m. <i>Forester Lass</i> , by Filho da Puta, aged, 11st. 13lb. (Williams).....	1	1
Mr. Davis's b. m. Vivid, aged, 11st. 13lb.	2	dr.

PLYMOUTH AND DEVONPORT MEETING.

TUESDAY, August 10.—The SALTRAM STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and five only if declared, &c.—Once round and a distance.

Mr. Ley's b. h. <i>Omen</i> , by Orville, out of Whizgig, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (T. Cowley), 1	
Mr. Ley's b. c. Ofellus, by Orville, dam by Soothsayer, out of Eliza Teazle, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.	2
Mr. Dickinson's ch. c. Lawn Sleeves, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.	3
Mr. Wyndham's b. h. Colleger, aged, 8st. 10lb.	0
Mr. Haward's ch. c. St. Lawrence, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb.	0
Three subscribers paid 15 sovs. each, and 28 others having declared ft. by the time prescribed, paid only five sovs. each. St. Lawrence the favorite.	

SWEESTAKES of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft. with 100 added by the Town of Plymouth, for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.—The second horse saved his stake.—Seven subs.

Mr. Taunton's br. h. <i>Coronet</i> , by Catton, dam by Paynator, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. (Trenn).....	1	1
Mr. Finch's b. f. Benefit, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb.	2	2
Mr. Ley's b. c. Ofellus, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.	3	3

A PURSE of 50l. given by the Officers of the Army and Navy at Plymouth.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Wreford's ch. h. <i>Upas</i> , by Abjer, out of Laurel Leaf, aged, 9st. 7lb. (W. Horsley).....	1	1
Mr. Wyndham's b. h. Colleger, aged, 9st. 7lb.	3	2
Mr. Broughton's bl. g. Gameboy, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	4	3
Mr. Haward's ch. c. St. Lawrence, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	2	dr.
Lord W. Beresford's bl. g. Shamrock, aged, 9st. 7lb.	5	dr.

WEDNESDAY, August 11.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. with 50 added, by the Ladies.—Heats, one mile and a half.—Seven subs.

Mr. Wreford's ch. h. <i>Upas</i> , aged, 9st. 7lb.	1	1
Mr. Ley's br. h. Souter Johnny, 5 yrs old, 9st.	2	2

The winner was claimed, according to the articles, for 150 guineas.

A GOLD CUP, value 100gs. given by his Majesty King William the Fourth, for four year-olds and upwards.—Three-mile heats.

Mr. Ley's b. c. <i>Ofellus</i> , by Orville, dam by Soothsayer, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. (T. Cowley).....	1	1
Mr. Finch's b. f. <i>Benefit</i> , 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb.	2	dr.
Mr. W. Wyndham's b. h. Colleger, aged, 12st.	3	dr.

HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses not thorough-bred.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Swete's br. g. <i>Tom Moore</i> , by Anacreon, 6 yrs old, 7st. 8st.	2	1	1
Mr. Faucit's b. m. Candidate, 6 yrs old, 11st.	1	2	dr.
Mr. Broughton's bl. g. Gameboy, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	3	3	dr.
Mr. Gill's b. h. Sir F. Fox, 6 yrs old, 8st.	4	4	dr.

THURSDAY, August 12.—HANDICAP PURSE of 100l. given by the Towns of Devonport and Stonehouse.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Taunton's br. h. <i>Coronet</i> , by Catton, dam by Paynator, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. (Trenn).....	1	1
Mr. Ley's ch. h. <i>Upas</i> , aged, 8st. 11lb.	4	2
Mr. Ley's br. h. Souter Johnny, 5 yrs old, 8st.	2	3
Mr. Haward's ch. c. St. Lawrence, 4 yrs old	3	dr.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 30 added, for the beaten horses.—One-mile heats.

Mr. Finch's b. f. <i>Benefit</i> , by Olseau, dam by Prime Minister, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. (Norman)	1	1
Mr. Taunton's f. by Sir Huldibrand, 3 yrs old, 7st.	2	dr.
Mr. Faucit's b. m. Candidate, 6 yrs old, 9st. 5lb.	3	dr.

A SILVER CUP, value 30l. added to a Handicap Stakes of one sov. each, for hacks.—Heats, once round, was won by Mr. Swete's br. g. *Tom Moore*, by Anacreon, 6 yrs old, beating several others.

HAVERFORDWEST MEETING.

TUESDAY, August 10.—The **PEMBROKESHIRE STAKES** of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft. and five only if declared, &c. with 30 added.—Two miles.

Mr. Waters's br. h. <i>Smuggler</i> , by Acastus, out of Lady Leg, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (J. Jones).....	1	
Mr. Hawkins's b. m. Maria, 6 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (received back her stake).....	2	
Mr. Bristow's gr. f. Queen Beas, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.	3	

Two subscribers paid 10 sovs. each, and four others having declared ft. by the time prescribed, paid five sovs. each.

THE PICTON STAKES of three sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses not thorough-bred.—Two-mile heats.

Captain Bowen's <i>Eliza</i> , by Scarecrow, 4 yrs old, 10st. 3lb. (J. Jones)	2	1	1
Mr. Morgan's b. c. by Candidate, 3 yrs old, 9st. 4lb.	1	0	0
Mr. Price's b. f. Chance, by Perchance, 4 yrs old, 10st. 6lb.	0	2	2
Mr. J. Thomas's Waverley, 5 yrs old, 11st. 3lb.	0	0	3
Mr. Ackland's b. c. The Asps, 4 yrs old, 10st. 9lb.	0	3	0
Mr. B. Davis's Mitre, 5 yrs old, 11st. 3lb.	4	4	0
Mr. Meyrick's b. f. by Spectre, out of Off-she-goes, 4 yrs old, 10st. 3lb.	3	0	0

Three others started.

THE TRADESMEN'S PURSE of 50l. added to a Sweepstakes 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Meyrick's b. f. <i>Bunter</i> , by Tramp, out of Remembrance, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb. (Macdonald)	1	1
Captain Rice's gr. m. Mimosa, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.	0	2
Mr. Ackland's b. f. Lilliputian, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb.	3	3

Mr. Henderson's b. c. by Scarecrow, 3 yrs old, 7st.	2	dr.
Mr. Waters's Di Vernon, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb.	0	dr.

MATCH for 50 sovs.—Two miles.

Mr. Henderson's b. f. <i>Jane</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 6lb.	1
Mr. Meyrick's b. g. <i>Vision</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st.	2

WEDNESDAY, August 11.—The ORIELTON STAKES of five sovs. each, with 50 added.—Twice round a distance.—Six subs.

Mr. Meyrick's b. f. <i>Bunter</i> , by Tramp, out of Remembrance, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb. (W. Macdonald)	1
Mr. Vaughan's b. m. Cholestrey Lass, aged, 9st. 4lb.	2

PURSE of 50l. the gift of Sir C. Phillips, Bart. M.P. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Meyrick's b. f. <i>Bunter</i> , by Tramp, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. (W. Macdonald)	1	1
Mr. Vaughan's b. m. Cholestrey Lass, aged, 8st. 12lb.	0	2
Mr. Hawkes's b. m. Maria, 6 yrs old, 8st. 13lb.	2	3
Mr. Waters's br. h. Smuggler, 5 yrs old, 9st. 3lb.	3	0
Mr. Bristow's b. f. Lalliputian, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb.	0	0
Captain Rice's gr. m. Mimosa, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.	0	0

HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each.—One-mile heats.

Mr. Williams's ch. g. <i>Kouli Khan</i> , by Sultan, aged, 9st. 4lb. (J. Owen)	1	1
Mr. Bristow's gr. f. Queen Bess, 3 yrs old, 7st. 6lb.	2	2
Mr. Waters's Di Vernon, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	3	dr.

HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred.—One-mile heats.

Mr. Meyrick's b. f. by Spectre, out of Off-she-goes, 4 yrs, 9st. (W. Macdonald),	1	1
Mr. Price's b. f. Chance, 4 yrs old, 9st. 8lb.	2	2
Mr. Henderson's b. f. Jane, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	3	3

TUNBRIDGE WELLS MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, August 11.—The MANOR STAKES of five sovs. each, with 45 added.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Cavell's b. f. <i>Windfall</i> , by Reveller, out of Legacy, by Beningbrough, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.	1	1
Mr. Brown's br. g. by Robin Hood, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	5	2
Mr. Pearce's ch. f. Brunette, 3 yrs old, 7st. 1lb.	4	3
Mr. E. Ellis's ch. c. Lucifer, by Magistrate, dam by Dick Andrews, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.	3	4
Mr. Sebright's b. h. The Palfrey, aged, 9st. 6lb.	2	dr.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 40 added.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Pearce's br. f. <i>Crane</i> , by Eryx, out of Coral, by Orville, 4 yrs, 8st. ...	0	1	1
Mr. Coleman's br. f. Little Gift, 3 yrs old, 7st. 1lb.	0	2	2
Mr. Hawkins's ch. g. Hawk's-eye, 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	4	3	dis.
Mr. Rush's b. c. by Phantom, dam by Pioneer, out of Discord, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.	3	dr.	

Hawk's-eye ruptured an artery in running for the last heat.

THURSDAY, August 12.—The INNKEEPERS' PURSE of five sovs. each, with 40 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Coleman's b. f. <i>Scarlet Runner</i> , by Wrangler, 3 yrs old, 7st. 8lb.	2	1	1
Mr. Cavell's b. f. Windfall, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.	1	3	2
Mr. Clarke's ch. m. Amelia, aged, 9st. 2lb.	4	4	3
Mr. Brown's b. c. Wrinkle, by Whisker, out of Twinkle, 4 yrs, 8st. 6lb. ...	3	2	dr.

The winner was claimed, according to the articles, for 120 sovs.

SWEEPSTAKES of three sovs. each, with 45 added for the beaten horses.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Sebright's b. h. <i>Palfrey</i> , by Abjer, out of Paleface, aged, 9st. 5lb. ...	2	1	2	1
Mr. E. Ellis's ch. c. Lucifer, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.	3	2	1	2
Mr. Rush's b. c. by Phantom, dam by Pioneer, out of Discord, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.	1	3	dr.	
Mr. Brown's br. c. Wrinkle, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.	5	4	dr.	
Mr. Coleman's br. f. Little Gift, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.	4	dr.		

WOLVERHAMPTON MEETING.

MONDAY, August 16.—SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds. One mile and a quarter.—Nine subs.

Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. <i>Birmingham</i> , by Filho da Puta; out of Miss Cragie, 8st. 5lb. (S. Darling)	1
Mr. Giffard's ch. c. by Tramp, out of Active, 8st. 5lb.	2
Lord Grosvenor's b. c. Thermometer, by Whisker, out of Michaelmas, 8st. 5lb.	3

THE WROTTESELEY STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for three and four-year olds.—Heats, once round.

Mr. W. Charlton's ch. f. by Magistrate, out of Zephyrina, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (Arthur)	3	4	1	1
Mr. Giffard's br. f. Lucy, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	2	1	2	dr.
Sir T. Mostyn's br. f. Sprig, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.	1	3	3	dr.
Sir W. Wynne's b. c. Penrhos, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.	4	2	4	dr.

THE TRADESMEN'S PURSE of 100 sovs., added to a Handicap Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and five only if declared, &c.—Twice round and a distance.

Mr. Beardsworth's b. g. <i>Independence</i> , by Sherwood or Filho da Puta, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (Templeman)	1
Mr. Yates's b. h. Frederick, by Filho, 5 yrs old, 8st. 1lb.	2
Mr. Appletwhaite's ch. c. Zodiac, 4 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.	3
Mr. Mytton's br. h. Hedgford, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.	4
Mr. White's br. h. Euxton, aged, 9st. 4lb.	5
Nine subscribers paid 15 sovs. each, and seven others having declared ft. by the time prescribed, paid five sovs. each.	

THE LADIES' PURSE of 50 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for maiden horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.—Five subs.

Captain Hickman's b. c. by Vanloo, 3 yrs old, 7st. (Gray)	1	1
Mr. Blower's br. f. Frail, 3 yrs old, 7st.	2	2
Mr. Beardsworth's gr. c. by Swap, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	4	3
Colonel Yates's b. f. by Waverley, 3 yrs old, 7st.	3	4

SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—One mile.—Five subs.

Sir W. Wynne's b. c. <i>Convoy</i> , by Ivanhoe, out of Fanina, by Sir Solomon (J. Spring)	1
Sir G. Pigot's b. f. Fanny Kemble, by Paulowitz	2

TUESDAY, August 17.—**THE CHILLINGTON STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—New Course, straight half-mile.

Mr. Giffard's ch. c. <i>Marston</i> , by Manfred, out of Paulina, by Orville (W. Lear) ...	1
Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. Colwick, by Filho da Puta, out of Stella, by Sir Oliver	2

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Robinson's ch. c. by Blacklock—Pincushion; Mr. Morris's gr. f. Zitella, Sister to Halston; and Mr. Hellier's ch. c. by Figaro, out of Niobe by Cestrian.

THE DARLINGTON CUP, value 100 sovs. by subscription of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added.—Twice round and a distance.—Thirteen subs.

Mr. Giffard's b. h. <i>Sampson</i> , by Ambo, dam by King Bladud, 6 yrs old, 9st. 3lb. (W. Lear)	1
Sir T. Mostyn's ch. g. Mona's Pride, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb.	2
Mr. Clifton's br. c. Guido, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	3

PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Sir T. Mostyn's ch. h. <i>Ultimatum</i> , by Teniers, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. (Chapple),	0	1	1
Mr. Thorne's b. m. Maid of Mansfield, by Filho da Puta, aged, 8st. 11lb...	1	4	2
Mr. Painter's b. g. Wellington, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	2	2	dr.
Sir W. Wynne's ch. c. Sir Walter, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	3	3	dr.
Mr. Drage's b. h. Poor Fellow, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.	0	5	dr.
Colonel Yates's br. f. Versatility, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb.	4		dr.

WEDNESDAY, August 18.—**THE STAND PURSE** of 50 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.—Six subs.

Sir G. Pigot's b. f. <i>Dandina</i> , by Muley, out of Loyalty, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (H. Arthur)	1	1
Mr. Jones's br. c. by King of Diamonds, dam by All Dickey, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. (retd. 15l.)	4	2

Mr. Painter's b. f. by Strephon, 3 yrs old, 7st.....	3	3
Mr. Beardsworth's b. f. Faith, 3 yrs old, 7st.....	5	4
Sir T. Mostyn's b. f. Sprig, 3 yrs old, 7st.....	2	dr.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.
Heats, twice round.—Six subs.

Mr. Brooke's b. g. <i>Atlas</i> , by Muley, 5 yrs old, 11st. 5lb. (Mr. Surdfield).....	1	1
Mr. Cooke's b. g. Bhurtpore, 5 yrs old, 12st. 4lb.....	2	2
Mr. Arnold's ch. m. <i>Godiva</i> , aged, 12st.....	3	3

The CAVALRY STAKES of five sovs. each, with 40 added, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Heats, one mile and a half.—Six subs.

Mr. Hampson's br. m. <i>Snip</i> , by Swap, 5 yrs old, 11st. 5lb. (Mr. Burton).....	1	1
Mr. Taylor's b. g. <i>Recruit</i> , aged, 12st. 2lb.....	3	2
Mr. Marshall's b. g. <i>Rabbit Catcher</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 5lb.....	2	3
Mr. Walker's br. f. <i>Rosina</i> , 4 yrs old, 10st. 5lb.....	4	4

STOCKTON MEETING.

THURSDAY, August 19.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 30 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—Three quarters of a mile.

Mr. S. Fox's ch. c. by Marmion, dam by Walton (S. Templeman).....	1
Mr. Legrew's ch. f. <i>Tippet</i> , Sister to Tip, by Swiss.....	2
Mr. J. Smith's br. c. <i>Brown Stout</i> , by Jack Spigot or Young Phantom, out of Decision.....	3
Mr. Rounthwaite's br. c. by Swiss, out of Linton Lock's dam.....	4

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, p. p., with 20 sovs. added, for all ages.—Two miles.

Duke of Leeds's ch. m. <i>Jenny Mills</i> , by Whisker, 5 yrs, 8st. 5lb. (S. Templeman),	1
Mr. Hopkinson's b. g. <i>The Captain</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.....	2
Mr. Nowell's br. m. <i>Rosalie</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.....	3
Mr. Sutton's b. f. <i>Catalani</i> , by Tiger, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.....	4

MAIDEN PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Loy's ch. c. <i>Thatcher</i> , by Blacklock, out of White Rose, 4 yrs old, 8st. (S. Templeman).....	1	1
Sir J. Beresford's b. f. by Swiss, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.....	3	2
Sir E. Dodsworth's br. c. by St. Patrick, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb.....	2	3

FRIDAY, August 20.—**The GOLD CUP**, value 100 sovs., by eight subscribers of ten sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses of all ages.—Two miles and a distance.

Duke of Leeds's ch. m. <i>Jenny Mills</i> , by Whisker, 5 yrs, 8st. 9lb. (S. Templeman),	1
Mr. Davidson's b. h. <i>Victory</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.....	2
Mr. Attwood's ch. c. <i>Argantes</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.....	3
Mr. Nowell's b. h. by Walton, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.....	4
Seven to 4 agst Mr. Nowell's horse, 2 to 1 agst <i>Victory</i> , and 5 to 1 agst <i>Jenny Mills</i> .	

Won easy.

The WYNARD STAKES of seven sovs. each, p. p. with 30 added by the Marquis of Londonderry, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—The owner of the second horse received back his stake.

Mr. Loy's ch. c. <i>Thatcher</i> , by Blacklock, 4 yrs, 8st. 3lb. (S. Templeman)...	0	1	1
Mr. Heseltine's b. c. <i>Flambeau</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.....	1	0	2
Mr. Jackson's b. c. <i>Kangaroo</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st.....	0	3	3
Mr. Hudson's b. m. <i>Prosed</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.....	0	2	4
Mr. Somerville's br. c. <i>Renishaw</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.....	2	0	dr.
Mr. Attwood's ch. c. <i>Argantes</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st.....	3	0	dr.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for hunters in Stockton and its vicinity, one mile and a half, was won by Mr. Hubback's b. m. *Little Bess*, aged, 10st. 10lb. beating Mr. Bowser's br. c. 4 yrs old, Mr. Walton's gr. mare, 5 yrs old, Mr. Wilson's b. h. *Steamer*, aged, Mr. Hunter's b. m. *Flycatcher*, aged, Mr. Pattison's b. m. *Lady Mary*, aged, and Mr. Buckton's ch. m. 5 yrs old.

EXETER MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, August 18.—**The SEVENTH DEVONSHIRE STAKES** of 25 sovs each, 15 ft. and five only, if declared, &c.—About one mile and a half.

Mr. Ley's b. c. *Ofellus*, by Orville, dam by Soothsayer, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. (T. Cowley) 1
 Mr. Hayward's ch. c. St. Lawrence, 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. 2
 Eight subscribers paid 15 sovs. ft. and four others having declared by the time prescribed, paid only five sovs. each.

A PIECE OF PLATE, value 100l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round the Old Course and a distance.

Mr. Wiltshire's b. h. *Lawrence*, by Rubens, aged, 9st. (T. Cowley) 2 1 1
 Mr. Hayward's ch. c. St. Lawrence, by Tiresias, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. 3 2 2
 Mr. Wreford's ch. h. *Upas*, by Abjer, aged, 9st. 7lb. (fell lame) 1 3 dr.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. with 50 added by the County Members.—Gentlemen riders.—Three-mile heats.—Four subs.

Mr. Ley's br. h. *Souter Johnny*, by Reveller, 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb (Mr. Bayly)... 1 1
 Mr. Taunton's br. f. by Sir Huldibrand, out of Woodbine, 3 yrs old, 9st. 2 dr.
 Mr. Swete's br. g. Tom Moore, 6 yrs old, 11st. 2lb. 3 dr.

THE CITY MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—One-mile heats.—New Course.

Mr. Taunton's br. h. *Coronet*, by Catton, dam by Paynator, 5 yrs old, 9st. (Trenn) 1 1
 Mr. Ley's b. h. *Omen*, by Orville, 5 yrs old, 9st. 2 2

THURSDAY, August 19.—THE LADIES' PURSE of 50l. (handicap).—One-mile heats.—New Course.

Mr. C. Finch's b. f. *Benefit*, by Oiseau, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. (Lewin)..... 1 1
 Mr. Ley's br. h. *Souter Johnny*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. 2 2
 Mr. Hayward's ch. c. St. Lawrence, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. 3 dr.

SWEEPSTAKES of 2gs. each, with 25 added, for horses not thorough-bred, belonging to the Yeomanry of Devon or Cornwall.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Swete's br. g. *Tom Moore*, by Anacreon, 6 yrs old, 12st. (James Day)... 1 1
 Mr. Cousen's Barney, 3 yrs old, 9st. 3 2
 Mr. Ley's *Escape*, 6 yrs old, 12st. 2 dia.

The PURSE of 75l. was not run for.

HEREFORD MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, August 18.—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each.—Gentlemen riders.—One-mile heats.

Mr. Cooke's b. c. by Mortimer, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. 1 1
 Mr. Brown's br. h. by Sir Guy, 5 yrs old, 9st. 2 2
 Mr. Palmer's b. h. Nonpareil, 5 yrs old, 9st. 3 3

THURSDAY, August 19.—THE CITY and COUNTY GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. (in specie) added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each.—Four miles.—The second horse received 30 sovs.—Four subs.

Mr. L. Day's b. g. *Liston*, by Ambo, out of Olivia Jordan, by Sir Oliver, aged, 9st. 2lb. 1
 Mr. Ormsby Gore's b. h. *Hesperus*, aged, 9st. 2lb. 2

FIFTY POUNDS, given by Lord Somers.—Heats.

Mr. Thorne's b. c. *Worcester*, by Don Juan, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. 1 1
 Mr. L. Day's bl. m. Busk, 6 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. 2 2
 Mr. J. H. Peel's ch. f. Figarina, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. 3 dr.

FRIDAY, August 20.—THE CORPORATION PURSE of Fifty Pounds.—Heats.

Mr. Ormsby Gore's b. h. *Hesperus*, by Hollyhock, out of Rally, by Waxy, aged 1 1
 Mr. Thorne's b. m. Forester Lass, aged 2 dr.

NEWPORT PAGNELL MEETING.

THURSDAY, August 19.—THE GOLD CUP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Twice round, about three miles.—Eighteen subs.

Lord Mountcharles's b. c. *Gayhurst*, by Whalebone, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (Connolly)... 1

Mr. I. Day's b. c. Fantoccino, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb.....	2
Mr. Theobald's br. m. Bobadilla, 5 yrs, 8st. 8lb.....	3
Mr. Sewerby's bl. h. Coconer, 5 yrs, 8st. 11lb.....	4
Mr. Watson's b. m. Fidget, 5 yrs, 8st. 8lb.....	5

Five to 4 agst Coroner, and 5 to 2 agst Gayhurst.

SWEETSTAKES of seven sovs. each, for hunters not thorough-bred.—Heats, once round and a distance.—The second horse received 10l.—Twenty subs.

Mr. T. Smith named ch. g. by Buffalo, 4 yrs, 10st. 9lb.....	1	1
Mr. Norton's ch. g. Twin, 5 yrs old, 11st. 6lb.....	2	2
Mr. Newman's br. m. Matilda, 6 yrs, 11st. 10lb.....	3	3
Mr. Oshaldston's b. g. Don Juan, aged, 12st. 1lb.....	5	4
Mr. Dauncey's h. g. Watchman, 6 yrs, 11st. 13lb.....	4	5

A PURSE of 70l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Lord Mountcharles's b. c. *Gayhurst*, by *Whalebone*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.

(Connolly).....	7	1	1
Mr. Theobald's gr. c. <i>The Exquisite</i> , 4 yrs, 8st.....	1	3	3
Mr. Day's br. g. <i>Little Boy Blue</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.....	6	2	2
Capt. Ongley's h. h. <i>Cardinal</i> , 5 yrs, 8st. 11lb.....	2	4	dr.
Mr. Watson's b. m. <i>Fidget</i> , 5 yrs, 8st. 9lb.....	5	5	dr.
Mr. Sewerby's ch. f. <i>Amoret</i> , 3 yrs, 6st. 5lb.....	3	dr.	
Mr. Montague's b. f. <i>Duchess</i> , by <i>Catton</i> , out of <i>Miss Candley</i> , 3 yrs, 6st... 4 dr.	4	dr.	

Gayhurst the favorite.

BURTON ON TRENT MEETING.

TUESDAY, August 24.—The **BURTON GOLD CUP**, value 100 sovs. by nine subscribers of ten sovs. each, with 50 added from the Fund, for horses of all ages.—Twice round and a distance.

Colonel Yates's ch. c. <i>Bolivar</i> , by <i>Blacklock</i> , dam by <i>Tramp</i> , 4 yrs, 8st. (G. Calloway).....	1
Mr. White's br. h. <i>Euxton</i> , by <i>Rinaldo</i> , aged, 8st.....	2

The **DRAKELOW STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only five if declared by the 14th of June.—Twice round and a distance.

Col. Yates's ch. c. <i>Bolivar</i> , 4 yrs, 8st. 9lb.....	walked over.
Two subscribers paid 15 sovs. each, and five others having declared forfeit by the time prescribed paid only five sovs. each.	

The **ANGLESEY PURSE** of 50l. for maiden horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Horsley's b. c. <i>Fag</i> , by <i>Master Henry</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (W. Jones).....	4	1	1
Sir G. Pigot's b. f. <i>Fanny Kemble</i> , 3 yrs, 6st. 13lb.....	1	2	2
Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. by <i>Blacklock</i> , out of <i>Camelina's</i> dam, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.....	2	3	dr.
Mr. Blower's b. f. <i>Frail</i> , 3 yrs old 6st. 10lb.....	3	4	dr.

PRODUCE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—Straight Mile.—Six subs.

Mr. Yates's b. c. <i>Edgar</i> , by <i>Paulowitz</i> , out of <i>Emmeline</i> by <i>Waxy</i> , 8st. 4lb. (G. Calloway).....	1
Sir G. Pigot's ch. c. by <i>Tramp</i> —Active, 8st. 4lb.....	2
Lord Grosvenor's b. c. <i>Barometer</i> , 8st. 7lb.....	3

WEDNESDAY, August 25.—**SWEETSTAKES** of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—T. Y. C.—Half a mile.

Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. <i>Cotwick</i> , by <i>Filho da Puta</i> , out of <i>Stella</i> by <i>Sir Oliver</i> (S. Darling).....	1
Mr. Giffard's ch. c. <i>Traveller</i> , by <i>Tramp</i> , out of <i>Tiara</i>	2
Mr. Robinson's ch. c. by <i>Blacklock</i> , out of <i>Pincushion</i>	3
Col. Yates's b. c. <i>Sinbad</i> , by <i>Swap</i> , dam by <i>Manfred</i>	4

The **BRADBY STAKES** of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. with 100 added.—Twice round and a distance.—Four subs.

Col. Yates's ch. c. <i>Bolivar</i> , by <i>Blacklock</i> , dam by <i>Tramp</i> , 4 yrs, 8st. 10lb. (G. Calloway).....	1
Sir T. Stanley's ch. f. <i>Augustina</i> , 3 yrs, 7st. 7lb.....	2

SWEETSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 40 added, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats twice round and a distance.—Seven subs.

Mr. Applewhaite's ch. c. <i>Zodiac</i> , by The Grand Duke, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (H. Arthur)	4	1	1
Mr. R. Turner's br. h. <i>Olympus</i> , 5 yrs, 8st.	1	4	dr.
Mr. Richards's b. c. <i>Allerdale</i> , 4 yrs, 8st. 3lb.	3	2	2
Mr. Yates's b. h. <i>Frederick</i> , 5 yrs, 8st. 13lb.	2	5	dr.
Sir T. Mostyn's <i>Ultimatum</i> , 5 yrs, 8st. 11lb.	5	3	dr.

PRODUCE STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds, not thorough-bred.—Seven subs.

Mr. Warren's gr. f. by <i>Swap</i> , dam by <i>Cervantes</i> , 8st.	walked over.		
Mr. Clarke's b. h. <i>Nipper</i> , 5 yrs, 11st. 5lb. rec. ft. from Mr. Walker's br. f. <i>Rosina</i> , 4 yrs, 10st. 7lb., one-mile heats, 50 sovs. h. ft.			

ASCOT HEATH SECOND MEETING.

TUESDAY, August 24.—The GREAT PARK STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 furlongs, for three-year-olds and upwards.—The last three quarters of the New Mile. His Majesty's ch. c. *The Colonel*, by Whisker, out of My Lady's dam, 5 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. (A. Pavis)

Mr. Perren's br. c. <i>Donegani</i> , 3 yrs, 6st. 10lb.	2
Mr. W. Day's br. c. <i>Augur</i> , 4 yrs, 7st. 6lb.	3
Eight subscribers paid 15 sovs. forfeit, and 21 others having declared by the time prescribed, paid only five sovs. each.—Four to 1 on <i>The Colonel</i> . Won in a canter.	

HIS MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs. for horses, &c. of all ages.—Three miles. Duke of Richmond's ch. h. *Rough Robin*, by Sober Robin, 5 yrs, 9st. 5lb. (F. Boyce)

Mr. Maberly's b. h. <i>Palemon</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. 3lb.	2
Two to 1 on <i>Rough Robin</i> . Won by a length.	
SWEETSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Members for Windsor.—About two miles and a distance.	
His Majesty's ch. f. <i>Frederica</i> , by Moses, dam by Gohanna, 3 yrs, 6st. 5lb. (E. Edwards)	1
Mr. W. Day's br. c. <i>Augur</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.	2
Three to 1 on <i>Frederica</i> . Won easy by a length.	

WEDNESDAY, August 25.—FIFTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—One mile and a half.

Lord Jersey's b. g. <i>Glenartney</i> , by Phantom, out of Web, 6 yrs old, 9st. 8lb. (Robinson)	1
Duke of Richmond's ch. h. <i>Rough Robin</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. 4lb.	2
Three to 1 on <i>Glenartney</i> . Won cleverly by a length.	

THURSDAY, August 26.—HANDICAP PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—The Old Mile.

Lord Jersey's b. g. <i>Glenartney</i> , by Phantom, out of Web, 6 yrs old, 9st. 6lb. (Robinson)	1
Mr. Beecher's br. c. <i>Penhill</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.	2
Mr. Theobald's br. m. <i>Bobadilla</i> , 5 yrs, 8st. 12lb.	3
Mr. Montagu's b. f. <i>Duchess</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.	4
Mr. Cosby's b. c. <i>Windrush</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb.	5
Sir G. Heathcote's b. f. <i>Clymatia</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.	6
Five to 4 on <i>Glenartney</i> , and 5 to 2 agst <i>Bobadilla</i> .	

The LADIES PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—The Old Mile.

Mr. Day's b. m. <i>Profile</i> , by Rubens, out of Effie Deans, by Ashton, aged, 9st. 5lb. (S. Mann)	1
Mr. Clark's b. h. <i>The Palfrey</i> , by Abjer, out of Paleface, aged, 9st. 8lb. (rec. 10l.) ..	2
Mr. Boast's br. f. <i>Discovery</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.	3
Profile the favorite. Won by a length.	

HANDICAP PURSE of 100gs. given by the Town of Windsor.—Two miles and a half. Mr. Perren's br. c. *Donegani*, by Tramp, out of Sister to Cobweb, 3 yrs old, 7st. (C. Edwards)

Lord Jersey's bl. h. <i>Juryman</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.	2
The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Theobald's br. m. <i>Bobadilla</i> ,	

5 yrs, 9st.; Mr. Maberly's b. h. Palemon, 5 yrs, 8st. 10lb.; Mr. W. Day's b. h. Massanello, 5 yrs, 8st. 2lb.; and Mr. Beecher's br. c. Penhill, 4 yrs, 7st. 4lb.—Six and 7 to 4 on Juryman, 3 to 1 agst Bobadilla, 4 to 2 agst Palemon, and 5 to 1 agst Donegani.

ABERYSTWYTH MEETING.

TUESDAY, August 24.—The MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for horses, &c. of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Onion's b. f. <i>GarHo</i> , by Master Henry, dam by Hedley, 4 yrs, 8st. 5lb.	1	1
Mr. Waters's b. h. <i>Smuggler</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb.	2	2
Mr. Williams's ch. h. Kouli Khan, aged, 9st. 9lb.	3	dis.
Mr. Vaughan's b. m. <i>Cholstrey Lass</i> , aged, 9st. 6lb.	4	dis.
Mr. Thornes's b. c. <i>Worcester</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	5	dr.

HUNTERS' STAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added.—Heats, twice round.—Six subs.

Mr. A. Stephens's br. m. <i>Bessy</i> , by Hylas, aged, 12st.	1	1
Mr. Bowen's b. f. <i>Elisa</i> , 4 yrs old, 10st. 10lb.	2	2
Mr. Jones's br. c. <i>Royal Radnor</i> , 4 yrs old, 10st. 10lb.	3	3

The TOWN PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Vaughan's b. m. <i>Cholstrey Lass</i> , by Grimaldi, aged, 9st. 3lb. (Moss).	1	1
Mr. Waters's b. h. <i>Smuggler</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.	2	2
Mr. Williams's ch. h. Kouli Khan, aged, 9st. 3lb.		bolt.

HANDICAP STAKES of three sovs. each, with 20 added.—One-mile heats.

Mr. Vaughan's b. m. <i>Cholstrey Lass</i> , by Grimaldi, aged, 9st. 6lb. (Moss).	1	1
Mr. Williams's ch. h. Kouli Khan, aged, 9st. 5lb.	2	2
Mr. Stephens's ch. m. by Perchance, 5 yrs old.	3	3

LEOMINSTER MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, August 25.—The MAIDEN PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Charlton's b. f. <i>Genuine</i> , by Master Henry, out of <i>Libra</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. (Farlow)	1	1
Mr. Thornes's b. c. <i>Ghost</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.	2	2
Mr. Peel's ch. c. <i>William Tell</i> , 3 yrs, 6st. 12lb.	4	3
Capt. Kerr's <i>Zee</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 13lb.	3	4

BOROUGH STAKES of five sovs. each, with 15 added, for horses, &c. not thoroughbred.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Patrick's b. f. by Manfred, 3 yrs old, 8st. (Cliff)	1	1
Capt. Kerr's b. c. Don Giovanni, 3 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (received back his stake).	2	2

THURSDAY, August 26.—The MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Three-mile heats.—Three subs.

Mr. Ormsby Gore's b. h. <i>Hesperus</i> , by Hollyhock, out of Rally, aged, 9st. 9lb. (S. Darling)	1	1
Mr. Pee's b. f. <i>Flora</i> , by Cannon Ball, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	2	dr.

HUNTERS' STAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses, &c. not thoroughbred.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Price's b. f. <i>Chance</i> , by Perchance, 4 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. (Davis)	0	1	1
Mr. Tanner's b. m. <i>Georgiana</i> , 6 yrs old, 11st. 11lb. (received back her stake)	0	2	2
Mr. Williams's ch. g. <i>Catania</i> , 4 yrs old, 9st. 11lb.	3	3	3

HANDICAP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. with 15 added.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Thorne's b. c. <i>Ghost</i> , by Spectre, out of <i>Jessy</i> , by Poulton, 3 yrs old, 7st. (R. Guy)	1	0	1
Mr. Pee's b. f. <i>Flora</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	2	0	2
Capt. Kerr's b. c. Don Giovanni, 3 yrs old, 6st.			dis.

HAIGH PARK MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, August 25.—SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft. for three and four year-olds.—One mile and a half.—Three subs.

Sir J. Beresford's br. f. by Swiss, dam by Catton, 3 yrs, 6st. 7lb. (J. Robinson, jun.), 1
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Gilbert, by Sherwood, out of Miss Malthy's dam, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. 2

A most excellent race, and won by only a head.

HANDICAP STAKES of 15 sovs. each, five ft. for horses, &c. of all ages.—One mile and a half.—Six subs.

Sir J. Beresford's br. f. by Swiss, dam by Catton, 3 yrs old, 6st. 8lb. walked over.

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Town of Leeds, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Gascoigne's ch. f. by Whisker, out of Louisa, by Orville, 3 yrs old, 6st. 3lb. (J. Gray)..... 1 1

Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Abel, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. 2 2

Mr. Wyrill's ch. g. Mr. Fry, 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. 3 3

The first heat won by a neck; the second by a length.

THURSDAY, August 26.—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—T.Y.C.—Four subs.

Mr. J. Scott's b. f. by Champignon, out of Maniac, by Shuttle (J. Holmes)..... 1

Mr. Legrew's ch. f. Tippet, by Swiss, out of Wagtail..... 2

Mr. Wilson's b. f. by Arbutus, dam by Blucher..... 3

GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs., by 10 subs. of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—About two miles.

Mr. Healey's b. c. Flambeau, by Grey Malton, out of Sister to Torchbearer, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (Weatherill)..... 1

Mr. F. Richardson's b. f. Lady Sarah, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. 2

A most excellent race, and won by only half a head.

The RENEWED COMMENCEMENT PRODUCE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—One mile and three-quarters.—Five subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Beagle, by Whalebone, out of Auburn, 8st. 5lb. walked over.

FRIDAY, August 27.—The HUNTERS' STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred.—Two miles.—Six subs.

Mr. Hudson's b. c. Sober Robin, by Gambler, dam by Young Screveton, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. (Owner)..... 1

Mr. J. Lee's b. g. Guy Fawkes, aged, 11st. 11lb. 2

Mr. Wood's b. m. Queen Bess, 5 yrs old, 10st. 13lb. 3

MAIDEN PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages, that never won before the day of naming.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Gascoigne's ch. f. by Whisker, out of Louisa, by Orville, 3 yrs old, 6st. 3lb. (J. Gray)..... 1 1

Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Gilbert, 3 yrs old, 6st. 6lb. 2 2

Mr. S. Fox's ch. f. by Peter Lely, 3 yrs old, 6st. 8lb. 3 dr.

Mr. Johnson's b. c. Mercury, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. 4 dr.

Won easy.

The TRAINERS' and JOCKEYS' STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses of all ages.—One mile and a half.—Four subs.

Mr. F. Richardson's b. f. Lady Sarah, by Trump, out of Miss Wentworth, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. (T. Iye)..... 1

Mr. Heseltine's b. g. The Captain, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. 2

Mr. S. Fox's ch. f. by Peter Lely, dam by Chance, 3 yrs old, 6st. 8lb. 3

MATCH for 25 sovs. each.—Two miles.

Mr. Turnbull's ch. h. (J. Garbutt)..... 1

Mr. Pearson's b. h. 2

CANTERBURY MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, August 25.—HIS MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs. for four-year-olds, and upwards.—Four-mile heats.

Lord Ongley's ch. h. Gameloy, by Octavian, dam by St. George, 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. (W. Macdonald)..... 1 1

Mr. Burgess's b. h. Hal, by Warrior, aged, 12st. 2 2

Mr. R. Wilson's ch. c. Gambol, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. 3 dr.

HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, three ft.—Gentlemen riders.—Half a mile.—
Eighteen subs.

Mr. Craven's ch. g. <i>Lady-Killer</i> , by Milo, dam by Selim, 6 yrs old, 10st. 4lb.....	1
Mr. Thewie's ch. g. Pigeon, aged, 11st. 3lb.....	2
Four others started but were not placed.	

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, given by the Noblemen and Gentlemen of the County.—
Two-mile heats.

Mr. Shackel's b. c. <i>Watchman</i> , by Comas, out of Poozy, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (F. Buckle).....	1	1
Mr. Coleman's b. f. <i>Scarlet Runner</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.....	4	2
Mr. Sowerby's br. f. <i>Jannette</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.....	3	3
Mr. Pearce's ch. f. by Eryx, out of Misery, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb.	2	dr.

FIFTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Rush's b. f. by Whalebone, out of Discord, by Popinjay, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. (Wakefield).....	4	1	1
Mr. Pearce's br. f. <i>Parfaite</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb.....	1	4	3
Mr. R. Wilson's b. g. <i>Rondo</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.....	2	2	2
Mr. Coleman's br. f. <i>Little Gift</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.	3	3	dr.

THURSDAY, August 26.—The **CITY PURSE** of 100 sovs. for horses of all ages.—
Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Pearce's ch. g. <i>Guildford</i> , by Hampden, out of Receipt, 4 yrs, 7st. 13lb... }	2	1
Mr. Brown's b. c. <i>Watchman</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.....	2	1
Mr. Vansittart's b. h. <i>Linkboy</i> , aged, 9st. 2lb.....	3	dr.

THE COUNTY MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l.:—three-year-olds, 8st. 9lb.; four,
8st. 1lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six, 9st.; and aged, 9st. 2lb.—Mares and geldings allowed
3lb.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. E. Ellis's ch. c. <i>Lucifer</i> , by Magistrate, dam by Dick Andrews, 4 yrs ..	5	1	1
Mr. Brown's b. f. by Waterloo—Waxy, 3 yrs old.....	1	2	2
Mr. Coleman's b. f. <i>Puzzle</i> , 3 yrs old.....	3	4	3
Mr. Pearce's br. f. <i>Parfaite</i> , by Eryx, 4 yrs old.....	2	5	dr.
Mr. R. Wilson's b. g. <i>Rondo</i> , 3 yrs old.....	6	3	dr.
Mr. Howard's br. h. <i>Speculator</i> , by Blucher, aged.....	7	6	dr.
Mr. Thewie's ch. g. <i>Lady-Killer</i> , 6 yrs old.....	4	dr.	

FRIDAY, August 27.—The **GOLD CUP**, or 100 sovs., given by the Noblemen and
Gentlemen of the County, for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Pearce's ch. g. <i>Guildford</i> , by Hampden, out of Receipt, 4 yrs, 8st. 1lb... }	2	1
Mr. Rush's b. f. <i>Partisan</i> , out of Chintz, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.....	1	2
Mr. C. Howard's b. h. <i>Vicar</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	3	dr.

THE COUNTY PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a
distance.

Lord Ongley's ch. c. <i>Suffolk Punch</i> , by Wrangler, dam by Shuttle, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.....	1	1
Mr. Vansittart's b. h. <i>Linkboy</i> , aged, 9st. 8lb.....	3	2
Mr. Pearce's ch. f. by Eryx, out of Misery, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.	2	3

HUNTERS' STAKES of five sovs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Gentlemen
riders.—Heats, two miles and a distance.—Seventeen subs.

Gen. Mulcaster named b. g. <i>Bob Handy</i> , by a Son of Buckingham, 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. (Mr. J. Stuckbury).....	1	1
Sir F. Dering named br. m. <i>Rosina</i> , aged, 12st.....	3	2
Mr. J. Hallett's b. g. <i>Primal</i> , aged, 12st.....	2	3

MATCH for 100 sovs., 10st. 7lb. each.—The Last Mile.

Captain Elton's b. g. <i>Scarecrow</i> , by Ardrossan, aged.....	1
Mr. Thewie's ch. g. <i>Lady-Killer</i> , by Milo, 6 yrs old.....	2

BLANDFORD MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, August 25.—The **DORSETSHIRE GOLD CUP**, value 100 sovs.
(the surplus in specie, to the second horse), by 13 subs. of 10 sovs. each.—Two
miles and a distance.

Mr. Biggs's ch. c. <i>Tyke</i> , by Tramp, dam by Cervantes, 4 yrs, 8st. 6lb. (J. Day).....	1
Mr. Radclyffe's br. h. Brownlock, aged, 9st. 2lb.	2
Mr. Stevenson's ch. c. Cornellian, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb.	3
Mr. White's b. f. by Bustard, out of Bequest, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb.....	4

FIFTY POUNDS, for maiden horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.
Mr. Dickinson's ch. c. *The Unfortunate Youth*, by Swiss, out of Comedy, 3

ys old, 7st.....	1	1
Mr. House's b. g. Young Briton, 6 yrs old, 9st. 1lb.....	2	dr.
Mr. Matcham's b. m. Clari, 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb.	3	dr.

The BRYANSTONE STAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added.—Heats, the New Course.—Six subs.

Mr. Portman's b. c. <i>Chiron</i> , by Centaur, dam by Camillus, 4 yrs old, 8st. (J. Day).....	4	1	1
Mr. Finch's b. f. Rosary, 4 yrs old, 8st.....	1	2	2
Mr. Dilly's br. f. Slander, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.....	2	3	dr.
Mr. W. Wyndham's b. h. Dwarf, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.....	3	3	dr.

THURSDAY, August 26.—The DORSETSHIRE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and five only if declared, &c.—Two miles.

Mr. Biggs's b. m. <i>Whisk</i> , by Whisker, out of Sister to Benedict, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. (J. Day).....	1
Mr. Hayward's ch. c. St. Lawrence, 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb.....	2
Three subs. paid 15 sovs. ft., and five others having declared by the time prescribed paid only five sovs. each. A most excellent race.	

A PURSE of 50l. for three and four year-olds.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Biggs's b. c. <i>Wassailer</i> , by Reveller, out of Annet Lyle, 3 yrs, 7st. 4lb.	4	1	1
Mr. Dilly's br. f. Slander, 3 yrs old, 7st. 1lb.....	1	2	2
Mr. White's b. f. by Bustard, out of Bequest, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.....	3	3	dr.
Lord Palmerston's ch. c. Waldron, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.....	2	bolt.	

The RINGSTON HALL STAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added.—Two-mile heats. Seven subs.

Mr. W. Wyndham's b. h. <i>Colleger</i> , by Rubens—Dorina, aged, 8st. 10lb. (J. Day).....	1	4	1
Mr. C. Finch's b. f. Benefit, 4 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.....	3	1	2
Mr. Wiltshire's b. g. Fadladeen, 6 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.....	2	3	3
Mr. Portman's b. c. <i>Chiron</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb.....	4	2	dr.

Each heat well contested.

The LANGTON STAKES of five sovs. each, for maiden horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Ten subs.

Mr. Matcham's b. m. <i>Clari</i> , by Magnet, out of Gatty, 5 yrs old, 9st. 12lb. (A. Percy).....	2	1	1
Mr. House's ch. g. Young Briton, 6 yrs old, 10st. 4lb.....	1	2	dr.

BURDEROP MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, August 25.—The GOLD CUP, by eight subs. of 10 sovs. each, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Three miles.

Mr. Goddard's br. c. *Sketch-book*, by Rubens, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb..... walked over.

FIFTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Scott's ch. g. <i>Goshawk</i> , by Merlin, out of Coquette, aged, 9st. 13lb. (C. Day).....	1	1
Mr. Dundas's ch. c. Honest Robin, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	3	2
Mr. I. Day's br. g. Little Boy-blue, 5 yrs old, 9st.....	2	3
Mr. Goodlake's b. h. Dandelion, 6 yrs old, 9st. 9lb.....	4	dr.

THURSDAY, August 26.—HANDICAP PURSE of 50l. for horses, &c. of all ages, given by the Members for Cricklade.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. I. Day's br. g. <i>Little Boy-blue</i> , by Paulowitz, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (Chapple).....	4	1	1
Col. Villet's b. f. Anna, by Godolphin, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.	5	2	2
Mr. Goddard's b. c. <i>Sketch-book</i> , 5 yrs old, 7st. 13lb.....	1	4	dr.

Mr. Green's ch. g. Moses, aged, 9st. 7lb.....	6	3	3
Mr. Scott's ch. g. Goshawk, aged, 10st. 3lb.....	2	5	dr.
Mr. Hervey's b. f. Rubina, 3 yrs old, 7st.....	3	0	dr.
Mr. Wain's b. g. Chesterton, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.....	7	0	dr.

HANDICAP STAKES of two sovs. each, added to a Silver Cup of 50l. for horses, &c. of all ages.—One-mile heats.

Mr. T. M. Goodlake's b. h. <i>Dandelion</i> , by Merlin, 6 yrs old, 9st. 7lb. (C. Day), 1	1
Mr. Goddard's b. c. Sketch-book, 3 yrs old, 7st. 13lb.....	2
Mr. Scott's ch. h. Goshawk, aged, 10st. 3lb.....	3
Mr. Fryse's gr. f. by Rubens—Undine, 3 yrs old, 7st.....	4

STOURBRIDGE MEETING.

MONDAY, August 30.—The MAIDEN STAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Beardsworth's b. g. by Paulowits, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. (W. Locke).....	1	2	1
Mr. Robinson's b. f. Maria, 3 yrs old, 6st. 2lb.....	0	1	2
Mr. Thornes's b. c. Ghost, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.....	2	3	3
Mr. Palin's b. c. Rolla, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.....	3	0	dr.

Six others started. A good race.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Two miles.

Mr. Massey's b. f. <i>Lilla</i> (late Little Duchess), by Bobadil, out of Aglaia (J. Spring).....	1
Mr. Arnold's b. f. Dolly, by Figaro—Filho da Puta.....	2
Sir W. Wynne's b. c. Convooy, by Ivanhoe—Fanina.....	3
Mr. A. Bower's b. f. Tartarina, by Tramp—Waxy.....	4

Won by half a head.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Charlton's ch. f. <i>Kalmia</i> , by Magistrate, out of Zephyrina, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. (H. Arthur).....	5	1	1
Mr. Turner's b. c. Navarino, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.....	0	2	dr.
Mr. Hungerford's ch. g. Camillus, 6 yrs old, 9st. 4lb.....	0	3	dr.
Mr. Beardsworth's br. g. Brielle, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.....	3	dr.	
Mr. Arnold's b. f. Dolly, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb.....	4	dr.	

The LADIES' PURSE of 30 sovs. added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Giffard's b. f. <i>Lucy</i> , by Muley, dam by Windle, 4 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. (W. Lear).....	0	1	4	1
Sir T. Mostyn's ch. g. Ultimatum, 5 yrs old, 8st.....	5	4	1	3
Sir W. Wynne's ch. c. Sir Walter, 4 yrs old, 8st.....	4	5	2	2
Mr. Thompson's br. g. Orthodox, aged, 8st. 7lb.....	0	3	3	0
Mr. Jackson's b. c. Hazard, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb.....	3	2	dr.	

Each heat well contested.

TUESDAY, August 31.—The WORCESTERSHIRE STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added by the County Members, for regular hunters.—Two-mile heats.—Five subs.

Mr. Hungerford's ch. g. <i>Camillus</i> , by Cannon Ball, 6 yrs old, 12st. 5lb. (Brown).....	1	1
Mr. Whitehurst's bl. g. Tom Moody, 6 yrs old, 11st. 9lb.....	4	2
Mr. Griffiths's ch. g. The Monk, aged, 11st. 4lb.....	3	3
Mr. Hobson's b. m. Milk Maid, 5 yrs old, 11st. 11lb.....	2	dr.

The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. by subscription of 10 sovs. each, the surplus to the second horse.—Three miles.—Twelve subs.

Mr. Yates's b. f. <i>Lilla</i> (late Little Duchess), by Bobadil, out of Aglaia, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. (Hardy).....	1
Mr. Appleyhaite's ch. c. Zodiac, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.....	2
Mr. Turner's b. h. Clinton, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.....	3

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Ormsby Gore's br. g. Bunder, 3 yrs, 6st. 12lb.; Sir W. Wynne's b. h. Courtier, 5 yrs, 8st. 10lb.; Mr. Bower's b. m. Lady Vane, 5 yrs, 8st. 8lb.; and Sir W. Wynne's ch. c. Sir Walter, 4 yrs, 8st. 3lb.

The TOWN PURSE of 50*l.* added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Charlton's ch. f. <i>Kalmia</i> , by Magistrate, out of Zephyrina, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. (B. Aribas)	1	0	1
Mr. Jackson's b. c. Hazard, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	3	1	2
Mr. Beardsworth's b. h. Lorraine, aged, 9st.	0	0	3
Sir W. Wyane's b. m. Effie, 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	0	2	dr.
Mr. Thompson's br. f. by Master Henry, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb.	0	3	dr.
Mr. Hungerford's g. Camillus, 6 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	2	0	dr.

Mr. Pickernell's b. g. Secretary, 3 yrs old, received ft. from Mr. W. Thomas's b. g. by Cannon Ball, 3 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. each, two miles, 50 sovs.

PONTEFRACT MEETING.

TUESDAY, August 31.—SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—One mile and three quarters.—Eleven subs.
 Mr. W. Scott's b. c. *Pedestrian*, by Tramp, dam by Prime Minister, out of Consul's dam (Owner) 1
 Lord Scarbrough's b. c. *Carolan*, by Catton 2
 Two to 1 on Carolan. Won cleverly.

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—One mile and three quarters.—Four subs.
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. *Elizanne*, by Filho da Puta, out of Borodino's dam, 8st. walked over.

The WOMERSLEY STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—5lb. allowed, &c.—T.V.C.—Seven subs.
 Mr. Petre's gr. f. *Lady Fractious*, by Comus, out of Vaultress (J. Holmes) 1
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Simon, by Comus, out of Miss Maltby's dam, by Cervantes, 2
 Lord Fitzwilliam's ch. c. Lee, by Comus—Leonella 3
 Mr. Launley's b. f. by Tramp, dam by Shuttle 4
 Even betting on Simon, and 5 to 2 agst Lady Fractious. Won easy by a length.

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Noblemen and Gentlemen in the neighbourhood of Pontefract, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, one mile and a quarter.
 Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. by Cervantes, out of Clinkerina, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb. (J. Gray) 1 1
 Sir J. Beresford's br. f. by Swiss, dam by Catton, 3 yrs old, 6st. 6lb. 3 2
 Lord Scarbrough's ch. f. Melrose, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. 4 3
 Mr. M. Foalis's br. f. Lady Frances, 3 yrs old, 6st. 1lb. 2 dr.
 Five to 4 agst Lord Fitzwilliam's colt; after the first heat, even betting on him, 6 to 4 agst Sir J. Beresford's filly, and 4 to 1 agst Melrose.

WEDNESDAY, September 1.—The FOAL STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—The last mile.—Six subs.
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. *Beagle*, by Whalebone, out of Auburn, by Blacklock, 8st. 2lb. (Darling) 1
 Mr. Richardson's br. c. St. Nicholas, 8st. 2lb. 2
 Five to 1 on St. Nicholas. Won easy by a length.

The GOLD CUP, value 100*g.* by a subscription of 10*g.* each, with 20 added, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Two miles and two furlongs.—Seven subs.
 Major Yarburgh's br. h. *Laurel*, by Blacklock, out of Wagtail, 6 yrs old, 9st. 3lb. (T. Nicholson) 1
 Lord Scarbrough's br. c. Cistercian, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. 2
 Mr. Houldsworth's br. h. Terror, 5 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. 0
 Mr. Petre's ch. f. Laura, by Figaro, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. 0
 Six to 4 on Laurel, 5 to 2 agst Cistercian, 3 to 1 agst Terror, and 6 to 1 agst Laurel. Won easy.

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Hon. M. Stafford Jerningham, M.P. for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, one mile and a half.
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. *Abel*, by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. (S. Darling) 1 3 1

Mr. Heseltine's b. g. Flambeau, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. 3 1 2
 Mr. G. Davidson's b. h. Victory, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. 2 2 3
 Even betting on Victory; after the first heat, even on Abel; after the second heat,
 2 to 1 on Flambeau. The three heats well contested.

THURSDAY, Sept. 2.—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds :—
 colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Seven furlongs.—Seven subs.
 Mr. Petre's ch. c. *Rattler*, by Reveller, out of Trotinda, by Williamson's Dittie
 (W. Scott)..... 1
 Mr. S. Fox's b. f. by Lottery, out of Wathcote Lass 2
 Lord Sligo's b. c. The Flea, by Waxy Pope—Steam 3
 Five to 4 on Rattler, and 2 to 1 agst Mr. Fox's filly. Easy.

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, with 20 added, for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 3lb.—
 Last mile and a quarter.
 Mr. Petre's ch. f. *Laura*, by Figaro, out of Juliana, by Gohanna, grandam Platina
 (W. Scott)..... 1
 Lord Scarbrough's b. by Octavius—Melrose's dam 2
 Mr. Attwood's b. Penthesilea, by Doctor Syntax 3
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. Elianne, by Filho da Puta 4
 Two to 1 agst Laura, and 5 to 2 agst Lord Scarbrough's filly. Won easy.

THE LEDSTONE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 5lb.;
 fillies, 8st. 2lb.—One mile and a quarter.—Four subs.
 Lord Scarbrough's br. f. by Swias, out of Lady Georgiana's dam walked over.

FIFTY POUNDS, given by Sir Culling Eardley Smith, Bart. M.P. for horses, &c. of
 all ages.—Heats, one mile and three quarters.
 Mr. Houldsworth's br. h. *Terror*, by Magistrate, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. (S.
 Darling) 0 1 1
 Mr. Attwood's ch. c. Argantes, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. 0 3 2
 Lord Fitzwilliam's br. c. by Cervantes, out of Clinkerina, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. 3 2 dr.
 Even betting on Terror, and 6 to 4 agst Lord Fitzwilliam's colt; after the dead heat,
 2 to 1 on Terror; after the second heat, 3 to 1 on him.

EGHAM MEETING.

TUESDAY, August 31.—The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. (in specie), by eleven
 subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—The second horse received
 back his stake.—Two miles.

Mr. Maberly's b. h. *Palemon*, by Vampire, out of Lady Henry, 5 yrs old, 9st. 3lb.
 (A. Pavis) 1
 Lord Mountcharles's b. h. Rasselas, 5 yrs old, 9st. 3lb. 2
 Mr. Laurence's ch. f. Fury, by Trinidad, dam by Sampson, out of Striking Beauty,
 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. 3
 Five to 2 on Rasselas. Won easy.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, three
 quarters of a mile.

Duke of Richmond's b. g. *Juvenis*, by Tancred, out of Franks, 3 yrs old, 7st.
 8lb. (Pavis)..... 1 1
 Mr. Beecher's br. c. Penhill, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. 2 2
 Mr. Montague's b. f. Duchess, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. 3 0
 Lord Mountcharles's ch. f. Benefit, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb. 4 0
 Six to 5 on Penhill, and 3 to 1 agst Benefit; after the first heat, 5 to 2 on Juvenis,
 and 4 to 1 agst Penhill. Both heats won easy.

PRODUCE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.—New Mile.—Five subs.
 His Majesty's b. c. *Vanloo*, by Waterloo, out of Sprite, by Phantom, 8st. 2lb. (A.
 Pavis)..... 1
 Duke of Richmond's b. g. Juvenia, by Tancred, 8st. 2lb. 2
 Five to 2 on Vanloo. Won by a length.

WEDNESDAY, September 1.—The SURREY and MIDDLESEX STAKES of 25
 sovs. each, 15 ft., and five only if declared, &c.—Two miles and a distance.

Lord Mountcharles's b. c. *Gayhurst*, by Whalebone, out of Spree's dam, 4 yrs old,
 8st. 4lb. (Connolly)..... 1

Duke of Richmond's ch. h. Rough Robin, 5 yrs old, 9st.
 Mr. Bulkeley's b. f. Bustle, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.
 Five subscribers paid 15 sovs. each, and fourteen others having declared forfeit by the time prescribed, paid only five sovs. each.—Seven to 4 agst Gayhurst, 7 to 4 agst Rough Robin, and 5 to 2 agst Bustle. Won by half a length.

HANDICAP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses, &c. of all ages.—New Mile.—Six subs.

Duke of Richmond's b. f. Refugee, Sister to Rasselas, by Wanderer, 3 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. (A. Pavis)
 Mr. Gardnor's br. m. Emmelina, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.
 Mr. Maberly's b. f. Verdict, 3 yrs old, 7st. 9lb.
 Lord Mountcharles's b. h. Rasselas, 5 yrs old, 9st.
 Six to 4 on Refugee, and 3 to 1 agst Verdict. Won easy by two lengths.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses of all ages.—One-mile heats.—Four subs.

Duke of Richmond's ch. c. Confederacy, by Godolphin, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. (A. Pavis) 1 1
 Mr. W. Day's b. m. Profile, aged, 8st. 6lb. 4 2
 Lord Mountcharles's b. c. Brother to Gayhurst, by Whalebone, 3 yrs, 7st. 7lb. 3 8
 Mr. Lawrence's ch. f. Fury, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. 2 dr.
 Seven to 4 on Confederacy; after the first heat, high odds on him. Won very easy. The winner was claimed according to the articles for 150 sovs.

THE MAGNA CHARTA STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—New Mile.—Six subs.

Mr. Corbet's b. f. Jenny Vertpre, by Bobadil, out of Bella Donna (Chapple) 1
 Mr. Ramsbottom's br. c. Zucharelli, by Tiresias 2
 Mr. Maberly's b. c. Erymus, by Moses 3
 Eleven to 8 on Erymus, 2 to 1 agst Zucharelli, and 3 to 1 agst Jenny Vertpre. Won by a neck.

THURSDAY, September 2.—SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, 30 ft. for two-year-olds.—Last three-quarters of the New Mile.—Nine subs.

Mr. Lawrence's b. f. Fanny, by Phantom, dam by Skim—Striking Beauty, 8st. 2lb. (Connolly) 1
 Duke of Richmond's b. f. Conciliation, by Moses, out of Coventry's dam, 8st. 5lb. 2
 Mr. Lumley's ch. f. by Muley, out of Harriet, 8st. 2lb. 3
 Mr. Theobald's ch. c. by Middleton, out of John de Bart's dam, by Hedley, 8st. 5lb. 4
 Two to 1 agst Conciliation, 2 to 1 agst Mr. Lumley's filly, 5 to 1 agst Fanny, and 5 to 1 agst Mr. Theobald's colt. Won by a length.

THE SUNNING HILL STAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for three-year-olds and upwards.—The last three-quarters of the New Mile.—Six subs.

Mr. Gardnor's br. m. Emmelina, by Blacklock, out of Agatha, by Orville, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (Pavis)
 Mr. Cosby's br. h. Henri Quatre, 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.
 Mr. Day's br. f. Nell Gwynn, 3 yrs old, 5st. 12lb.
 Mr. Austin's ch. f. Adelaide (late Bungay Lass), by Centaur, 4 yrs old, 7st.
 Seven to 1 agst Henri Quatre, and 2 to 1 agst Emmelina. Won by a head.

HANDICAP STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. with 20 added.—About two miles.—Five subs.

Lord Mountcharles's b. c. Gayhurst, by Whalebone, 4 yrs, 8st. 5lb. (Connolly), 0
 Duke of Richmond's b. f. Refugee, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. 0
 Mr. G. Bulkeley's b. f. Bustle, 3 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. 3
 Even betting on Refugee, and 6 to 4 agst Gayhurst; after the dead heat, Gayhurst favorite. Won by a length.

DORCHESTER MEETING.

THURSDAY, September 2.—THE TRADESMEN'S PURSE of 75l., added to Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Heats, about two miles and quarter.—Five subs.

Mr. Biggs's b. m. Whisker, by Whisker, out of Sister to Benedict, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (J. Day) 3 3 1 1
 Mr. Radclyffe's br. h. Brownlock, aged, 8st. 4lb. (received back his stake), 1 2 3 2
 Mr. Shard's ch. f. Acacia, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2 1 3 4

HUNTERS' STAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses not thorough-bred: Heats, about one mile and a half.

Mr. Hunt's gr. g. <i>Cardinal</i> , aged, 11st. 11lb. (Owner)	1	1
Mr. House's ch. g. <i>Young Briton</i> , 6 yrs old, 11st. 11lb.	2	2
Mr. Douglas Stuart's ch. m. <i>Arinetie</i> , aged, 11st. 11lb.	3	dr.

HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, three ft., with 25 added.—Heats, about one mile and a half.—Thirteen subs.

Mr. Shard's b. f. <i>Harmony</i> , by Reveller, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (Wakefield) ...	1	4	1
Mr. C. Finch's b. f. <i>Benefit</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st.	4	1	2
Mr. Biggs's b. c. <i>Wassailer</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.	0	5	8
Mr. Lee's br. h. <i>Souter Johnny</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.	3	8	dr.
Mr. Wiltshire's b. g. <i>Fadladeen</i> , 6 yrs old, 7st. 10lb.	0	2	dr.
Mr. Dilly's b. f. <i>Slander</i> , 3 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	2	dr.	
Captain Hobart's b. g. <i>Pollignac</i> (late Oxford Tom), aged, 7st. 7lb.	0	dr.	

FRIDAY, September 3.—The **DORCHESTER STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and five only if declared, &c., with 25 added.—Two miles and a quarter.

Mr. Biggs's b. m. <i>Whisk</i> , by Whisker, out of Sister to Benedict, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (J. Day)	1
Mr. Wreford's ch. h. <i>Upas</i> , by Abjer, aged, 9st.	2
Two subscribers paid 15 sovs. ft., and six others having declared ft. by the time prescribed, paid five sovs. each,	

THE LADIES' PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, about two miles and a quarter.

Mr. Ley's b. h. <i>Omen</i> , by Orville, out of Whizgig, by Rubens, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. (T. Cowley)	1	1
Mr. Biggs's b. c. <i>Chiron</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	2	2

SILVER CUP, given by the Steward, added to a Sweepstakes of two sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred, having been for two months the property of Yeomen or Tradesmen residing in the County of Dorset.—Heats, about one mile and a half.

Mr. J. Stent's ch. g. <i>Whirlwind</i> , 6 yrs old, 11st. 11lb. (Mr. R. Stent)	1	1
Mr. House's ch. g. <i>Young Briton</i> , 6 yrs old, 11st. 11lb.	3	2
Mr. Humphrey's ch. g. <i>Harkaway</i> , aged, 12st. 1lb.	dis.	

SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred, 12st.—Heats, about two miles.

Mr. Forde's gr. g. <i>Baronet</i> (Owner)	1	1
Mr. Somerville's <i>Gertrude</i>	3	2
Major Wyndham's <i>White Stockings</i>	2	3

HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, three ft. made up 50l. from the Fund, for the beaten horses.—Heats, about one mile and a half.

Mr. Dilly's b. f. <i>Slander</i> , by Comus, 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (P. Percy)	1	1
Mr. Finch's b. f. <i>Benefit</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st.	3	2
Mr. Biggs's b. c. <i>Wassailer</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st.	4	8
Mr. Shard's ch. f. <i>Acacia</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.	2	dr.

ASHFORD MEETING.

FRIDAY, September 3.—**TOWN PURSE** of 50l.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Coleman's br. f. <i>Little Gift</i> , by Centaur, 3 yrs old, 7st. 8lb.	1	2	1
Mr. Ellis's ch. c. <i>Lucifer</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.	2	1	2
Mr. Hawkins's ch. g. <i>Hawk's-eye</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 4lb.	3	0	0
Mr. Brown's b. g. <i>Hastings</i> , by Robin Hood, out of Pat, 5 yrs, 8st. 11lb. ...	5	0	0
Mr. Howard's b. g. <i>Bob Handy</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. 5lb.	4	0	dr.

MATCH for 100 sovs. 11st. each.—One mile and a half.

Captain Elton's b. g. <i>Scarecrow</i> , by Ardrossan	1
Mr. Thewle's ch. g. <i>Pigeon</i>	2

THE YEOMAN'S PURSE of 50l.—Heats.

Mr. Brown's br. g. <i>Hastings</i> , by Robin Hood, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	1	2	1
Mr. Ellis's ch. c. <i>Lucifer</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.	2	1	2
Mr. Coleman's b. c. <i>Orang Outang</i> , by Phantom, dam by Pioneer, 3 yrs, 7st. 11lb.	3	3	3
Mr. Hawkins's ch. g. <i>Hawk's-eye</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 4lb.	0	dr.	
Mr. Howard's b. g. <i>Bob Handy</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. 5lb.	0	dr.	

WARWICK MEETING.

TUESDAY, September 7.—The GUY STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds.—The Mile Course.—Thirty-one subs.

Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. *Birmingham*, by Filho da Puta, out of Miss Craigie, 8st. 7lb. (S. Darling) 1
 Sir M. Wood's b. c. Cetus, by Whalebone, 8st. 7lb. 2
 Sir T. Stanley's b. c. Laurie Todd, by Whisker, 8st. 7lb. 3

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Tomes's b. c. Port, by Paulowitz, 8st. 7lb.; Mr. West's b. c., by Rubens, out of Claude Lorraine's dam, 8st. 7lb.; Mr. Griffith's b. c. Thorngrove, by Smolensko, 8st. 7lb.; Sir T. Stanley's ch. f. Augustina, by Tramp, 8st. 4lb.; Mr. Yates's b. c. Edgar, by Paulowitz, 8st. 4lb.; and Mr. Sadler's ch. f. Design, by Tramp, 8st. 4lb.—Two to 1 agst Birmingham, 5 to 2 agst Laurie Todd, and 5 to 1 agst Cetus. Won easy.—The owner of Cetus claimed the Stake, on the ground that the subscriber, in whose name Birmingham was originally entered, had not paid all his arrears of forfeits. The case is referred to the Jockey Club.

The LEAMINGTON STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only five if declared, &c., with 100 added.—Two miles.

Mr. Beardsworth's b. g. *Independence*, by Filho da Puta or Sherwood—Stella, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. (Darling) 1
 Mr. Giffard's b. h. Sampson, by Ambo, 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. 2

The following also started but were not placed :—Colonel Peel's ch. c. Bolivar, by Blacklock, 4 yrs, 8st. 8lb.; Mr. I. Day's br. g. Little Boy Blue, 5 yrs, 8st. 3lb.; Sir T. Stanley's br. h. Dr. Faustus, aged, 9st. 3lb.; Mr. Dickinson's b. h. Pelican, 6 yrs, 8st. 11lb.; and Mr. Sadler's ch. f. Device, by Tramp, 4 yrs, 8st. 4lb.—Fourteen subscribers paid 15 sovs. ft., and sixteen others having declared by the time prescribed, paid only five sovs. each.—Two to 1 agst Independence, and 5 to 2 agst Bolivar. Won easy.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 50 added, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Seven subs.

Mr. Sadler's ch. f. *Device*, by Tramp—Defiance, by Rubens, 4 yrs old, 8s. 9lb. (Chapple) 1 1
 Duke of Richmond's br. c. Merman, 4 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. 2 0
 Mr. T. M. Goodlake's b. h. Dandelion, 6 yrs old, 9st. 13lb. 3 0
 Mr. Applewhaite's ch. c. Zodiac, 4 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. 4 0

After the first heat, 5 to 4 agst Device. A fine race.

The ST. LEGER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 2lb.; fillies, 8st.—Two miles.

Mr. Corbett's ch. f. *Lady Blanche*, by Bobadil, dam by Rubens, out of Slipper (Chapple) 1
 Mr. O. Gore's b. c. Jasper, by Spectre—Patience 2
 Mr. Yates's ch. c. Jonathan, by Tiresias, out of Zora 3
 Mr. L. Charlton's b. f. Genuine, by Master Henry 4
 Five to 2 agst Jasper, 5 to 2 agst Jonathan, and 3 to 1 agst Lady Blanche. Won in a canter.

WEDNESDAY, September 8.—SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 2lb.; and fillies, 8st.—T. Y. C. half a mile.

Mr. Sadler's b. f. *Delight*, by Reveller, out of Defiance, by Rubens (Chapple) 1
 The following also started but were not placed :—Lord Warwick's b. f. by Whalebone, out of Niobe; Colonel Yates's b. f. Susanna, by Swap, out of Zora; Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. by Filho da Puta—Comus, out of Mayfly's dam; Mr. I. Day's br. f. by Figaro, out of Sister to Arbutus; Mr. Yates's gr. f. Sylph, by Swap, out of Sigh; Mr. Giffard's ch. c. Traveller, by Tramp, out of Tiara; Mr. J. Robinson's br. f. Sister to Young Patrick; and Mr. L. Charlton's b. f. by Master Henry, dam by Soothsayer.

The AVON STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—Two miles.—Ten subs.
 Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. *Birmingham*, by Filho da Puta, 8st. 3lb. walked over.

The WARWICK CUP, value 100 sovs. by 18 subs. of 10 sovs. each, the surplus in specie.—Four miles.

Mr. Beardsworth's b. g. *Independence*, by Filho da Puta or Sherwood, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11b. (Darling) 0 1

Mr. Sadler's br. g. Jocko, by Filho, aged, 8st. 3lb. 0 dr.
 Colonel Yates's ch. c. Bolivar, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. 3
 After the dead heat, Independence walked over, and Mr. Beardsworth and Mr. Sadler divided the prize.

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Members for the Borough.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Tomes's br. c. *The Burgess*, by Filho da Puta, out of Miss Hap, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (Lamb) 1 1
 Mr. Eld's b. f. Tallyhonian, by Muley, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb. 0 2
 Mr. West's ch. f. by Rubens, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. 2 3
 Mr. Neville's b. f. Pelerine, 3 yrs old, 7st. 1lb. 0 dr.

Mr. Sadler's ch. f. Delight, 8st. 5lb. recd. ft. from Mr. Robinson's b. f. Lucretia, by Sir Oliver, 8st. 2lb.—One mile, 200 sovs. h. ft.

THURSDAY, September 9.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 8lb.; fillies, 8st. 5lb.—One mile.—Six subs.

Mr. Leigh's b. f. *Sappho*, by Paulowitz, out of Belinda, by Benningbrough (W. Lear) 1
 Mr. Tomes's b. c. Port, by Paulowith—Miss Hap 2

The KING'S PURSE of 100gs. for four-year-olds and upwards.—Four-mile heats.

Mr. Sadler's b. g. Jocko, by Filho da Puta, dam by Clinker—Bronze, aged, 12st. (Bodley) 1 1
 Lord Warwick's br. c. Merman, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. 2 2

The TOWN PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Jackson's b. c. *Hasard*, by Waverley, 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. (Arthur) ... 4 1 1
 Mr. Tomes's b. c. *The Burgess*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb. 1 2 2
 Mr. Goodlake's b. h. Dandelion, 6 yrs old, 9st. 1lb. 2 3 dr.
 Colonel Yates's b. f. Blanche, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. 3 dr.

HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, with 50 added.—Two miles.

Mr. West's b. c. by Rubens, out of Claude Lorraine's dam, by Cesario, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. (Chapple) 1
 Mr. Applewhaite's ch. c. Zodiac, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Tomes's b. c. Port, by Paulowitz, 3 yrs, 7st. 2lb.; Mr. West's ch. f. by Rubens, out of Miss Platoff, 4 yrs, 7st. 6lb.; Mr. Neville's b. f. Pelerine, 3 yrs, 6st. 2lb.; and Mr. Smith's ch. m. Matilda, 5 yrs, 7st. 7lb.

YARMOUTH MEETING.

TUESDAY, September 7.—The GOLD CUP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added.—Heats, two miles and a distance.—Five subs.

Colonel Wilson's ch. c. *Ringleader*, by Merlin, out of Spotless, by Walton, 3 yrs old, 7st. (Mizen) 1 1
 Lord Stradbroke's b. f. Gallopade, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb. 2 2
 Mr. R. Wilson's b. f. Bilstonia, by Wrangler, out of Pinwire, 3 yrs, 6st. 11lb., 3 dr.

HUNTERS' STAKES of five sovs. each, made up 50l.—Two mile heats.

Mr. Pearson's b. g. *Tristram*, by Tristram, aged, 12st. 1 1
 Mr. Smith's ch. g. Naughty Billy, 5 yrs old, 11st. 2 2

MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Fiske's ch. f. *Xarifa*, by Moses, out of Abigail's dam, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. (E. Pavis) 1 1
 Mr. Munro's b. c. Navarin, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. 3 2
 Mr. R. Wilson's b. f. Bilstonia, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. 2 3

The winner was claimed, according to the articles, for 180 sovs.

WEDNESDAY, September 8.—FIFTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—Heats two miles and a distance.

Lord Stradbroke's b. f. *Gallopade*, by Reveller, out of Romp, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. (E. Pavis) 1 1
 Colonel Wilson's ch. c. Jack Junk, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. 2 2
 Mr. Brownley's ch. f. Xarifa, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb. 3 3

The HACK STATES of five sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred.—Two-mile heat.
 Mr. Carr's b. g. *Sotirer*, 6 yrs old, 12st. 1 1
 Mr. Pearson's b. g. Brother to *Tristram*, by *Tristram*, 6 yrs old, 12st. 2 2
 Mr. Munro's b. g. *Good Tommy*, 6 yrs old, 12st. 3 dr.

ROCHESTER AND CHATHAM MEETING.

TUESDAY, September 7.—MAIDEN PURSE of 50*l.* for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, one mile and a distance.

Mr. Scath's b. f. *Harmony*, by *Reveller*, out of *Yelva's* dam, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. 1 1
 (Wakefield) 2 2
 Mr. I. Day's b. f. *Tiny*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. 3 0
 Mr. Coleman's br. g. *Shock*, by *Wrangler*, out of *Pantagon*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. 0 0
 Mr. Boast's br. f. *Recovery*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. 0 0
 Mr. Pearce's ch. f. by *Eryx*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. 0 0
 Mr. Farrall's ch. f. *Fury*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. 0 0
 Mr. Lumley's ch. c. by *Middleton*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 0 0
 Mr. Hollaway's ch. c. by *Tiresias*, out of *Diana*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 0 0
 Mr. Wickham's b. f. by *Waterloo*, dam by *Waxy*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. 0 dis.

The ROCKINGHAM STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, one mile and a half.—Twelve subs.

Mr. Shackel's b. c. *Watchman*, by *Comus*, out of *Poozy*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. 6 1 1
 (Macdonald) 1 3 2
 Mr. Pearce's br. f. by *Eryx*, 3 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. 2 2 3
 Lord Ongley's ch. c. *Suffolk Punch*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4 0 dr.
 Mr. Dockera's b. h. *Lancastrian*, 3 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. 5 0 dr.
 Mr. Coleman's b. c. *Orang Outang*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3 dr.
 Mr. Lumley's b. f. *Verdict*, 3 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. 3 dr.

The ROCHESTER and CHATHAM PURSE of 50*l.* for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Hiard's ch. c. *Confederacy*, by *Godolphin*, dam by *Rubens*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. (S. Mann) 2 1 1
 Mr. Rush's b. f. by *Partisan*, out of *Chinta*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. 1 2 2
 Lord W. Lennox's ra. m. *Miss Craven*, by Mr. Lowe, 6 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. 3 3 dr.

WEDNESDAY, September 8.—FIFTY GUINEAS, given by James Best, Esq. for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Coleman's b. f. *Tiny*, by *Wanderer*, out of *Helas's* dam, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. 1 1
 (W. Cudd) 3 2
 Mr. Hiard's ch. c. *Confederacy*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. 2 3
 Mr. Rush's b. f. by *Whalebone*, out of *Discord*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. 4 4
 Mr. Wickman's b. f. by *Waterloo*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. 5 6
 Mr. Dockera's b. h. *Lancastrian*, 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. 3 dr.

The COUNTY STAKES of 10*g.* each, with 25 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Lord Ongley's ch. c. *Suffolk Punch*, by *Wrangler*, dam by *Shuttle*, 3 yrs old, 7st. (S. Mann) 1 1
 Mr. Kettel's b. f. *Scarlet Runner*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. 2 2
 Mr. E. Ellis's ch. c. *Lucifer*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. 3 3
 Mr. Coleman's b. c. *Orang Outang*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4 4

HUNTERS' STAKES of five sovs. each, with 15 added.—Heats, two miles and a distance.—Ten subs.

Mr. Clarke's b. g. *Smuggler*, by *Tiresias*, aged, 12st. 7lb. (Wright) 1 1
 Mr. Kettel's ch. c. *Hawk's-eye*, 6 yrs old, 12st. 7lb. 2 2
 Mr. Messer's b. g. *Fitzwilliam*, aged, 12st. 3 3
 Mr. Atkinson's br. g. *Ramper*, 12st. 4 4

BEDFORD MEETING.

TUESDAY, September 7.—SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 6st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—One mile.—Five subs.

Mr. Sewerby's ch. f. *Amoret*, by *Abjer*, dam by *Young Woodpecker* ... walked out.

The WOBURN STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Ten subs.

Mr. Theakston's br. c. by Emilius, out of Surprise, by Scud, 3 yrs old, 7st. (Hornaby)	6	0	1	1
Mr. Goodison's b. c. Paradox, 3 yrs old, 7st.	1	4	2	3
Colonel Wilson's br. c. by Comus, out of Rotterdam, 3 yrs old, 7st.	2	0	3	2
Duke of Richmond's ch. h. Rough Robin, 5 yrs old, 9st.	3	3	dr.	
Colonel Russell's b. c. Steamer, 3 yrs old, 7st.	5	5	dr.	
Mr. Clarke's ch. f. Taglioni, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.	4	dr.		

FIFTY POUNDS, given by his Grace the Duke of Bedford, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Once round, about a mile and a half.

Colonel Wilson's ch. c. by Emilius, dam by Rubens, out of Tippetwitchet (C. Edwards)	1
Mr. Clarke's ch. f. Taglioni, by Whaker	2
His Majesty's ch. f. Frederica, by Moses	3
Lord Verulam's b. c. Whip, by Whalebone	4
Mr. Drage's b. c. Apantador, by Blacklock	5
Mr. Sowerby's ch. f. Amoret, by Abjer	6

The LADIES' PURSE of 50L with 20 added from the fund, for horses, &c. of all ages. Three-mile heats.

Mr. Goodison's b. c. Paradox, by Merlin, out of Pawn, by Trumpator, 3 yrs old, 7st.	1	1
Mr. Howe's b. c. Vertigern, by Emilius, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	2	dr.
Lord Uxbridge's ch. h. Rough Robin, 5 yrs old, 9st. 5lb.	3	dr.
Colonel Wilson's ch. c. by Emilius, dam by Rubens, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.	fell.	

WEDNESDAY, September 8.—SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Twelve subs.

Mr. Howe's b. c. Vertigern, by Emilius, out of Rowena, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (C. Wakefield)	1	1
Duke of Grafton's ch. f. Finance, 3 yrs old, 7st.	4	2
Mr. Bland's b. g. Challenger (late Sailor), 6 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.	3	3
Lord Tavistock's b. c. Envoy, by Comus, 3 yrs old, 7st.	2	4

The CORPORATION and TOWN PURSE of 50L for horses, &c. of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Duke of Richmond's ch. h. Rough Robin, by Sober Robin—Langton, 5 yrs old, 9st. 7lb.	2	1	1
Mr. Howe's b. c. Vertigern, 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.	1	2	dr.

HUNTERS' STAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added.—Heats, from the distance post, and once round.—Eight subs.

Mr. Polhill's br. h. Legacy, aged, 12st. 3lb.	1	1
Mr. Hickman's b. h. Chance, 6 yrs old, 12st. 8lb.	2	2
Mr. Wollaston's bl. c. Buffalo, 4 yrs old, 11st. 7lb.	3	3
Mr. Higgins's ro. h. Volunteer, 11st. 12lb.	dis.	

MORPETH MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, September 8.—The MEMBERS' PURSE of 50L for maiden horses &c.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Riddell's ch. c. by Dr. Syntax, dam by Eaton, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. (J. Dodgson)	2	1	3	1
Mr. Hodgson's b. m. Cottage Girl, 5 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	3	4	1	2
Mr. Hudson's br. c. The Captain, by Blacklock or Grenadier, 4 yrs, 8st.	4	3	2	
Mr. Dawson's br. c. Renishaw, 4 yrs old, 8st.	1	2	dr.	
A good race. Mr. Riddell's colt bolted within the distance in the third heat, but the jockey received no injury.				

The NORTHERN HUNT SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, for horses not thoroughbred, 12st. each.—Once round and a distance.—Seventeen subs.

Mr. Baird's br. f. Meg Merrilies, by Guerilla, 3 yrs old (Mr. Fawcus)	1
Mr. St. Paul's b. g. Baronet, by Young Bettor	2

THURSDAY, September 9.—FIFTY POUNDS, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Davidson's b. h. <i>Victory</i> , by Waterloo, out of Sister to Adeliza, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (Dodgson)	1	1
Mr. Williamson's b. h. The Earl, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.	2	3

WEYMOUTH MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, September 8.—His MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs. for four-year-olds and upwards.—Heats, about two miles.

Mr. Biggs's ch. c. <i>Tyke</i> , by Tramp, dam by Cervantes, 4 yrs old, 16st. 7lb. (J. Day)	1	1
Mr. W. Ley's b. h. <i>Omea</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 11lb.	3	2
Mr. Wreford's ch. h. <i>Upas</i> , aged, 11st. 7lb.	2	3

Won by half a length.

The MAYOR'S PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, about two miles.

Mr. Biggs's b. m. <i>Whisk</i> , by Whisker, out of Sister to Benedict, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. (J. Day)	1	1
Mr. Ley's b. c. <i>Ofellus</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.	3	2
Mr. Hobart's ch. c. <i>Cornelian</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb.	2	dr.

The GORDON PURSE of 50l. for horses not thorough-bred.—Heats, about two miles.

Mr. Stent's ch. g. <i>Whirlwind</i> , 6 yrs old, 11st. 3lb.	1	1
Mr. Scutt's br. m. <i>Southberry</i> , 5 yrs old, 10st. 11lb.	3	2
Mr. Humphrey's ch. g. <i>Harkaway</i> , aged, 11st. 5lb.	2	dr.

THURSDAY, September 9.—The MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, about two miles.

Mr. Biggs's b. m. <i>Whisk</i> , by Whisker, out of Sister to Benedict, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (J. Day)	1	1
Mr. White's b. f. by Bustard, out of Bequest, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb.	2	2
Mr. J. Day's bl. f. <i>Negress</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.	3	dr.

The TRADESMEN'S PURSE of 60l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, about two miles.

Mr. Radcliffe's br. h. <i>Brownlock</i> , by Blacklock, dam by Kill Devil, aged, 8st. 13lb. (Cowley)	1	1
Mr. Biggs's ch. c. <i>Lusher</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.	2	2
Mr. Dilly's br. f. <i>Slander</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 3lb.	3	3

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Four subs.

Mr. House's ch. g. <i>Young Briton</i> , 6 yrs old, 11st. 2lb. (Owner)	1	1
Mr. Forde's gr. g. <i>Baronet</i> , aged, 11st. 4lb.	2	dr.

HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, three ft. with 30 added.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Five subs.

Mr. J. Day's bl. f. <i>Negress</i> , by Reveller, out of Vale Royal, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. (H. Strange)	4	1	1
Mr. Dilly's br. f. <i>Slander</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb.	1	2	2
Mr. W. Ley's b. h. <i>Omea</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	3	3	3
Mr. Hobart's ch. c. <i>Cornelian</i> , 4 yrs old	2	4	dr.

LICHFIELD MEETING.

TUESDAY, September 14.—His MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs. for four-year-olds and upwards.—Four-mile heats.

Mr. Sadler's b. g. *Jocko*, by Filho da Puta, dam by Clinker, aged, 12st.... walked over.

The FOAL STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—One mile.—Four subs.
Mr. L. Charlton's b. f. *Genuine*, by Master Henry, out of Libra, 8st. 3lb.... walked over

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses of all ages.—Two miles
Six subs.

Mr. Beardsworth's b. g. <i>Brielle</i> , by Filho da Puta or Magistrate, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. (Hardy)	1		
Mr. Jones's b. c. by King of Diamonds, 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.	2		
Sir G. Pigot's b. f. <i>Fanny Kemble</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.	3		

FIFTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Turner's b. c. <i>Navarino</i> , by Blacklock, dam by Comus, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. (J. Spring)	1	1
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Mr. Painter's b. f. by Strephon, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	0	2
Colonel Yates's b. f. by Waverley, 3 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.	2	0
Mr. Bower's b. f. Tartarina, 3 yrs old, 7st.	0	0
Mr. Leigh's Sister to Billingsgate, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.	0	0
Mr. Taylor's b. c. by Vankoo, dam by Stamford, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.	0	0
Mr. Twamley's b. f. Sappho, 3 yrs old, 7st. (botted)	dis.	

WEDNESDAY, September 18.—MATCH for 100 sovs. 8st. each.—T.Y.C.

Lord Anson's b. f. Zillah, by Whisker, out of Elizabeth, by Orville, 3 yrs old, (H. Arthur)	1	
Mr. Beardsworth's b. g. Brielle, 4 yrs old.	2	

SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—T.Y.C.—Five subs.

Mr. Giffard's ch. c. Traveller, by Trump, out of Tiara, by Soothsayer or Castrel (Lear)	1	
Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. by Filho da Puta, dam by Comus, out of Mayfly's dam	2	
Lord Anson's ch. c. by Motisco, out of Frue	0	
Mr. E. Yates's gr. f. Sylph, by Swap, out of Sigh	0	

HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, with 50 added.—Two miles.—Ten subs.

Lord Warwick's b. c. Mermaid, by Whalebone, out of Mermaid, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. (S. Darling)	1	
Mr. Applewhaite's ch. c. Zodiac, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.	2	
Lord Anson's b. f. Zillah, 3 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.	3	

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Beardsworth's b. g. Brielle, 4 yrs, 7st. 4lb.; Mr. Beardsworth's b. f. Faith, 3 yrs, 6st. 3lb.; Mr. Giffard's br. f. Lucy, 4 yrs, 7st. 12lb.; and Mr. Turner's b. c. Navarino, 4 yrs, 8st. 6lb.

The CUP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Three miles.—Eight subs. Lord Warwick's b. c. Mermaid, by Whalebone, out of Mermaid, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. (H. Arthur)

Mr. Giffard's b. h. Sampson, 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.	1	
Mr. Giffard's b. h. Sampson, 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.	2	

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Turner's b. h. Clinton, 5 yrs, 8st. 6lb.; Mr. L. Charlton's b. f. Genuine, 3 yrs, 6st. 8lb.; and Mr. Bower's b. m. Lady Vane, 5 yrs, 8st. 6lb.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 50 added, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—The owner of the second horse received 10 sovs.—Six subs.

Mr. Sadler's b. g. Jocko, by Filho da Puta, dam by Clinker, aged, 9st. 6lb. (B. Boffer)	1	1
Mr. Richards's b. c. Allerdale, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.	2	2

BECCLES MEETING.

TUESDAY, September 11.—The GENTLEMEN'S PURSE of 50L for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a half.

Lord Stradbroke's b. f. Gallopade, by Reveller, out of Ronip, by Selim, 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. (Pavis, jun.)	1	1
Mr. R. Wilson's ch. f. Xarifa, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.	2	2
Mr. Wigg's ch. g. Hazard, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	3	dr.

HUNTERS' STAKES of five sovs. each, with five added, for horses, &c. not thoroughbred, 11st. each.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. F. Caldecott's b. h. Naughty Tommy, aged, by Smolenske (R. Boyce)	1	1
Mr. Pearson's b. g. Tristram, aged	2	2

WEDNESDAY, September 15.—The TOWN PURSE of 50L for horses of all ages. Heats, two miles and a half.

Colonel Wilson's ch. c. Jack Junk, by Nicolo, 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.	1	1
Mr. Pedgrift's ch. c. Screw-driver, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	4	2
Mr. G. Edward's b. c. Navarin, 4 yrs old, 8st. 13lb.	2	3
Mr. J. Rogers's b. c. Subaltern, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.	3	dr.

A SILVER CUP, value 70L.—Heats, once round.

Colonel Wilson's ch. c. Ringleader, by Merlin, out of Spotless, 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. (Baker)	0	1	1
Mr. R. Wilson's b. f. Bilstonia, 3 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	1	2	2
Colonel Wilson's ch. c. Jack Junk, 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.	2	3	dr.
Mr. Bromley's b. c. Ronde, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb.	3	4	dr.
Mr. Monro's b. h. Tom, aged, 8st. 11lb.	0		dr.

ROTHERHAM MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, September 15.—The SOUTH-WEST YORKSHIRE CAVALRY STAKES of 5gs. each, with 20 added, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—One-mile heats.—Six subs.

Mr. Haywood's ch. g. by The Laird, 6 yrs old, 12st. (Mr. Watson) 2 1 1
Mr. Griffiths's bl. g. George the Fourth, aged, 12st. 1 2 2

MATCH for 25 sovs. each.—One mile. †

Mr. J. Skill's b. f. by Cameleopard, dam by Grey Sextus, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. 1
Mr. Williams's b. f. by Cameleopard—Norton, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. 2

THURSDAY, September 16.—FIFTY POUNDS for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. *Abel*, by Filho da Puta—Amiable, by Orville, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. 1 1
Mr. Petre's ch. f. *Laura*, by Figaro, 3 yrs old, 6st. 15lb. 2 2

The BROOMHILL STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 10 added, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Two miles.—Four subs.

Mr. Werge's br. m. by Filho da Puta, 5 yrs old, 11st. 11lb. 1
Mr. R. Haywood's ch. g. by The Laird, 6 yrs old, 12st. 8lb. 2
Mr. Cooper's b. c. Young Hurricane, 4 yrs old, 11st. 2lb. 3

ABINGDON MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, September 15.—The CUP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Three miles.—Eighteen subs.

Mr. I. Day's b. g. *Liston*, by Ambo, out of Olivia Jordan, by Sir Oliver, aged, 8st. 15lb. (A. Pavis) 1
Mr. Blandy's b. f. *Anna*, by Godolphin, out of Barossa, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. 2
Lord Mountcharles's b. h. *Rasselas*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. 3
Mr. Shad's ch. f. *Acacia*, by Phantom, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4
Mr. Dundas's ch. c. *Honest Robin*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5
Mr. Maberly's b. h. *Palemon*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. 6

Won very easy.

HANDICAP STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 15 ft. with 100 added by J. Maberly, Esq.—Two miles.—(Twenty-four subs., eight of whom, having declared ft. by the time prescribed, paid only five sovs. each.)—The owner of the second received back his stake.
Lord Mountcharles's b. c. *Gayhurst*, by Whalebone, out of Spree's dam, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. (Connolly) 1

Mr. Greatorex's ch. f. *Citron*, by Centaur, 3 yrs old, 6st. 2
Mr. Maberly's b. c. *Erymus*, by Moses, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. 3
Mr. Sadler's ch. f. *Device*, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. 4
Mr. Dilly's ch. c. *Zeuxis*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. 5

Won easy.

MATCH for 600 sovs. both four years old, 8st. 7lb. each.—One mile.

Mr. Maberly's br. c. *Howard*, by Worthy, out of Moggy, by Canopus (A. Pavis) ... 1
Mr. Goodlake's ch. c. Geoffrey Crayon, by Rubens. 2

The ABINGDON STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. for three and four-year-olds.—Two miles.—Six subs.

Mr. Maberly's b. c. *Erymus*, by Moses, out of Eliza Leeds, by Comus, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. (A. Pavis) 1
Mr. Dundas's br. c. by Pyramus, out of Brush's dam, by Benningbrough, 3 yrs, 7st. 2lb. 2

PRODUCE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—Last mile.—Twelve subs.

Sir M. Wood's b. c. *Cetus*, by Whalebone, out of Lamsia, by Gehanna (S. Day) 1
Mr. Maberly's b. c. *Pharus*, by Phantom, dam by Muley 2
Mr. Sadler's ch. f. *Design*, by Tramp, out of Defiance 3

MATCH for 100 sovs.—Two miles.

Mr. Wain's b. c. *Chesterton*, by Gainsborough, dam by Waxy, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. 1
Mr. Reeve's gr. h. *Silversides*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. 2

THURSDAY, September 16.—SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added from the fund, for horses of all ages.—Two miles.—Twenty-two subs.

Mr. Blandy's b. f. <i>Anna</i> , by Godolphin, out of Barossa, by Vermin, 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. (S. Mann).....	1
Lord Mountcharles's b. h. <i>Rasselas</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb.....	2
Mr. Goddard's b. c. <i>Sketch-book</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st.....	3
Mr. Maberly's br. c. <i>Howard</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.....	4

Even betting on *Anna*. Won by two lengths.

SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—3lb. allowed, &c.—One mile and a half.—Seven subs.

Mr. Maberly's b. c. <i>Erymus</i> , by <i>Moses</i> , out of <i>Eliza Leeds</i> , by <i>Comus</i> (A. Pavis), 0	
Mr. Sadler's ch. f. <i>Design</i> , by <i>Tramp</i> (Chapple).....	0
Mr. Ramsbottom's br. c. <i>Zucharelli</i> , by <i>Tiresias</i>	3
Mr. Corbet's b. f. <i>Jenny Vertpre</i> , by <i>Bobadil</i>	4

Six to 4 agst *Jenny Vertpre*, and 2 to 1 agst *Zucharelli*. After the dead heat, Mr. Maberly and Mr. Sadler divided the Stakes.

SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 4lb.; fillies, 8st. 1lb.—Winners to carry 3lb. extra.—Three quarters of a mile.—Six subs.

Mr. Sadler's b. f. <i>Delight</i> , by <i>Reveller</i> , out of <i>Defiance</i> , by <i>Rubens</i> (3lb. extra) (Chapple).....	1
Mr. Thornhill's b. c. <i>Africanus</i> , by <i>Emilius</i> — <i>Scarpa</i>	2
Mr. Maberly's ch. f. <i>Antigone</i> , by <i>Middleton</i> , out of <i>Ambiguity</i> (3lb. extra).....	3
Mr. W. R. Arnold's bl. c. by <i>Don Coasack</i> , dam by <i>Walton</i> (foaled in 1815), out of <i>Highland Lass</i>	4

HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, with 50 added by the Town.—Heats, the Abingdon Course.—Six subs.

Mr. T. M. Goodlake's ch. c. <i>Geoffrey Crayon</i> , by <i>Rubens</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. (S. Mann).....	4	1	1
Mr. Dilly's ch. c. <i>Zeuxis</i> , by <i>Rubens</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. (received 10 sovs. out of the Stakes).....	1	2	2
Mr. King's ch. g. <i>Moses</i> , aged, 8st. 9lb.....	5	4	3
Mr. Dundas's ch. g. <i>Honest Robin</i> , by <i>Robin Adair</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb.....	2	3	dr
Mr. I. Day's b. c. <i>Fantoccino</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.....	3		dr.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, for hunters.—Two-mile heats.—Fourteen subs.

Mr. Reeve's gr. g. <i>Silversides</i> , 11st. 4lb. (King).....	1	1
Mr. Gauntlett's b. m. <i>Octina</i> , 11st. 4lb.....	2	dr.
Mr. Southby's b. g. <i>Robin Hood</i> , 11st. 4lb.....		dis.

LEICESTER MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 15.—The **GOLD CUP**, value 100 sovs. by 10 subs. of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—About three miles and a quarter.

Duke of Rutland's ch. h. <i>Oppidan</i> , by <i>Rubens</i> , out of <i>Dorina</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (Robinson).....	1
Col. Wilson's br. c. by <i>Comus</i> , out of <i>Rotterdam</i> , 5 yrs old, 6st. 9lb.....	2
Mr. Tomes's b. c. <i>Foxcote</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.....	3

Even betting on *Oppidan*. A good race.

THE BELVOIR STAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added by His Grace the Duke of Rutland, for hunters, not thorough-bred.—Heats, twice round.—Twelve subs.

Mr. Hewitt's b. g. <i>Associate</i> , by <i>Prime Minister</i> , 6 yrs old, 12st. 6lb. (Mr. Platell).....	3	1	1
Mr. Marriott's bl. c. by <i>Muley</i> , 4 yrs old, 10st. 2lb.....	1	2	3
Mr. Hungerford's b. g. <i>Challenger</i> , 6 yrs old, 12st.....	2	5	2
Mr. Croft's ch. g. 6 yrs old, 12st.....	5	3	4
Mr. Wildman's br. g. <i>Swap</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb.....	4	4	dr.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 50 added, for horses of all ages.—The second received back his Stake.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Townshend's b. g. <i>Anti-Catholic</i> , by <i>Wothorpe</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb. (War).....	1	3	1
Mr. Hungerford's ch. g. <i>Camillus</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 3lb.....	5	4	2
Mr. Bower's b. m. <i>Lady Vane</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.....	6	1	dis.
Col. Wilson's ch. c. by <i>Emilius</i> , dam by <i>Rubens</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.....	2	2	dr.
Mr. Tomes's b. c. <i>Port</i> , by <i>Paulowitz</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st.....	3		dr.
Mr. Hobson's b. m. <i>Milkmaid</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.....	4		dr.

THURSDAY, Sept. 16.—The **BURGESS'S PURSE** of 100 sovs. for horses of all ages.—Heats, thrice round.

Duke of Rutland's ch. h. <i>Oppidan</i> , by Rubens—Dorina, 5 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. (Robinson)	1	1
Col. Wilson's ch. c. by Emilius, 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.	4	2
Mr. Jackson's b. c. Hazard, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	3	3
Mr. Hobson's b. m. Milkmaid, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.	2	dr.

The QUORN PURSE of 50l. for horses the property Farmers, or Sons of Farmers, residing in the Quorn Hunt.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Henson's br. c. <i>Tommy Tickle</i> , by Muley, 6 yrs old, 12st. 7lb.	1	1
Mr. T. Hickling's b. g. by Cannon Ball, 6 yrs old, 12st.	2	2
Mr. Knight's b. g. Giraffe, 4 yrs old, 10st. 12lb.	4	3
Mr. Wildman's br. g. Swap, 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb.	3	dr.
Mr. Marriott's b. g. Rattling Tom, 4 yrs old, 10st. 12lb.	dis.	

The YEOMANRY PURSE of 50ga. for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Moore's ch. g. <i>Marquis</i> , aged, 12st. 7lb.	1	1
Mr. Sumner's gr. m. Young Emma, 6 yrs old, 12st. 7lb.	2	2
Mr. G. Fowkes's br. g. The Pet, 4 yrs old, 11st. 10lb.	3	3
Mr. W. Taylor's b. g. Velutiter, 4 yrs, 11st. 10lb.	dis.	

The BRADGATE PARK STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for all ages.—Thrice round.—Five subs.

Duke of Rutland's ch. h. <i>Oppidan</i> , by Rubens—Dorina, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. (Robinson)	1	
Col. Wilson's br. c. Comus, 3 yrs old, 6st. 5lb.	2	
Lord Southampton's br. h. Poor Fellow, 6 yrs old, 8st.	3	

NORTHAMPTON MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, September 15.—The CUP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Twice round.—Fifteen subs.

His Majesty's ch. h. *The Colonel*, by Whisker, dam by Delpini, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. walked over.

The COUNTY PURSE of 50ga. for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Lord Ongley's ch. c. <i>Suffolk Punch</i> , by Wrangler, dam by Shuttle, 3 yrs old, 7st. 10lb.	1	1
Mr. W. Drage's b. c. Apantador, 3 yrs old, 7st. 6lb.	2	2
Mr. J. Drage's b. m. Lady Sarah, aged, 9st. 2lb.	3	dr.

GLAMORGANSHIRE MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, September 15.—The GLAMORGANSHIRE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and only five if declared, &c., with 50 sovs. added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, about two miles.

Mr. Thornes's b. m. <i>Forester Lass</i> , by Filho da Puta, aged, 8st. 11lb. (Brown)	1	1
Mr. I. Day's b. g. Ancient, 6 yrs old, 7st. 12lb.	3	2
Mr. C. Day's ch. m. Zelinda, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	2	dr.
Three subscribers paid 15 sovs. forfeit, and twelve others, having declared by the time prescribed, paid only five sovs. each.		

FIFTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. I. Day's bl. m. <i>Busk</i> , by Whalebone, out of Car, by Haphazard, 6 yrs old, 9st. 4lb. (Boast)	1	1
Mr. Thornes's b. m. Maid of Mansfield, aged, 9st. 4lb.	2	2

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Two-mile heats.—Eleven subs.

Lord J. Stuart's b. m. by Falcon, 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb.	1	1
Mr. G. Thomas's b. g. 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.	4	2
Mr. Crawshaw's Anne, by Euxton, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.	2	dis.

THURSDAY, Sept. 16.—FIFTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. I. Day's bl. m. <i>Busk</i> , by Whalebone, 6 yrs old, 9st. 6lb.	1	1
Mr. Thornes's b. m. Maid of Mansfield, by Filho da Puta, aged, 9st. 11lb.	2	dr.
Mr. C. Day's ch. m. Zelinda, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.	3	dr.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Mier's b. c. <i>Speck</i> (late <i>Mynithialwyn</i>) 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb.	1	1
Mr. I. Day's b. g. <i>Ancient</i> , 6 yrs old, 11st. 12lb.	3	2
Mr. Langworthy's <i>Lelpaic</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb.	2	3
Mr. Fothergill's m. <i>Maria</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb.	4	dr.

THE MERTHYE STAKES of two sovs. each, with 50 added, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Five subs.

Mr. Williams's <i>Speck</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 3lb.	1	3	1
Mr. Thomas's b. g. 5 yrs old, 11st. 3lb.	2	0	3
Mr. Moggridge's <i>Adelaide</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 3lb.	2	0	3

HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, 2 ft. with 20 added, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Eight subs.

Mr. Peel's ch. f. <i>Figaring</i> , by <i>Figaro</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. (<i>Cheswas</i>),	4	3	2	1	1
Mr. Gough's ch. h. <i>Kouli Khan</i> , aged, 8st. 9lb.	2	4	1	2	2
Mr. Thomas's b. m. <i>Maid of Mansfield</i> , by <i>Filho da Puta</i> , aged, 10st. 2lb.	1	2	dr.		
Mr. C. Day's ch. m. <i>Zelinda</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. 4lb.	3	1	dr.		

The Stewards would not allow *Maid of Mansfield* and *Zelinda* to start for the third heat.

DOVER MEETING.

THURSDAY, September 16.—**FIFTY POUNDS**, given by the Corporation of Dover, for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Coleman's br. f. <i>Little Gift</i> , by <i>Centaur</i> , out of <i>Twatty</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. (<i>Punch</i>)	1	1
Mr. Wright's br. g. <i>Syntax</i> , aged, 9st. 2lb.	2	2
Mr. Back's b. g. <i>Pilot</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st.	3	0
Mr. Brown's b. c. <i>Wrinkle</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.	4	0
Mr. Kettel's ch. g. <i>Hawk's-Eye</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 3lb.	5	0

FRIDAY, September 17.—**FIFTY POUNDS**, given by Sir J. R. Reid's Committee, for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Hawkin's b. f. <i>Scarlet Runner</i> , by <i>Wrangler</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. (<i>Stanley</i>)	1	1
Mr. Coleman's b. f. <i>Southdown</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.	2	2
Mr. Howard's br. h. <i>Vicar</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. 3lb.	3	dr.
Mr. Ellis's ch. c. <i>Lucifer</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.	4	dr.

THE TOWN AND VISITORS' PURSE of 50 sovs. for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Kettel's ch. g. <i>Hawk's-Eye</i> , by <i>Merlin</i> , dam by <i>Scud</i> or <i>Pioneer</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 3lb. (<i>Macdonald</i>)	1	1
Mr. Coleman's br. f. <i>Little Gift</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 9lb.	2	2
Mr. Back's b. f. <i>Blue Bonnet</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st.	3	dr.
Mr. Wright's br. g. <i>Syntax</i> , aged, 9st. 2lb.	4	dr.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 35 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Captain Elton's b. g. <i>Scarecrow</i> , by <i>Ardrossan</i> , aged, 11st.	1	1
Mr. Atkinson's br. g. <i>Ramper</i> , aged, 10st. 7lb.	4	2
Captain Beecher's br. g. <i>Chance</i> , aged, 11st.	2	0
Mr. Palmer's b. g. <i>Primal</i> , aged, 10st. 7lb.	3	0
Mr. Orde's b. g. <i>Merryman</i> , aged, 10st. 7lb.	5	0
Mr. Howard's b. g. <i>Bob Handy</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st.	6	0
Mr. Quickhampton's b. g. <i>John Sit</i> , 5 yrs old, 10st.	7	0
Mr. H. Back's gr. g. <i>Colonel</i> , aged, 10st. 7lb.	8	0

THE HALCOMB PURSE of 50 sovs. for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Wright's ch. m. <i>Miss Mount</i> , 6 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. (<i>Mt. Beecher</i>)	1	1
Mr. Back's br. g. <i>Frolie</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. 9lb.	2	2
Mr. Pierce's b. g. <i>King William</i> , 4 yrs old, 9st. 2lb.	3	3
Mr. Iggulden's b. m. <i>Miss Foote</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. 9lb.	5	4
Mr. Hogben's ch. m. <i>Adelaide</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. 9lb.	4	6
Mr. Coleman's b. g. <i>Buckland Boy</i> , 4 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. (<i>fell</i>)	dis.	

DONCASTER MEETING.

MONDAY, September 20.—The FITZWILLIAM STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Corporation:—two-year-olds, 8st. 10lb.; three, 8st.; four, 9st.; five, 9st. 6lb.; six and aged, 9st. 10lb.—One mile and a half.—Six subs.

Lord Scarbrough's br. c. *Windcliffe*, by Waverley, dam by Catton, 3 yrs old (G. Nelson) 1
 Mr. Clifton's br. h. Fyde, by Antonio, 6 yrs old 2
 Lord Fitzwilliam's br. c. by Cervantes, 3 yrs old 3
 Mr. Grant's br. f. Lady Emily, by Emilius, 4 yrs old 0
 Mr. Gascoigne's ch. f. by Whisker—Louisa, 3 yrs old 0
 Eleven to 8 agst Fyde, 5 to 2 agst Lady Emily, 4 to 1 agst Windcliffe, and 4 to 1 agst Mr. Gascoigne's filly.—Won cleverly.

The CHAMPAGNE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—Red House In.—The winner to give six dozen of Champagne to the Doncaster Racing Club.—Twenty-eight subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. *Frederica*, by Sultan, out of Fortuna, by Comus (S. Darling) 1
 Mr. Walker's ch. f. Victoire, by Whisker—Vourneen 2
 Lord Scarbrough's bl. c. Clarence, by Comus 3
 Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. Colwick, by Filho da Puta 4
 The following also started but were not placed:—Lord Cleveland's h. c. Chorister, by Lottery; Mr. W. Fox's ch. f. Gitana, by Tramp; and T. O. Powlett's bl. c. by Jack Spigot, out of Miss Fanny, by Walton.—Six to 4 agst Victoire, 4 to 1 agst Clarence, 9 to 2 agst Colwick, 5 to 1 agst Chorister, 8 to 1 agst Frederica, 10 to 1 agst Mr. Powlett's colt, and 12 to 1 agst Gitana. Won cleverly by a length.

PRODUCE STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for four-year-olds.—Four miles.—Eleven subs.

Duke of Leeds's ch. c. *Rossignol*, by St. Patrick, out of Rhodacantha, 8st. 4lb. walked over.

MATCH for 200 sovs. each, h. ft.—St. Leger Course.

Colonel King's br. m. *Bessy Bedlam*, by Filho da Puta, out of Lunatic, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (T. Nicholson) 1
 Mr. Mytton's b. h. Halston, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 2
 Five to 4 on Bessy Bedlam. An excellent race, and won by half a neck.

HIS MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs. for horses, &c.:—four-year-olds, 10st. 7lb.; five, 11st. 7lb.; six, 11st. 12lb.; and aged, 12st.—Four miles.

Lord Milton's br. m. *Ballad-Singer*, by Tramp, out of Clinkerina, 5 yrs old (H. Edwards) 1
 Mr. Walker's b. c. Mendicant, by Tramp, 4 yrs old 2
 Lord Scarbrough's b. h. Cambridge, by Catton, 5 yrs old 3
 Mr. Grant's br. f. Lady Emily, by Emilius, 4 yrs old 4
 Seven to 4 agst Ballad-Singer, 2 to 1 agst Cambridge, 4 to 1 agst Mendicant, and 8 to 1 agst Lady Emily. Easy.

Lord Kelburne's br. c. Retriever, by Smolensko, out of Georgiana, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. recd. ft. from Mr. Riddale's ch. c. Little Red Rover, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.—One mile, 500 sovs. h. ft.

TUESDAY, September 21.—PRODUCE STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—Red House In.—Six subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. *Circassian*, by Sultan, out of The Miller of Mansfield's dam (S. Darling) 1
 Lord Kelburne's ch. f. by Comus, out of Georgina 2
 Five to 2 on Circassian. Won cleverly.

The ST. LEGER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—St. Leger Course.—Sixty-eight subs.

Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. *Birmingham*, by Filho da Puta, out of Miss Craigie, by Orville (Connolly) 1
 Mr. W. Chifney's b. c. Priam, by Emilius, out of Cressida, by Whiskey (S. Chifney) 2
 Mr. Riddell's b. c. Emancipator, by Whisker, out of Hartpur's dam, by Ardrossan, (R. Johnson) 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. W. Scott's b. c. Pedestrian, by Tramp; Mr. Petre's br. c. Brunswick, by Figaro; Mr. Clifton's ch. f. Miss Rose, Sister to Velocipede, by Blacklock, dam by Juniper; Lord Scarbrough's b. c.

Chancellor; Sir J. Beresford's ch. c. by St. Patrick, out of Lisette, by Hambletonian; Mr. Arnold's b. f. Dolly, by Figaro; Mr. Walker's ch. c. Splendour, by Sovereign; Mr. Metcalfe's b. c. Mimic, by Wanton; Mr. Wright's gr. c. Idas, by Figaro or Senator, out of Sir Walton's dam; Duke of Leeds's ch. c. Redstart; Duke of Leeds's ch. f. Lady Mowbray; Mr. R. Shepherd's b. c. The Cardinal; Mr. Nowell's b. f. by Ivanhoe—Rantipole; Lord Queensberry's br. c. Hassan, by Whisker, out of Panthea; Lord Queensberry's b. f. Maria, by Whisker; Mr. Gascoigne's ch. c. by Blacklock; Mr. Shepherd's ch. c. Revolution, by Oiseau, dam by Don Cossack, out of Vesta; Mr. F. Richardson's b. c. St. Nicholas; Mr. F. Richardson's b. f. Landrail, by Bustard; Mr. F. Richardson's b. f. Jay, by Shuffler; Mr. Grant's ch. f. The Balkan; Sir T. Stanley's b. c. Laurie Todd; Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Beagle; Lord Kelburne's ch. c. by Woful—Emilia; and Mr. T. O. Powlett's b. f. Lady Emmeline.—Eleven to 10 agst Priam, 13 to 2 agst Hassan, 12 to 1 agst Brunswick, 14 to 1 agst Moss Rose, 14 to 1 agst The Cardinal, 15 to 1 agst Birmingham, 17 to 1 agst Maria, 25 to 1 agst Lady Mowbray, 25 to 1 agst St. Nicholas, 500 to 5 agst Revelation, 200 to 3 agst Beagle, 1000 to 15 agst Mimic, 1000 to 8 agst Chancellor, 1000 to 8 agst Redstart, and 1000 to 4 agst Splendour.

RENEWED DONCASTER STAKES (second year) of 10 sovs. each, with 20 sovs. added by the Corporation of Doncaster, for horses, &c. of all ages, *bona fide* the property of the subscriber or his confederate:—three-year-olds, 6st. 10lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six and aged, 9st.—Two miles.—Fifteen subscribers.

Lord Scarbrough's br. c. *Cistercian*, by Catton, dam by Paynator, 4 yrs old (G. Nelson) 1
 Lord Cleveland's b. c. Stotforth, by Octavian, 4 yrs old 2
 Lord Milton's b. f. Dora, by Cervantes, 4 yrs old 3
 The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Houldsworth's ch. h. Vanish, by Phantom, 5 yrs; Mr. Gascoigne's ch. f. by Whisker—Louisa, 3 yrs; and Mr. Metcalfe's ch. f. Giglet, by Wanton, 4 yrs.—Six to 4 agst Vanish, 6 to 4 agst *Cistercian*, and 6 to 1 agst Stotforth. Won cleverly by half a neck.

THE CORPORATION PURSE of 50l. for horses, &c. of all ages.—Two-mile heats. Duke of Leeds's ch. m. *Jenny Mills*, by Whisker, 5 yrs old, 8st.

(S. Templeman) 2 1 1
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Abel, by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. (recd. 27gs.) 1 2 2
 Mr. Metcalfe's ch. f. Giglet, 4 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. 3 3 dr.
 Mr. Bailey's br. c. Utrecht, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. 4 dr.
 Six to 4 on Jenny Mills; after the first heat, 5 to 2 agst her; after the second heat, 4 to 1 on her. Easy.

WEDNESDAY, September 22.—The **CLEVELAND STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. with 25 added by the Corporation.—St. Leger Course.

Lord Fitzwilliam's b. h. *Medoro*, by Cervantes, 6 yrs old, 9st. 4lb. (H. Edwards) ... 1
 Mr. Houldsworth's ch. f. Fortitude, by Whisker, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. (received back her stake) 2
 Three subscribers paid 15 sovs. ft. and nine others having declared by the time prescribed, paid only five sovs. each. Seven to 4 on Fortitude. Won by a length.

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, 20 ft. for four-year-olds.—St. Leger Course.—Five subs.

Mr. Petre's ch. c. Rowton, by Oiseau, out of Katherina, by Woful, 8st. 7lb. (W. Scott) 1
 Lord Cleveland's b. c. Stotforth, 8st. 7lb. 2
 Two to 1 on Rowton. Won by nearly a neck.

THE FOAL STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—One mile and a half.—Ten subs.

Mr. F. Richardson's b. c. *St. Nicholas*, by Emilius, out of Seamew (H. Edwards) ... 1
 Lord Queensberry's br. c. Hassan, by Whisker 3
 Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. Crescent, by Blacklock 3
 Seven to 2 agst St. Nicholas, 7 to 2 agst Hassan, and 9 to 4 agst Crescent. Won by a neck.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 25 sovs. added by the Corporation of Doncaster for horses, &c. of all ages.—St. Leger Course.—Five subs.

Lord Scarbrough's b. c. *Carolan*, by Catton, dam by Dick Andrews, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. (T. Lye) 1
 Mr. Petre's br. c. Reginald, by Figaro, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. 2

Mr. Chilton's b. c. Prince Eugene, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3
 Mr. Attwood's ch. c. Argantea, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. 4
 Mr. Hopkinson's b. g. The Captain, by Wanton, 4 yrs old, 8st. came to the post, but could not be started.
 Seven to 4 agst Carolan, 4 to 1 agst Prince Eugene, and 4 to 1 agst Reginald. Won very easy. The winner was claimed, according to the articles, for 250 sovs.

THURSDAY, September 23.—MATCH for 500 sovs. h. f.—One mile and a half.
 Mr. Chifney's b. c. Priam, by Emilius, out of Cressida, by Whiskey, 3 yrs old, 8st. (J. Robinson) 1
 Lord Kelburne's br. c. Retriever, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. 2
 Two to 1 on Priam. Won easy.

SWEETSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb. T.Y.C.—Forty-four subs.

Mr. Howdsworth's b. f. Circassian, by Sultan, out of The Miller of Mansfield's dam (S. Darling) 1
 Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. Colwick, by Filhe—Stella 2
 Lord Sligo's ch. c. Bras de Fer, by Langar—Velvet 3
 Mr. Watt's b. c. by Tramp, dam by Whisker 4

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Skipsey's br. c. by Waverley, dam by Castrel; Mr. Ellis's b. f. Maniac, by Champignon—Maniac; Lord Kelburne's ch. f. by Comus, out of Georgiana; Mr. Gaiden's br. f. by Lottery, out of Morgiana; Mr. Petre's b. c. Goodluck, by Lottery; Mr. Fox's ch. f. Glana, by Tramp, dam by Walton; Mr. S. Fox's b. f. by Lottery, out of Watteote Lass; Mr. Walker's ch. f. Victoire, by Whisker—Voorneen; Lord Queensberry's b. f. Sister to Emma, by Whisker; and Mr. Blakelock's b. f. Fancy, by Osmond—Cotton.—Five to 2 agst Circassian, 7 to 2 agst Victoire, 5 to 1 agst Mr. Skipsey's colt, 6 to 1 agst Colwick, 7 to 1 agst Bras de Fer, and 10 to 1 agst Lord Queensberry's filly. Won cleverly.

The GASCOIGNE STAKES of 100 sovs. each, 30 ft. for three-year-olds:—colts 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—The winner of the St. Leger to carry 4lb. extra.—St. Leger Course.—Seven subs.

Mr. W. Chifney's b. c. Priam, by Emilius, out of Cressida walked over.

SWEETSTAKES of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—St. Leger Course.—Ten subs.

Lord Kelburne's ch. c. by Woful, out of Emilia, by Abjer; granddam Emily by Stamford (T. Lye) 1
 Mr. Ridsdale's ch. c. Little Red Rover, by Tramp 2
 Six to 4 on Little Red Rover. Won easy.

The GOLD CUP, free for any horse, &c.—To start at the Red House, and run once round to the Ending-Post, about two miles and five furlongs.

Lord Kelburne's br. c. Retriever, by Smolensko, out of Georgiana, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (T. Lye) 1

Lord Milton's b. h. Medoro, by Cervantes, 6 yrs old, 9st. 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Major Yarbrough's br. h. Laurel, 5 yrs, 9st.; Mr. Petre's br. c. Brunswicker, by Figaro, 3 yrs, 7st.; Lord Queensberry's br. c. Hassan, by Whisker, 3 yrs, 7st.; Mr. Arnold's b. f. Dolly, by Figaro, 3 yrs, 7st.; His Majesty's b. m. Fleur de Lis, aged, 9st.—Eleven to 5 agst Fleur de Lis, 3 to 1 agst Laurel, 5 to 1 agst Medoro, 8 to 1 agst Brunswicker, 15 to 1 agst Hassan, 100 to 5 agst Retriever, and 200 to 5 agst Dolly. A very good race, and won by only a head.

FRIDAY, September 24.—SWEETSTAKES of 80 sovs. each, 10 ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—The winner of the Great St. Leger carried 7lb. extra.—One mile.—Twenty-two subs.

Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. Birmingham, by Filhe da Puta, out of Miss Craigie (P. Connolly) 1

Lord Scarbrough's b. c. Chancellor, Brother to Tarrara 2

Mr. Riddell's b. c. Emancipator, by Whisker 3

Duke of Leeds's ch. c. Redstart, by Whisker 4

Two to 1 on Birmingham, 3 to 1 agst Emancipator, and 6 to 1 agst Redstart. Won quite easy.

SWEETSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, with 20 added by the Corporation of Doncaster, for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 4lb. each.—St. Leger Course.—Eight subs.

Lord Scarbrough's br. *Volage*, by Waverley, out of Sister to Tarrare, by Catton (G. Nelson) 1
 Lord Queensberry's b. Maria, Sister to Emma 2
 The following also started but were not placed:—Duke of Leeds's ch. Lady Mowbray, by Blacklock; Mr. T. O. Fowlett's b. Lady Emmeline, by Young Phantom, out of Miss Fanny's dam; Mr. Clifton's ch. Moss Rose, Sister to Velocipede.—Two to 1 agst Maria, 7 to 2 agst Volage, 9 to 2 agst Lady Mowbray, 9 to 2 agst Moss Rose, and 7 to 1 agst Lady Emmeline. Won by half a head.

SECOND YEAR.—SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, for four-year-olds and upwards. Four miles.—Eight subs.

Major Yarburgh's br. h. *Laurel*, by Blacklock, 6 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (T. Nicholson), 1
 Lord Cleveland's b. c. Stotforth, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. 2
 Lord Fitzwilliam's br. m. Ballad Singer, 5 yrs, 8st. 6lb. 3
 Duke of Leeds's ch. c. Rossignol, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. 4
 Six to 4 on Ballad Singer, 5 to 2 agst Laurel, 5 to 1 agst Rossignol, and 6 to 1 agst Stotforth. Won easy.

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, for three and four-year-olds.—Two-mile heats.

Lord Scarbrough's br. c. *Windcliffe*, by Waverley, dam by Catton, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. (J. Holmes) 1 1
 Lord Milton's b. f. Dura, by Cervantes, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (received 42gs.) 2 2
 Five to 2 on Windcliffe. Won easy.

SHREWSBURY MEETING.

TUESDAY, Sept. 21.—PRODUCE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—Once round and a distance.—Nine subs.

Mr. Griffiths's b. c. *Thorngrave*, by Smolensko, out of Fanny Leigh, by Castrel, 8st. 7lb. (Calloway) 1
 Lord Grosvenor's b. f. Tarian, by Tramp, 8st. 4lb. 2

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses of all ages.—About one mile and a half.

Mr. W. Charlton's ch. f. *Kalmia*, by Magistrate, out of Zephyrina, 4 yrs old, 8st. (H. Arthur) 1
 Mr. Onion's b. f. Garlic, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2
 Mr. Turner's br. h. Olympus, 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. 3

THE BOROUGH MEMBERS' PURSE of 60l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Ormsby Gore's ch. f. *Tib*, by Langar, out of Wilful, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. (W. Lear) 1 1
 Mr. Painter's b. g. Wellington, 4 yrs old, 6st. 2lb. 3 2
 Mr. W. Turner's b. f. The Nab, 3 yrs old, 6st. 6lb. 2 3
 Mr. Hobson's br. h. Contraband, 5 yrs old, 9st. 4 4

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 22.—THE GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. the surplus in specie, by 13 subs. of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Three miles.

Sir G. Pigot's b. f. *Dandina*, by Muley, out of Loyalty by Rubens, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. (Arthur) 1
 Mr. Ormsby Gore's b. h. Hesperus, aged, 8st. 12lb. 2
 Mr. Griffiths's b. c. Thorngrave, 3 yrs old, 6st. 8lb. 3
 Mr. Giffard's b. h. Sampson, 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. 4
 Sir W. Wynne's b. c. Courtier, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. 5

FIFTY POUNDS, for three and four-year-olds.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Ormsby Gore's ch. f. *Tib*, by Langar, out of Wilful, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (W. Lear) 1 1
 Mr. Clarke's b. c. Fag, 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. 4 2
 Mr. Pallin's b. c. Rolla, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. 2 3
 Mr. Twamley's b. f. Sappho, 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. 3 4
 Mr. Lee's b. c. by Spectre, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5 dr

THE COUNTY MEMBERS' PURSE of 60l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. W. Charlton's ch. f. *Kalmia*, by Magistrate, 4 yrs old, 8st. (H. Arthur) 1 1
 Sir W. Wynne's ch. c. Sir Walter, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. 2 2
 Mr. Wadlow's gr. g. Little Harry, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 3 3

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H

THURSDAY, Sept. 23.—The **SEVERN STAKES** of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—Once round and a distance.—Four subs.

Lord Grosvenor's b. c. *Thermometer*, by Whisker, out of Michaelmas, 8st. 4lb. (Jones) 1
 Str T. Stanley's b. c. by Tarragon, out of Hooton's dam, 8st. 4lb. 2

The **TOWN PURSE** of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.
 Mr. Clark's b. c. *Fag*, by Master Henry, out of Zadora, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. (Jones) 4 1 1

Mr. Painter's b. f. by Strephon, dam by Camillus, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. 1 4 2
 Mr. Herbert's Julia, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. 3 3 3
 Sir W. Wynne's b. m. Effie, 6 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 2 2 dr.

HANDICAP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. with 30 added.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. J. Onion's b. f. *Garlic*, by Master Henry, dam by Hedley, 4 yrs old, 6st. 8lb. 1 1
 Mr. Jones's br. c. by Spectre, 3 yrs old, 6st. 2 2

BUNGAY MEETING.

MONDAY, September 20.—**FIFTY POUNDS**, for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round, about two miles.

Mr. Talk's b. c. *Vortigern*, by Emilius, out of Rowena, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. 1 1
 Colonel Wilson's ch. c. Jack Junk, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. 2 2
 Mr. Goodison's b. c. Paradox, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3 dr.

TUESDAY, September 21.—The **WILSON PURSE** of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, once round, about two miles.

Mr. Goodison's b. c. *Paradox*, by Merlin, out of Pawn, by Trumpeter, 3 yrs old, 7st. 1 1
 Colonel Wilson's ch. c. Ringleader, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2 2
 Mr. Talk's b. c. Vortigern, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 3 dr.

MATCH for 100 sovs.—Three quarters of a mile.

Colonel Wilson's ch. c. *Jack Junk*, by Nicolo, dam by Juniper, 4 yrs, 8st. 13lb. 1
 Mr. Munro's b. h. Naughty Tommy, aged, 9st. 6lb. 2

SOUTHAMPTON MEETING.

TUESDAY, September 21.—The **TOWN PURSE** of 50l. added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Seven subs.

Mr. Dundas's ch. c. *Honest Robin*, by Robin Adair, 4 yrs, 8st. 7lb. (Wright), 1 1
 Mr. Biggs's b. c. Chiron, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 4 2
 Mr. W. Day's br. c. Augur, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 2 dr.
 Mr. Hobart's ch. c. Cornelian, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. 3 dr.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, one mile and three-quarters.—Four subs.

Mr. Biggs's b. c. *Wassailer*, by Reveller, out of Annot Lyle, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. (H. Guppy) 1 1
 Mr. Dundas's br. c. by Pyramus, dam by Beningbrough, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. 2 2

The **SILVER CUP**, given by J. Fleming, Esq. M.P. added to a Sweepstakes of two sovs. each, with 12 added, for horses not thorough-bred.—Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Hewitt's ch. g. *Little Boy Blue*, 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. 1 1
 Mr. Chamberlayne's ch. g. Harkaway, aged, 12st. 2 2
 Mr. Steere's br. m. Adelaide, 6 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. 3 3
 Mr. J. W. Drew's b. f. Amazon, 4 yrs old, 10st. 10lb. 5 4
 Mr. Hewitt's b. m. Miss Beverley, 6 yrs old, 12st. 4 6

WEDNESDAY, September 22.—**HANDICAP STAKES** of five sovs. each, with 30 added.—Heats, one mile and three-quarters.

Mr. Biggs's b. c. *Chiron*, by Centaur, dam by Camillus, 4 yrs old, 8st. (G. Randall) 4 1 1
 Mr. Shard's b. f. Harmony, 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. 1 3 2
 Mr. Dundas's ch. c. Honest Robin, by Robin Adair, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 2 2 3
 Mr. Wiltshire's b. h. Laurence, aged, 9st. 2lb. 3 dr.

Harmony broke her plate, and hurt herself, in the last heat.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 30 added, for three and four-year olds.—Heats, one mile and three-quarters.—Five subs.

Mr. Shard's ch. f. <i>Asasia</i> , by Phantom, out of Augusta, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (Wakefield).....	1	1
Mr. Hobart's ch. c. Cornelian, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	2	dr.
THE TOWN MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, one mile and three-quarters.		
Mr. S. Day's b. m. <i>Trample</i> , by Tramp, dam by Woful, 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. (Randall).....	3	1 1
Mr. Dundas's br. c. by Pyramus, 3 yrs old, 7st.....	1	2 dr.
Mr. W. Day's br. c. Augur, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.....	2	3 dr.
Mr. Gardner's br. h. Conjuror, 6 yrs old, 9st. 8lb.....	4	dr.

HASTINGS MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, September 22.—TOWN PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Page's b. g. <i>Second</i> , by Spectre, aged, 9st. 7lb.....	1	1
Mr. Coleman's b. f. <i>Southdown</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 6lb.....	2	2

LADIES' PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Lord W. Lennox's ro. m. <i>Miss Craven</i> , by Mr. Lowe, 6 yrs old, 9st. 7lb....	3	1 1
Mr. Beck's b. f. <i>Blue Bonnet</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.....	1	2 2
Mr. Page's b. g. <i>Second</i> , aged, 10st. 3lb.....	2	3 2
Mr. Ellis's ch. c. <i>Lucifer</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.....	4	dr.
Mr. Coleman's b. f. <i>Southdown</i> (late Tiny), 3 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. (fell).....	dis.	

THURSDAY, September 23.—The ST. LEONARD'S CUP, value 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Coleman's b. f. <i>Little Gift</i> , by Centaur, 3 yrs old, 7st. 9lb.	1	1
Captain Beecher's b. g. <i>Shock</i> , 4 yrs, 8st. 4lb.	2	2
Mr. Burton named b. c. St. Leonard's, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.....	3	3
Mr. Kettel's ch. g. <i>Hawk's-Eye</i> , by Merlin, 6 yrs old, 9st. 10lb. (fell).....	4	dis.
Mr. Ellis's ch. c. <i>Lucifer</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.....	5	dr.

The ST. MARY'S CUP, value 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. Page's b. g. <i>Second</i> , aged, 9st. 11lb.....	3	1 1
Lord W. Lennox's ro. m. <i>Miss Craven</i> , by Mr. Lowe, 6 yrs old, 9st. 11lb.	1	2 2
Mr. Kettel's ch. g. <i>Hawk's-Eye</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 10lb.....	2	3 dr.
Mr. Brown's b. c. <i>Wrinkle</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.....	4	4 dr.

GLOUCESTER MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 22.—The GLOUCESTERSHIRE STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. and five only if declared, &c. with 30 added.—Two miles.

Mr. I. Day's b. m. <i>Maldonia</i> , by Fungus, out of Young Rhoda, aged, 8st 6lb. (A. Pavis).....	1	
Mr. Thorne's b. m. <i>Forester Lass</i> , aged, 8st. 6lb.	2	
Mr. Griffith's b. h. <i>Musquite</i> , by Master Henry, 6 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (broke down)...	3	
Seven subs. paid 10 sovs. ft. and three others having declared by the time presented, paid only five each.		

The BERKELEY STAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. with 30 added, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Six subs.

Mr. I. Day's br. g. <i>Little Boy Blue</i> , by Paulowitz, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. (A. Pavis).....	1	1
Mr. Thorne's br. m. <i>Forester Lass</i> , aged, 8st. 6lb.....	2	dr.
Mr. Day's b. c. <i>Brother to Grampus</i> , by Whalebone, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.....	3	dr.

The public money is withheld, on the ground that *Little Boy Blue* and *Brother to Grampus* are the property of the same person.

The BEAUFORD STAKES of five sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses of all ages.—One-mile heats.—Six subs.

Mr. Peel's b. m. <i>Grimalkin</i> , by Filho da Puta, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. (Chewass),	1	1
Mr. I. Day's b. c. <i>Fantoccino</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	2	2
Mr. Thorne's b. c. <i>Ghost</i> , 5 yrs old, 7st. 10lb.....	3	3

THURSDAY, Sept. 23.—The **HARTFURY STAKES** of five sovs. each, with 30 added from the fund, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Eight subs.

Mr. L. Day's br. g. <i>Little Boy Blue</i> , by Paulowitz, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. (A. Pavis)	1	1
Mr. Pickernell's b. m. <i>Golconda</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	3	2
Mr. Thorne's b. m. <i>Forester Lass</i> , by Filho da Puta, aged, 9st. 8lb.	2	dr.

The Severn Stakes and the Handicap did not fill.

CARLISLE MEETING.

TUESDAY, Sept. 28.—The **MAIDEN PURSE** of 50l. given by the Members of the City of Carlisle, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. T. Dawson's b. c. <i>Shamrock</i> , by St. Patrick, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. (T. Lye),	1	1
Mr. Walker's b. g. <i>Cock Robin</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb.	3	2
Mr. Hodgson's ch. g. <i>George the Fourth</i> , by Abjer, dam by Muley, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb.	2	3
Mr. Hodgson's b. m. <i>Cottage Girl</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.	6	4
Mr. Jackson's b. c. by <i>Hollyhock</i> , out of Juno, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb.	4	dr.
Mr. Quarton's b. c. by <i>Champignon</i> , out of Susanna, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb.	5	dr.

Won very easy.

The **GOLD CUP**, value 100gs. by 10 subs. of 10gs. each, for horses of all ages.—Three miles.

Mr. Jackson's b. c. <i>Talleyrand</i> , by Bachelor, out of Madame de Sevigne's dam, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. (Lye)	1
Mr. Ramsay's b. c. <i>Round Robin</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	2
Mr. Simpson's b. m. <i>Young Duchess</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.	3

Round Robin the favorite. A good race, and won by half a neck.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 29.—His **MAJESTY'S PURSE** of 100gs. for four-year-olds and upwards.—Four-mile heats.

Mr. Ferguson's b. c. <i>Young Patrick</i> , by St. Patrick, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. (J. Jacques)	1	1
Mr. Williamson's b. h. <i>The Earl</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb.	2	2
Mr. Rounthwaite's br. c. <i>Agitator</i> , 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb.	3	dr.

A good race.

FIFTY POUNDS, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a distance.

Mr. Hodgson's b. m. <i>Agnes</i> , by Thesis, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	5	3	1	1
Mr. Simpson's b. m. <i>Young Duchess</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.	4	1	2	2
Mr. Ferguson's br. c. <i>Barleycorn</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.	1	4	4	dr.
Mr. Benson's b. c. <i>Gilsland</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	6	2	3	
Mr. Ramsay's b. c. <i>Round Robin</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	2	dis.		
Mr. Riddell's ch. c. by <i>Doctor Syntax</i> , dam by Eaton, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. 3 dis.				

Each heat won cleverly. This Plate is withheld, in consequence of *Agnes* being disputed.

THURSDAY, September 30.—**FIFTY POUNDS**, given by the Members of the County, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Three-mile heats.

Mr. Ferguson's b. c. <i>Young Patrick</i> , by St. Patrick, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. (J. Jacques)	1	1
Mr. Jackson's b. c. by <i>Hollyhock</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	2	dr.
Mr. Hodgson's ch. c. <i>George the Fourth</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	dis.	

Won very easy.

SUBSCRIPTION PURSE of 50l. for horses, &c. of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Rounthwaite's br. c. <i>Agitator</i> , by Blacklock, 4 yrs, 8st. (J. Dodgson),	5	2	1	1
Mr. Hodgson's b. m. <i>Agnes</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	4	1	2	2
Mr. Jackson's b. c. <i>Talleyrand</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.	1	3	3	3
Mr. Thompson's ch. h. <i>Parson Harvey</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	3	4	4	
Mr. Walker's b. g. <i>Cock Robin</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.	2	3	5	

Every heat well contested.

The **CUMBERLAND STAKES** of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Five subs.

Mr. Thompson's br. c. by <i>Blucher</i> , out of <i>Creeping Kate</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. (T. Lye)	2	1	1
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Mr. Hudson's ch. c. George the Fourth, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.	1	2	3
Mr. Simpson's b. m. Moll-in-the-Wad, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb.	3	2	2

A good race.

OSWESTRY MEETING.

TUESDAY, September 28.—A CUP, value 50l. the gift of Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart. added to a Handicap Stakes of 15 sovs. each.—One mile and a half.
 Mr. Ormsby Gore's ch. f. Tib, by Langer, out of Wilful, 4 yrs, 7st. 12lb. (W. Lear) 1
 Mr. T. Palin's b. g. Pluralist, 4 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. 2
 Mr. Gabriel's b. c. by Master Henry—Liberty, 3 yrs old, 6st. 3
 One subscriber paid 15 sovs. and two others having declared ft. by the time prescribed, paid five sovs. each. Tib the favorite. Won in a canter.

PRODUCE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds.—One mile.—Five subs.
 Mr. Ormsby Gore's b. c. Jasper, by Spectre, out of Patience, Fyldener, 8st. 1lb. (S. Darling) 1
 Sir W. Wynne's b. c. Convo, by Ivanhoe, 8st. 4lb. 2
 Lord Grosvenor's b. f. Tartan, by Tramp, 8st. 3
 Convo the favorite. A good race.

The SUBSCRIPTION PURSE of 50l. for three and four-year-olds.—Two-mile heats.
 Mr. Painter's b. g. Wellington, by Corinthian, out of Creeping Kate, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (W. Lear) 1 1
 Mr. Palin's b. c. Rolla, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. 4 2
 Mr. Ormsby Gore's b. c. Jasper, 3 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. 2 3
 Mr. Gabriel's b. c. by Master Henry, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. 3 4

WEDNESDAY, September 29.—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for three-year-olds.—colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 3lb.—One mile and a half.—Three subs.
 Mr. Ormsby Gore's b. c. Old Port, by Whisker, dam by Dick Andrews (S. Darling) 1
 Sir W. Wynne's b. c. Convo, by Ivanhoe—Fanina 2
 Three to 1 on Convo. Won in a canter.

GOLD CUP value 100 sovs. in specie, by 10 subs. of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Two miles and a quarter.
 Mr. Giffard's b. h. Sampson, by Ambo, dam by King Bladud, 6 yrs old, 9st. 3lb. (W. Lear) 1
 Mr. Ormsby Gore's b. h. Hesperus, aged, 8st. 6lb. 2
 Mr. Ormsby Gore's ch. f. Tib, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. 3
 Sir T. Moystyn's b. f. Sprig, 3 yrs old, 6st. 6lb. 4
 Sir W. Wynne's b. h. Courtier, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. 5
 Won cleverly by a length.

The SHROPSHIRE STAKES of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft. with 50 added.—Heats, one mile and a half.
 Sir W. Wynne's b. c. Penrhos, by Rowston, out of Chesterfield's dam, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. (Jones) 1 1
 Mr. Ormsby Gore's b. h. Hesperus, aged, 8st. 11lb. 2 2
 Four subscribers paid 15 sovs. ft. and three others having declared by the time prescribed, paid only five sovs. each. Each heat well contested.

SUBSCRIPTION PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, one mile and a half.
 Mr. Painter's b. g. Wellington, by Corinthian, 4 yrs old, 8st. (W. Lear) 1 3 1
 Sir W. Wynne's ch. c. Sir Walter, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. 4 1 2
 Mr. Ormsby Gore's ch. f. Tib, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. 2 2 3
 Sir T. Moystyn's b. f. Sprig, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. 3 dr.
 Each heat well contested.

HEATON PARK MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, September 29.—The STANLEY STAKES of 10 sovs. each, h. ft. for horses of all ages.—A.F.—Half a mile.—Ten subs.
 Mr. Davis's ch. c. Jonathan, by Tiresias, out of Zora, 3 yrs old, 9st. 5lb. (Mr. Melony) 1
 The following also started but were not placed:—Lord Derby's bl. c. Grimbald,

4 yrs, 10st. 5lb.; Sir T. Stanley's br. h. Dr. Faustus, aged, 11st. 5lb.; Mr. Thompson's br. g. Orthodox, aged, 11st. 2lb.; Mr. C. Neville's b. f. Pelican, 3 yrs, 9st. 5lb.; Mr. Singleton's b. g. Major, by Buzzer, aged, 11st. 2lb.; and Mr. Cosby's b. h. Henri Quatre, 5 yrs old, 10st. 12lb.

MATCH for 50 sovs. h. ft.—A.F.

Sir T. Stanley's ch. h. *Herbert Lacy*, by Sir Oliver, 5 yrs old, 10st. 10lb. (Mr. Peyton) 1
 Lord Worcester's br. g. Skirmisher, aged, 10st. 4lb. 2
 Six to 4 on Herbert Lacy.

SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 10st. 7lb., fillies, 10st. 4lb.—One mile.—Five subs.

Sir J. Gerard's br. c. *Res*, by Figaro, out of Trulla (Mr. Molony) 1
 Mr. Arnold's b. f. Dolly, by Figaro—Filho da Puta 2
 Lord Chesterfield's ch. c. Splendour, by Sovereign 3
 Seven to 4 on Splendour.

The HEATON PARK STAKES (handicap) of 15 sovs. each, five ft.—One mile and a half.—Sixteen subs.

Mr. Johnson's ch. h. *Jupiter*, by Tramp, dam by Sorcerer, 6 yrs old, 11st. 4lb. (Mr. Griffiths) 1
 Mr. Singleton's b. g. The Major, aged, 11st. 4lb. 2
 Lord Wilton's ch. g. Grandee, by Cervantes, 4 yrs old, 9st. 12lb. 3
 Mr. Cosby's b. h. Masaniello, 5 yrs old, 10st. 10lb. 4
 Mr. C. Neville's b. h. Pelican, 6 yrs old, 11st. 4lb. 5
 Mr. White's b. h. Granby, aged, 11st. 4lb. 6
 Five to 2 agst Jupiter.

HANDICAP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, five forfeit, with 20 sovs. added, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Once round.—Thirteen subs.

Mr. Johnson's b. g. Brother to Hexgrave, by Filho da Puta, aged, 12st. 11lb. (Mr. Kent) 1
 Lord Chesterfield's ch. g. Rufus, 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. 2
 Sir J. Gerard's named b. m. Alelaide, 5 yrs old, 11st. 3lb. 3
 Mr. W. M. Stanley's gr. m. Lady Fanny, 11st. 4lb. 4
 Mr. Watson's ch. g. Mr. Fry, aged, 11st. 11lb. 5
 Mr. Lamb's ch. m. Lady Mary, aged, 12st. 4lb. 6
 Count Masuchevitz's Zodiac, aged, 11st. 4lb. 7
 Mr. Trafford's gr. g. Alderman, aged, 11st. 6lb. 8
 Mr. Grosvenor's named ch. g. The Monk, aged, 11st. 6lb. 9
 Six to 4 agst Rufus and 2 to 1 agst the winner.

The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. given by Mr. Deane, added to a subscription of ten sovs. each.—St. Leger Course.—Eleven subs.

Mr. Sedler's b. g. *Jocko*, by Filho da Puta, dam by Clinker, aged, 11st. 7lb. (Mr. Postles) 1
 Sir J. Gerard's b. m. Sarah, 6 yrs old, 11st. 4lb. 2
 Mr. Johnson's ch. h. *Jupiter*, 6 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. 3
 Five to 4 agst Jocko, and 2 to 1 agst Sarah.

THURSDAY, September 30.—MATCH for 100 sovs. 11st. 7lb. each.—A.F.

Mr. M. Stanley's *Cock-a-Hoop*, aged (Mr. Peyton) 1
 Col. Russell's br. m. Taglienti, aged 2
 Two to 1 on Taglienti.

The FORESTER STAKES of 10 sovs. each, 12st. 7lb. each.—A.F.—Six subs.

Mr. Thompson's br. g. *Orthodox*, by Filho da Puta, out of Banahce (Mr. Kent) ... 1
 Mr. White's br. h. Euxton, by Rinaldo, aged 2
 Lord Worcester's b. h. Carthago, by Pioneer, aged 3
 Seven to 4 on Carthago.

The MANCHESTER STAKES (handicap) of 15 sovs. each, five forfeit.—One mile and a half.—Eight subs.

Mr. Cosby's b. h. *Masaniello*, by Phantom, out of Oceana, 5 yrs, 9st. 12lb. (Owner) 1
 Sir T. Stanley's b. h. Joceline, 6 yrs old, 10st. 10lb. 2
 Mr. Hungerford's ch. g. Camillus, 6 yrs old, 10st. 3lb. 3
 Even betting on Joceline.

HANDICAP STAKES of ten sovs. each, h. ft.—A.F.—Fourteen subs.

Mr. C. Needles's b. c. *Sandoval*, by *Cervantes*, out of *Marchesa*, by *Comus*, 4 yrs old, 11st. (Mr. White) 1
 Mr. Thompson's br. f. by *Master Henry*, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Sir T. Stanley's ch. h. *Herbert Lacy*, 5 yrs, 12st.; Mr. W. Yates named b. g. *St. Michael*, aged, 11st. 2lb.; Mr. T. Cosby's br. h. *Henri Quatre*, 5 yrs, 11st. 1lb.; Mr. Harwar's b. g. *Wellington*, 5 yrs, 11st.; Mr. Holyoake's br. c. *Remishaw*, 4 yrs, 10st. 12lb.; Lord Worcester's br. g. *Skirmisher*, aged, 10st. 8lb.; Mr. Hobson's b. g. *Surveyor*, 6 yrs, 10st. 8lb.; and Mr. Hoyle's br. f. *Blackberry*, 3 yrs, 9st. 10lb.—A most beautiful race, and won only by a neck. Two to 1 agst *Herbert Lacy*, and 4 to 1 agst *Landrail*. The winner was claimed according to the articles for 70 sovs.

SWEEPSTAKES of ten sovs. each, for half-bred horses belonging to the Officers of the Queen's Bays, and rode by them, 11st. 11lb. each.—Thorough-bred horses 10lb. extra.—Heats, once round.—Ten subs.

Mr. Lewis's b. g. *Marshall*, 6 yrs old (Captain Copeland) 4 1 1
 Mr. Brandling's b. g. *Whalebone*, 6 yrs old 1 3 3
 Captain Ferguson's bl. g. *Billy Quin*, 6 yrs old 2 2 2
 Mr. Griffith's br. g. *Proudfoot*, aged 3 4 dr.

The last two heats well contested.

SWEEPSTAKES of 15 sovs. each, five ft. with 25 added.—One mile.—Ten subs.

Mr. Singleton's b. g. *The Major*, by *Bustler*, dam by *Shuttle*, aged, 11st. 11lb. (Owner) 1
 Sir T. Stanley's br. h. *Doctor Faustus*, aged, 12st. 2
 Mr. Thompson's b. c. *Sandoval*, 4 yrs old, 10st. 12lb. 3
 Mr. White's br. h. *Euxton*, aged, 12st. 4

Five to 4 agst *Doctor Faustus*.

HANDICAP STAKES of 15 sovs. each, five ft. with 10 added, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—One mile.—Ten subs.

Lord Chesterfield's ch. g. *Rufus*, by *Palmerin*, dam by *Ponteland*, 5 yrs old, 11st. 4lb. (Lord Wilton) 1
 Colonel Gilbert's b. g. *Knepp*, 4 yrs old, 10st. 12lb. 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Lamb's ch. m. *Lady Mary* aged, 11st. 12lb.; Mr. Harwar's b. g. *Wellington*, 5 yrs old, 10st. 10lb.; Mr. Watson's ch. g. *M. Fry*, aged, 10st. 10lb.; and Mr. M. W. Stanley's gr. m. *Lady Fanny*, 10st. 8lb.—*Knepp* the favorite. A severe race, and won only by half a head.

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Club, added to a subscription of five sovs. each.—Two miles.—Seven subs.

Mr. Sadler's b. g. *Jocko*, by *Filho da Puta*, dam by *Clinker*, aged, 11st. 9lb. (Mr. Postles) 1
 Mr. Davis's b. g. *Lorraine*, 6 yrs old, 11st. 4lb. 2
 Mr. Thompson's br. f. by *Master Henry*, 4 yrs old, 10st. 2lb. 3

FRIDAY, October 1—MATCH for 50 sovs. both 5 yrs old.—A. F.

Sir T. Stanley's ch. h. *Herbert Lacy*, by Sir Oliver, out of *Edith*, by *Fitz-James*, 11st. (Mr. Peyton) 1
 Mr. T. Cosby's br. h. *Henri Quatre*, 10st. 2
 Six to 4 on *Herbert Lacy*.

MATCH for 50 sovs.—Three quarters of a mile.

Lord Worcester's b. h. *Carthago*, by *Pioneer*, out of *Reserve*, by *Waxy*, aged, 11st. 9lb. (Colonel Russell) 1
 Mr. Peel's br. f. *Versatility*, 4 yrs old, 10st. 8lb. 2
 Five to 4 on *Versatility*.

THE CLARET STAKES of 15 sovs. each, five ft.—One mile.—Five subs.

Lord Derby's bl. c. *Grimbald*, by *Milo*, 4 yrs old, 10st. 2lb. (Captain Bouverie) ... 1
 Mr. Healdine's b. g. *The Captain*, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. 2
 Sir T. Stanley's ch. h. *Herbert Lacy*, 5 yrs old, 11st. 2lb. 3
 Five to 4 agst *Grimbald*.

FREE HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added by the Club.—One mile. Six subs.

Lord Wilton's ch. c. *Grandee*, by *Cervantes*, dam by *Governor*, 4 yrs old, 9st. 12lb. (Captain Beauverie) 1
 Captain Davis's b. g. *Lorraine*, 6 yrs old, 10st. 12lb. 2

Mr. Lamb's ch. m. <i>Lady Mary</i> , aged, 10st. 6lb.	0
Mr. Hobson's b. g. <i>Surveyor</i> , 6 yrs old, 10st. 6lb.	0
Mr. Whitehead's br. c. St. Nicholas, 4 yrs old, 10st. 1lb.	0
Grandee the favorite.	

GOLD CUP, value 200 sovs. given by the Town of Manchester, added to a Handicap Stakes of 15 sovs. each, five ft.—St. Leger Course.—Twenty-two subs.

Mr. Sadler's b. g. <i>Jockey</i> , by Filho da Puta, aged, 13lb. (Mr. Postles)	1
Mr. Healettine's b. g. <i>The Captain</i> , by Wanton, 4 yrs old, 10st. 3lb. (recd. 20 sovs.) ...	2
Mr. White's b. g. <i>Granby</i> , aged, 11st. 3lb.	3
The following also started but were not placed:—Lord Worcester's b. b. <i>Carthago</i> , aged, 12st. 4lb.; Sir T. Stanley's br. h. <i>Doctor Faustus</i> , aged, 12st.; Sir T. Stanley's b. h. <i>Joceline</i> , 6 yrs old, 11st. 7lb.; Mr. Singleton's b. g. <i>The Major</i> , aged, 11st. 7lb.; Mr. Johnson's br. g. <i>Brother to Hexgrave</i> , aged, 11st. 3lb.; Mr. Hungerford's ch. g. <i>Camillus</i> , 6 yrs old, 10st. 9lb.; Mr. Cosby's b. h. <i>Masanioello</i> , 5 yrs old, 10st. 6lb.; Mr. Marfleet's br. m. <i>Fanny Kemble</i> , 5 yrs old, 10st. 2lb.; Mr. Davis's ch. c. <i>Jonathan</i> , 3 yrs old, 9st. 11lb.; and Lord Chesterfield's ch. c. <i>Splendour</i> , 3 yrs old, 9st. 7lb.—Five to 2 agst Jocko, and 5 to 1 agst Carthago.	

MATCH for 50 sovs. h. ft.—A. F.

Mr. Peel's br. f. <i>Versatility</i> , by Blacklock, out of Arabella, 4 yrs old, 10st. 10lb. (Mr. White)	1
Mr. Cosby's b. h. <i>Henri Quatre</i> , 6 yrs old, 10st. 10lb.	2
Even betting.	

MATCH for 50 sovs. h. ft.—A. F.

Count Mazuchevitz's <i>Zodiac</i> , aged, 10st. 6lb. (Lord Wilton)	1
Sir T. Stanley's ch. h. <i>Herbert Lacy</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st.	2

HANDICAP PURSE of 100 sovs. given by the Steward, Lord Forester, added to a subscription of 15 sovs. each, five ft.—A. F.—Ten subs.

Sir J. Gerard's br. c. <i>Rex</i> , by Figaro, 3 yrs old, 10st. 3lb.	1
Lord Derby's bl. c. <i>Grimbald</i> , 4 yrs old, 10st. 10lb.	2
The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. White's br. h. <i>Euxton</i> , aged, 12st.; Mr. Johnson's ch. h. <i>Jupiter</i> , 6 yrs, 11st. 7lb.; Mr. Singleton's b. g. <i>The Major</i> , aged, 11st. 2lb.; and Colonel Gilbert's b. g. <i>Knepp</i> , 4 yrs, 10st. 9lb.—Seven to 4 agst Jupiter, 5 to 1 agst Knepp, and 4 to 1 agst Rex.	

SOUTHWOLD MEETING.

TUESDAY, September 28.—The TOWN PURSE of 50l. for all ages.—Heats, twice round.

Lord Stradbroke's b. f. <i>Gallopade</i> , by Reveller, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. (Pavia), 2 1 1	
Mr. Talk's b. g. <i>Vortigern</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.	1 2 dr.

HUNTERS' STAKES of two sovs. each, with 15 added, for horses not thorough-bred.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Peirson's b. h. <i>Tristram</i> , aged, 11st. 7lb.	1 1
Mr. Carr's b. b. <i>Soirier</i> , 6 yrs old, 11st. 3lb.	3 2
Mr. Munro's b. h. <i>Naughty Tommy</i> , aged, 11st. 7lb.	2 3

MATCH for 50 sovs.

Mr. Peirson's b. h. <i>Young Tristram</i>	1
Mr. Plant's b. m. <i>Miss Foote</i>	2

LINCOLN MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, September 29.—His MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs. for four and five-year-old mares.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Houldsworth's ch. f. <i>Fortitude</i> , by Whisker, 3 yrs, 8st. 4lb. (Connolly), 1 1	
Mr. Haworth's b. m. <i>Brenda</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st.	4 2
Mr. Willis's b. f. by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	3 3
Lord Fitzwilliam's b. m. <i>Ballad Singer</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st.	2 dis.
Ballad Singer's rider (H. Edwards) fell, from the stirrup leather breaking.	

SWEESTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—Last mile.—Four subs.

Colonel King's gr. f. <i>Gallopade</i> , by Catton, out of Camillina, by Camillus (T. Nicholson)	1
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Mr. Golden's br. f. by Lottery, out of Morgiana 2
Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. Giovanni, by Filho da Puta 3
Even betting on Giovanni.

THE MACARONI STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for hunters of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—
Six subs.

Mr. Platel's br. g. *Ultimus*, aged, 11st. 11lb. (Owner) 1 1
Mr. Bird's ch. m. by Cannon Ball, 6 yrs old, 11st. 11lb. 2 dr.

THURSDAY, September 30.—The CITY PURSE of 50l. for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Haworth's b. m. *Brenda*, by Minos, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (G. Nelson)... 3 1 1
Mr. Bailey's br. c. Utrecht, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2 3 2
Mr. Houldsworth's Christiansa, 3 yrs old, 7st. 11b. 1 2 dr.

THE GRAND FALCONER'S GOLD CUP, value 150gs. given by the Duke of St. Alban's:—three-year-olds, 7st.; four, 8st. 3lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Two miles.

Mr. Wormald's b. c. *Bullet*, Brother to Granby, by Cannon Ball, 3 yrs old (J. Holmes)..... 1
Lord Scarbrough's br. c. Cistercian, 4 yrs old 2
Major Yarbrough's br. h. Laurel, 6 yrs old..... 3
Colonel King's b. m. Bessy Bedlam, 5 yrs old..... 4
Dr. Willis's br. m. by Cannon Ball—Snail, aged 5
Five to 4 agst Laurel, and 2 to 1 agst Bullet.

HUNTER'S STAKES of five sovs. each, p. p. for hunters, &c. not thorough-bred, 12st. each.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Gentlemen riders.—Two-mile heats.—Ten subs.

Mr. Osbaldeston's br. m. by Ardrossan, aged (Mr. Platel)..... 1 1
Colonel Sibthorpe's b. g. Risk, aged (the rider dismounted before passing the winning-post) dis.

FRIDAY, October 1.—The SUBSCRIPTION PURSE of 70gs. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Major Yarbrough's br. h. *Laurel*, by Blacklock, 6 yrs old, 9st. 5lb. (T. Nicholson) 1 1
Lord Scarbrough's b. h. Cambridge, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. 2 2

THE GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. by fourteen subscribers of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Three miles.

Mr. Houldsworth's ch. h. *Vanish*, by Phantom, out of Treasure, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (Connolly)..... 1
Colonel King's br. m. Bessy Bedlam, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 2
Dr. Willis's br. m. by Cannon Ball, out of Snail, aged, 9st. 4lb. 3

PRODUCE STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—One mile and three-quarters.—Six subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's br. f. *Christiana*, by Filho da Puta, out of Treasure, walked over.

WALSALL MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 29.—The CUP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Three miles and a distance.—Seven subs.

Mr. Beardsworth's br. g. *Independence*, by Filho or Sherwood, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. (Calloway)..... 1
Mr. E. Yates's b. f. Lilla, by Bobadil, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. 2
Two to 1 on Independence.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 10 added, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Two-mile heats.—Eight subs.

Mr. Hobson's br. h. *Contraband*, by Shuttle Pope, 5 yrs old, 12st. (H. Arthur) 2 1 1
Mr. Brown's b. f. Daylight, 4 yrs old, 10st. 9lb. 1 2 3
Mr. Burton's gr. g. Post Captain, 4 yrs old, 11st. 2lb. 3 3 2
Six to 4 on Contraband.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Four subs.

Lord Warwick's br. c. <i>Merman</i> , by Whalebone, out of <i>Mermaid</i> , 4 yrs old	
8st. 9lb. (Calloway)	1 1
Mr. Tomes's br. c. <i>Port</i> , 3 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.	3 2
Mr. Applewhaite's ch. c. <i>Zodiac</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.	2 fell
Eleven to 8 on <i>Merman</i> .	

THURSDAY, September 30.—SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 3lb. ; fillies, 8st.—Half a mile.—Three subs.
 Lord Warwick's b. f. by Whalebone, out of *Niobe*, by Sir David (Calloway)..... 1
 Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. by *Filho da Puta*—*Comus*, out of *Mayday's* dam 2

The CORPORATION PURSE of 50L. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.	
Mr. Merri's b. f. <i>Zelma</i> , by Gulliver, out of <i>Mandoline</i> , 3 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (Wadlow)	2 0 1 1
Mr. Giffard's br. f. <i>Lucy</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	0 1 2 2
Mr. Turner's b. h. <i>Clinton</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. 1lb.	1 0 3 3
Mr. W. Charlton's ch. f. <i>Kalma</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	0 2 4
Mr. Tomes's b. c. <i>Foxcote</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	3 3 5
<i>Kalma</i> the favorite.	

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats, twice round.—Four subs.

Lord Warwick's br. c. *Merman*, by Whalebone, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. walked over.

ENFIELD MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, September 29.—The GENTLEMEN'S PURSE of 50L., added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs.—Heats, about one mile and a distance.—Nine subs.	
Mr. Hedley's ch. g. <i>Blinker</i> , by Godolphin, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (S. Mann)....	1 0 1
Lord Ongley's ch. c. <i>Suffolk Punch</i> , by Wrangler, 3 yrs old, 7st. 12lb.	0 1 2
Mr. Rush's b. f. by Partisan, out of <i>Chintz</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 9lb.	0 2 3
Captain Beechar's br. c. <i>Penhill</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	5 4 4
Mr. Lumley's br. c. <i>Howard</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	2 0 dr.
Mr. Bromley's ch. f. <i>Karifa</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	3 dr.
Mr. Coleman's b. f. <i>Southdown</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.	4 dr.
Mr. Measer's br. h. <i>Poor Fellow</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st.	6 dr.

The TRADESMEN'S SUBSCRIPTION of 25L., added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each.—Heats, about one mile and a distance.

Mr. W. Day's br. f. <i>Caradori</i> , by Centaur, out of <i>Catgut</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (S. Mann).....	1 1
Mr. Bulkeley's bl. h. <i>Cupid</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st.	0 2
Mr. Lumley's b. f. <i>Vesdict</i> , 5 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.	3 3
Mr. Tilbury's br. g. <i>Smuggler</i> , aged, 9st. 4lb.	4 0
Mr. Coleman's b. f. <i>Little Gift</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 9lb.	2 dr.

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Bland's b. g. *Challenger*, 6 yrs, 9st. 4lb. ; Mr. Turner's br. g. *Jerry*, 6 yrs, 9st. 11lb. ; Mr. Bromley's br. f. *Janette*, 3 yrs, 7st. 7lb. ; Mr. Taylor's b. g. *Sailor*, 5 yrs, 8st. 11lb. ; and Captain Andrewes's b. h. *Talma*, 6 yrs, 9st. 4lb.—The winner was claimed according to the articles for 70 sovs.

THURSDAY, September 30.—The FARMERS' PURSE of 50L. for horses of all ages.—Heats, about one mile and a distance.

Lord Ongley's ch. c. <i>Suffolk Punch</i> , by Wrangler, 3 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. (Wakefield)	0 1 1
Mr. Munro's b. c. <i>Navarin</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	1 2 2
Lord W. Lennox's re. m. <i>Miss Craven</i> , by Mr. Lowe, 6 yrs old, 9st. 6lb.	0 3 3
Mr. Hedley's ch. g. <i>Blinker</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.	2 4 dr.
Mr. C. Day's ch. m. <i>Zelinda</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	0 5 dr.
Mr. Ellis's ch. c. <i>Lucifer</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	3 0 dr.
Mr. W. Day's b. m. <i>Profile</i> , aged, 9st. 6lb.	0 0 dr.
Mr. Oliver's br. g. <i>Second</i> , aged, 9st. 6lb. (broke down)	dis.

The VISITORS' SUBSCRIPTION PURSE of 25L. added to a Sweepstakes of five sovs. each.—Heats, about one mile and a distance.—Eight subs.

Mr. Kettel's br. f. <i>Caradori</i> , by Centaur, out of <i>Catgut</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (S. Mann).....	2 1 1
Mr. Beest's b. f. <i>Recovery</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.	1 2 2

Mr. Bulkeley's bl. h. Cupid, 5 yrs old, 8st.	0	3	dr.
Mr. Coleman's b. f. Southdowns, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.	3		dr.
Mr. Bland's b. g. Challenger, 5 yrs old, 9st. 4lb.	4		dr.
Mr. Tilbury's b. h. Smuggler, aged, 9st. 4lb.	0		dr.

The WALKER'S PURSE of 50l. for the beaten horses of all ages.—Heats, once round.

Mr. W. Day's b. m. <i>Profile</i> , by Rubens, out of Effie Deans, aged, 8st. 12lb. (S. Mann)	0	1	1
Mr. Bland's b. g. Challenger, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.	1	2	2
Mr. Bulkeley's bl. h. Cupid, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	0	0	dr.
Captain Beecher's b. c. Penhill, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	0	0	dr.
Mr. Tilbury's b. g. Smuggler, by Tiresias, aged, 8st. 12lb. (bolted)	2		dis.
Mr. Coleman's b. f. Little Gift, 3 yrs old, 7st. 1lb.	3		dr.
Mr. Ellis's ch. c. Lucifer, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	4		dr.

BRECONSHIRE MEETING—AT BRECKNOCK.

WEDNESDAY, September 29.—The BRECONSHIRE STAKES of 25 sovs. each, with 25 added by the fund, 10 ft. and five only if declared, &c.—Two-mile heats. Five subs.

Mr. Thomas's b. m. *Maid of Mansfield*, by Filho da Puta, aged, 8st. 13lb. walked over.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for any horse, &c.—Two-mile heats. Seven subs.

Mr. Pee's bt. f. <i>Flora</i> , by Cannon Ball, dam by Hit or Miss, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb. (Cunliffe)	3	1	1
Mr. Thomas's b. m. <i>Maid of Mansfield</i> , by Filho da Puta, aged, 9st. 1lb.	1	2	2
Mr. Vaughan's b. m. <i>Cholstrey Lass</i> , by Grimaldi, aged, 8st. 10lb.	2		dr.

The USE STAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses not thorough-bred.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Six subs.

Mr. Vaughan's b. m. <i>Cholstrey Lass</i> , by Grimaldi, aged, 9st. 13lb. (Moss) ...	4	1	1
Captain Rice's b. f. <i>Miss Prime</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	1	3	3
Mr. Williams's b. h. <i>Speck</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb.	2	2	2
Captain Kerr's br. c. <i>Giovanni</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 9lb.	3		dr.

THURSDAY, September 30.—The MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Pee's br. f. <i>Flora</i> , by Cannon Ball, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb. (Cunliffe)	4	1	1
Mr. Thomas's b. m. <i>Forester Lass</i> , aged, 9st. 1lb.	1	2	2
Mr. Long's b. h. <i>Prejudice</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.	3	3	dr.
Captain Rice's gr. m. <i>Mimosa</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	2		dr.

The FARMERS' STAKES of five sovs. each.—Fifteen subs.

Mr. T. Morgan's b. h. <i>Young Poulton</i>	1		
Mr. L. Williams's gr. h. <i>Little Rover</i>	2		
Mr. T. Price's b. h. <i>Ivory</i>	3		

Eight others started.

HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Twelve subs.

Mr. Vaughan's b. m. <i>Cholstrey Lass</i> , by Grimaldi, aged, 8st. 13lb. (Moss) ...	3	1	1
Mr. Thomas's b. m. <i>Maid of Mansfield</i> , by Filho da Puta, aged, 9st. 4lb. ...	1	3	2
Mr. Williams's b. h. <i>Speck</i> , 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb.	2	2	3
Mr. Long's b. h. <i>Prejudice</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. (bolted)			dis.

NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING.

MONDAY, October 4.—The TRIAL STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds, 7st. 7lb.; four, 8st. 9lb.; five, 9st. 2lb.; six and aged, 9st. 6lb.—A. F.—Five subs.

Duke of Grafton's b. f. <i>Brambilla</i> , by Partisan, out of Minuet, by Waxy, 4 yrs old (Buckle, jun.)	1		
Duke of Portland's br. c. <i>Theban</i> , by Tiresias, out of Ambiguity, 4 yrs old	2		
Lord Exeter's ch. c. <i>Red Rover</i> , by Middleton, 3 yrs old	3		
Lord G. H. Cavendish's br. c. <i>Spaniard</i> , 4 yrs old	4		

Six to 4 agst Brambilla, and 5 to 2 agst The Theban. Won easy, by a length.

SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for fillies, 8st. 4lb. R.M.—Six subs.
 Mr. Payne's b. *Lady Bird*, by Bustard, out of Brown Duchess, by Orville (W. Arnall) 1
 Mr. Rogers's ch. *Victorine*, by Tiresias—*Corinne* 2
 Even betting. Won by two lengths.

EIGHTH RENEWAL of the GRAND DUKE MICHAEL STAKES of 50 sovs. each, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—A. F.—Twenty-four subs.
 Lord Exeter's ch. c. *Augustus*, by Sultan, out of Augusta, by Woful (Connolly) ... 1
 His Majesty's b. c. Young Orion, by Master Henry 2
 Mr. J. Mills's b. f. *Mouche*, by Emilius 3
 The following also started but were not placed:—Sir M. Wood's ch. c. Captain Arthur, by Bobadil; Duke of Grafton's br. c. Rupert, by Emilius; Lord Jersey's br. c. Donegani, by Tramp; Col. Wilson's ch. c. Ringleader, by Merlin—Spotless; and Lord G. H. Cavendish's br. c. by Godolphin—Mouse.—Five to 4 agst Augustus, 5 to 1 agst Young Orion, and 7 to 1 agst Captain Arthur. Won by a length.

MATCH for 100 sovs. both three years old.—D. M.
 Mr. Roberts's ch. c. *Cloudestley*, by Emilius, out of Sister to Sailor, by Scud, 8st. 7lb. (F. Buckle) 1
 Sir D. Baird's b. c. Snooks, by Champignon, 8st. 2
 Six to 4 on Cloudestley. Won by a head.

MATCH for 100 sovs. both two years old.—T. Y. C.
 Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. *Crutch*, by Little John, out of Zaire, by Selim, 8st. 9lb. (Connolly) 0
 Mr. Gully's b. f. by Wrangler—Charlotte, 8st. 0
 Six to 4 on Crutch. Ran a dead heat.

SWEEPSTAKES of 200 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—D. M.—Four subs.
 Lord Exeter's ch. c. *Augustus*, by Sultan, out of Augusta, 8st. 7lb. walker over.

TUESDAY, October 5.—FIFTY GUINEAS, for four-year-olds and upwards.—B. C.
 Lord Mountcharles's b. c. *Gayhurst*, by Whalebone, out of Spree's dam, 4 yrs, 7st. 4lb. (Pavis) 1
 Duke of Rutland's br. h. Cadland, 5 yrs, 8st. 5lb. 2
 Six to 4 on Cadland. Won by a length.

MATCH for 100 sovs.—First Half of Abingdon Mile.
 Lord Tavistock's ch. c. *Taurus*, by Phantom or Morisco, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (J. Robinson) 1
 Lord Exeter's b. g. *Father Long-Legs*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 2
 Two to 1 on Taurus. Won by a length.

Sir M. Wood's b. f. *Lucetta*, by Reveller, out of Luas, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. rec. ft. from His Majesty's b. h. Zinganez, by Tramp, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. for the Cup, and 200 sovs. each, B.C.

WEDNESDAY, October 6.—HANDICAP STAKES of 10 sovs. each.—D.M.
 Duke of Richmond's b. f. *Refugee*, Sister to Rasselas, by Wanderer, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. (A. Pavis) 1
 Mr. Rogers's b. c. Harold, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. 2
 The following also started but were not placed:—Lord Chesterfield's ch. h. Carthusian, 6 yrs, 9st.; Sir M. Wood's b. h. Hajji Baba, aged, 8st. 10lb.; Mr. Gully's b. f. Clotilde, by Tramp, 4 yrs, 8st. 6lb.; and Lord G. H. Cavendish's br. c. Spinnard, 4 yrs, 7st. 12lb.—Three to 1 agst Refugee, 3 to 1 agst Harold, and 4 to 1 agst Clotilde. Won by a neck.

HANDICAP STAKES of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft. for two-year-olds.—T. Y. C.—Six subs.
 Duke of Richmond's b. f. *Conciliation*, by Moses, out of Convert's dam, 8st. 4lb. (F. Boyce) 1
 Lord Jersey's ch. f. by Middleton—Butterfly, 8st. 7lb. 2
 Lord Exeter's b. f. *Terapia*, by Sultan, dam by Woful, out of Zealot's dam, 8st. 7lb. 3
 Mr. Lumley's ch. f. Antigone, by Middleton, 8st. 4lb. 4
 Mr. S. Day's br. f. Marchioness, by Eglinton, 8st. 7lb. 5
 Seven to 4 agst Antigone, 5 to 2 agst Lord Jersey's filly, 3 to 1 agst *Terapia*, and 6 to 1 agst *Conciliation*. Won by a length.

The ANSON STAKES of 300 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—T. Y. C.—Four subs.

Duke of Grafton's b. f. *Oxygen*, by *Emilius*, out of *Whisig*, by *Rubens* (J. Day), 1
 Lord Exeter's ch. c. *Bohemian*, by *Tramp*—Folly 2
 Lord Anson's b. c. by *Morisco*, out of *Ina*..... 3
 Six to 4 on *Bohemian*, 7 to 4 agst *Oxygen*, and 6 to 1 agst Lord Anson's colt. Won
 cleverly by a length.

The OCTOBER UNDERLEY STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds :—
 colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—A. F.—Seven subs.

Lord Veralam's b. c. *Albert*, by *Waterloo* or *Moses*, out of *Varennas*, by *Seliam*
 (Connolly)..... 1
 Duke of Grafton's br. c. *Abbot*, by *Emilius*—*Zeal*..... 2
 Mr. Farrell's b. c. by *Figaro*, dam by *Dick Andrews*..... 3
 Five to 4 on *Albert*, and 7 to 4 agst *Abbot*. Won by a length.

The ST. LEGER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 7lb. ;
 fillies, 8st. 4lb.—D. I.—Nineteen subs.

Lord Exeter's ch. c. *Augustus*, by *Sultan*, out of *Augusta*, by *Woful* (W. Arnall), 1
 Mr. Lumley's b. c. *Erymus*, by *Moses* 2
 Duke of Portland's b. c. *Amphiarus*, by *Tircias* 3
 Five to 2 on *Augustus*, 4 to 1 agst *Amphiarus*, and 6 to 1 agst *Erymus*. Won by
 a length.

THURSDAY, October 7.—The TOWN PURSE of 50l. for three-year-olds :—
 colts, 8st. 7lb. ; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—D. I.

Col. Wilson's br. c. by *Comus*, out of *Rotterdam*, by *Juniper* (W. Arnall) 1
 Mr. Rogers's ch. c. *Firman*, by *Sultan*—*Haphazard* 2
 Mr. Perrin's br. c. *Donegani*, by *Tramp* 3
 Duke of Grafton's br. f. *Emerald*, by *Emilius*..... 4
 Mr. Roberts's ch. c. *Cloudesley*, by *Emilius*..... 5
 Lord Tavistock's b. f. by *Orville* or *Bustard*, out of *Miss Witch* 6
 Three to 1 agst *Firman*, 3 to 1 agst *Emerald*, 4 to 1 agst Col. Wilson's colt, and 7 to
 1 agst *Donegani*. Won by a length.

MATCH for 100 sovs. both two years old.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. *Crutch*, by *Little John*, out of *Zaire*, by *Selim*, 8st. 7lb.
 (Connolly)..... 1
 Mr. Cooper's b. f. *Gawky*, by *Muley*, out of *Eliza*, by *Rubens*, 8st. 2lb..... 2
 Five to 2 on *Crutch*. Won by a neck.

The KING'S PURSE of 100gs. for four-year-olds and upwards.—R. C.

Lord Mountcharles's b. c. *Gayhurst*, by *Whalebone*, out of *Spree's* dam, 4 yrs old,
 10st. 7lb. (Connolly)..... 1
 Sir M. Wood's b. h. *Haji Baba*, aged, 12st..... 2
 Mr. Sowerby's b. c. *Vordgern*, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb. (fell lame)..... 3
 Three to 1 on *Gayhurst*. Won by three lengths.

Mr. Thornhill's ch. h. *Merchant*, by *Merlin*, 8st. rec. ft. from Lord Worcester's
 b. h. *Coulon*, by *Whisker*, 8st. 12lb. 200 sovs. h. ft., both 5 yrs old, T. Y. C.

RICHMOND MEETING.

TUESDAY, October 5.—The MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for maiden three-year-
 olds :—colts, 8st. 5lb. ; fillies and geldings, 8st. 2lb.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. T. Shepherd's ch. c. *Revolution*, by *Oiseau*, dam by *Don Cossack*
 (Owner)..... 1 1
 Mr. Armitage's ch. f. *Bartolozzi*, by *Tramp*..... 2 dr.

WEDNESDAY, October 6.—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds :
 colts, 8st. 5lb. ; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—From the Grey Stone to the Ending Post.—Six
 subs.

Mr. H. Edward's ch. f. *Tippet*, Sister to *Tip*, by *Swiss*, out of *Wagtail*, by *Young*
Woodpecker (Gray) 1
 Mr. J. W. Young's br. f. *The Golden Pippin*, by *Swiss*, out of *Castrella* 2
 Mr. Petre's gr. f. *Lady Fractious*, by *Comus* 3
 Mr. Harrison's ch. f. *Johnsonia*, by *Wanton*..... 4
 Won very easy.

The GOLD CUP, value 100gs. by nine subs. of 10gs. each, for horses of all ages.—
 Once round and a distance, about two miles and a quarter.

Lord Fitzwilliam's b. h. *Medoro*, by *Cervantes*, out of *Marianne*, 6 yrs old, 9st. (H. Edwards) 1
 Mr. Petre's ch. f. *Apollonia*, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. 2
 Mr. Riddell's b. c. *Emancipator*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3
 The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Nowell's gr. c. *Roundwaist*, 4 yrs, 8st.; Mr. Nowell's b. h. by *Walton*, 5 yrs, 8st. 9lb.; and *Duke of Leeds*'s ch. c. *Rossignol*, 4 yrs old, 8st.

THURSDAY, October 7.—The **RICHMONDSHIRE STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft. and five only if declared by the 1st of September.—Two miles.
Duke of Leeds's ch. m. *Jenny Mills*, by *Whisker*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (R. Johnson), 1
 Mr. Chilton's b. c. *Prince Eugene*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. 2
 Three subs. having declared forfeit by the time prescribed, paid only five sovs. each.

FIFTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—From the *Grey Stone* to the *Ending Post*.
 Mr. Dundas's b. m. by *Don Juan*, 5 yrs old, 10st. 10lb. (Mr. Thompson) 1
 Mr. Wharton's ch. m. *Jeanie Deans*, 11st. 2
 Mr. Other's b. m. *Diana*, 5 yrs old, 10st. 10lb. 3

WREXHAM MEETING.

TUESDAY, October 5.—**GOLD CUP**, value 100 sovs. by 10 subs. of 14 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Thrice round.

Sir W. Wynne's b. c. *Penrhos*, by *Rowlston*, out of *Chesterfield*'s dam, 3 yrs old, 7st. (Jones) 1
 Mr. Ormsby Gore's b. h. *Hesperus*, aged, 9st. 5lb. 2
 Sir W. Wynne's b. h. *Courtier*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Sir T. Stanley's ch. h. *Mayfly*, aged, 9st.; Sir T. Mostyn's ch. g. *Ultimatum*, 5 yrs, 8st. 8lb.; Mr. Thompson's br. g. *Orthodox*, aged, 8st. 12lb.; and Mr. Price's ch. f. *Lady Bird*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.—*Penrhos* the favorite. A good race.

FIFTY POUNDS, given by Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart. for horses of all ages.—One-mile heats.

Mr. Ormsby Gore's b. c. *Old Port*, by *Whisker*, 5 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. (Hardy) ... 1 1
 Mr. Clark's b. c. *Fag*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 0 2
 Mr. T. Palin's b. g. *Pluralist*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2 3
 Sir T. Stanley's b. h. *Joceline*, 6 yrs old, 8st. 0 0
 Sir W. Wynne's ch. c. Sir *Walter*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 0 0
 Sir T. Mostyn's ch. g. *Ultimatum*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. 0 0
 Mr. Thompson's br. g. *Orthodox*, aged, 9st. 2lb. 3 dr.

WEDNESDAY, October 6.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Two-mile heats.—Seven subs.

Mr. Cooke's br. g. *Bhurtpore*, by *Paul Potter*, 5 yrs old, 10st. 5lb. (White-house) 4 1 1
 Sir T. Stanley's gr. m. *Lady Fanny*, aged, 10st. 13lb. 1 4 2
 Mr. E. Hobson's b. m. *Milkmaid*, 5 yrs old, 10st. 2 2 3
 Mr. G. Moulson's ch. m. *Cinderella*, 6 yrs old, 10st. 11lb. 3 3 dr.
 Even betting on *Bhurtpore*. A good race.

FIFTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.
 Mr. Mytton's b. h. *Hedford*, by *Filho da Puta* or *Magistrate*, 5 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. (Whitehouse) 1 1
 Sir T. Mostyn's b. f. *Spring*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. 2 2
 Sir W. Wynne's b. m. *Effie*, 6 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. 0 3
 Mr. Thompson's b. f. by *Master Henry*, out of *Armida*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. 0 4
 Mr. Griffiths's ch. f. by *Grand Duke*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 0 0
 Mr. Palin's b. c. *Rolla*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. 0 0
 Mr. Price's ch. f. *Lady Bird*, by *Cervantes*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. (carried 7st. 2lb.) 3 dr.

HANDICAP STAKES of 10 sovs. each, five ft. with 20 added.—Two-mile heats.—Eleven subs.

Mr. Ormsby Gore's b. h. *Hesperus*, by *Hollyhock*, aged, 9st. 5lb. (S. Darling) 4 1 1
 Sir T. Stanley's b. h. *Joceline*, 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. 1 5 4
 Sir T. Mostyn's b. f. *Regina*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5 2 3
 Mr. Clarke's b. c. *Fag*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. 2 4 3
 Sir W. Wynne's b. c. *Convoy*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. 3 3 dr.
 Lord Grosvenor's b. f. *Tartan*, by *Tramp*, 3 yrs old, 7st. (run out) dis.

Two to 1 agst *Hesperus*. Each heat won by only a head.

MONMOUTH MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, October 6.—The MONMOUTHSHIRE STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. and five only if declared, &c. with 30 added, for horses of all ages.—Twice round and a distance, about two miles.

Mr. I. Day's bl. m. <i>Buck</i> , by Whalebone, out of Cur, by Haphazard, 6 yrs old, 9st. (Chapple).....	1
Mr. H. Scott's ch. g. Goshawk, aged, 9st.....	2
Mr. Peel's b. m. Grimaldine, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.....	3
Mr. L. Day's b. c. Fantoccino, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.....	4

The COUNTY MEMBERS' PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, thrice round.

Mr. Blandy's b. f. <i>Anna</i> , by Godolphin, out of Barossa, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (S. Mann).....	4	1	1
Mr. Day's br. g. Little Boy-blue, by Paulowitz, 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb.....	1	4	2
Mr. Pee's b. f. Flora, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.....	2	3	dr.
Mr. H. Scott's ch. g. Goshawk, aged, 9st. 5lb.....	5	2	dr.
Mr. Corbet's ch. f. Lady Blanche, by Bobadil, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.....	3	dr.	

THURSDAY, October 7.—FIFTY POUNDS for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. I. Day's bl. m. <i>Buck</i> , by Whalebone, 6 yrs old, 9st. (Chapple).....	1	1
Mr. H. Scott's ch. g. Goshawk, aged, 9st. 2lb.....	4	2
Mr. Peel's b. m. Grimaldine, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.....	3	3
Mr. Dundas's ch. f. by Moses, out of Euphrasia, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.....	2	4

The winner was claimed, according to the articles, for 100 sovs.

The TOWN PURSE of 50l. (handicap.)—Heats, twice round and a distance.

Mr. I. Day's b. c. Fantoccino, by Phantom, out of Ada, 4 yrs old, 8st. (Chapple).....	4	1	1
Mr. Pee's br. f. Flora, 4 yrs old, 8st.....	2	3	2
Mr. Vaughan's b. m. Cholstrey Lass, aged, 9st.....	3	4	3
Mr. H. Scott's ch. g. Goshawk, aged, 9st.....	1	2	dr.

A complaint was made by the owner of Goshawk that the rider of Flora struck the Jockey on Goshawk with the butt-end of his whip. On examination of the merits of the case, the Stewards came to a resolution that he should not again be allowed to ride at Monmouth races.

CHESTERFIELD MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, October 6.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Two miles.—Seven subs.

Mr. Heseltine's b. g. <i>The Captain</i> , by Wanton, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. (R. Heseltine)...	1
Mr. Houldsworth's ch. h. Vanish, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.....	2

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Haworth's b. m. Brenda, 5 yrs, 8st. 7lb.; and Mr. Bower's b. f. Tartarina, 3 yrs, 6st. 6lb.—A beautiful race, and won by half a head.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for horses not thorough-bred.—Two miles.—Five subs.

Mr. Henson's br. g. <i>Tommy Tickle</i> , by Mulay, 6 yrs old, 12st. 5lb. (Mr. Pyatt).....	1
Mr. Hudson's b. g. Seber Robin, 4 yrs old, 11st. 7lb.....	2
Mr. Turner's br. c. Tom Whittington, 3 yrs old, 10st.....	3

The MAIDEN PURSE of 60gs. given by his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. J. Scott's b. f. <i>Miss Foote</i> (late Fanny Kemble), by Whisker, out of Brenda, by Caleb Quot'em, 3 yrs old, 7st. 1lb. (Holmes).....	0	1	1
Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Gilbert, by Sherwood, 3 yrs, 7st. 3lb. (recd. 10gs.)...	1	2	2
Mr. Bailey's br. c. Utrecht, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.....	2	3	3
Mr. Tomes's br. c. Port, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.....	0	0	0
Lord Scarbrough's br. f. by Swiss, 3 yrs old, 7st. 1lb.....	3	dr.	

THURSDAY, October 7.—SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Once round and a distance.—Eleven subs.

Mr. Heseltine's b. g. <i>The Captain</i> , by Wanton, out of The Colonel's dam, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (Heseltine).....	1
Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. Crescent, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.....	2
Mr. Henson's br. g. <i>Tommy Tickle</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st.....	3

The Captain the favorite. A good race.

The NOBLEMEN and GENTLEMEN'S PURSE of 60 sovs. for horses of all ages.—
Two-mile heats.

Mr. Houldsworth's ch. h. <i>Vanish</i> , by Phantom, 5 yrs, 8st. 10lb. (R. Lowe)	1	1
Mr. Haworth's b. m. Brenda, by Minos, 5 yrs, 8st. 8lb. (rec. 14gs.)	0	2
Mr. Davis's b. g. Granby, aged, 8st. 7lb.	0	3
Mr. Beardsworth's br. g. Brielle, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb.	2	4

Vanish the favorite.

MATCH for 50 sovs.—Three miles.!

Mr. Stones's br. g. <i>Happy-go-Lucky</i> , by Hurricane, 4 yrs, 9st. 7lb. (J. Garbutt) ...	1
Mr. Humstancer's b. m. Landlady, 5 yrs old, 10st. 7lb.	2

Mr. Jenkinson's br. f. Little Bo-peep, by The Beau, 3 yrs old, recd. ft. from Mr. Bower's b. m. Phillis, by Young Filho da Puta, 5 yrs old, 8st. each. Once round, 50 sovs.

A handsome SILVER CUP, value 50gs., given by Mr. Rhodes, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of five sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—One-mile heats.

Mr. Dowbiggin's ch. c. <i>Barbbero</i> , by Figaro, out of Themasina, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. (J. Holmes)	1	1
Mr. Bower's b. f. Tartarina, by Tramp, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. (recd. 10l.)	3	2
Mr. Beardsworth's br. g. Brielle, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb.	4	3
Mr. Hudson's b. g. Sober Robin, 4 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.	2	4

The first heat won easy, the second an excellent race.

RUGELEY MEETING.

THURSDAY, October 7.—The BEAU DESERT STAKES of 15 sovs. each, with 15 added.—Twice round and a distance.—Three subs.

Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. <i>Independence</i> , by Filho da Puta or Sherwood, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (Lear)	1
Mr. Miles's b. c. The Cardinal, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.	2

SWEETSTAKES of six sovs. each, with 20 added.—The winner to be sold for 150 sovs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, once round and a distance.}

Sir G. Pigot's b. f. <i>Fanny Kemble</i> , by Paulowitz, out of Loyalty, 3 yrs old, 7st. (Jones)	2	1	1
Mr. Leigh's b. m. Sister to Billingsgate, by Filho da Puta, 5 yrs, 8st. 7lb.	1	2	2
Mr. Tomes's b. c. Foxcote, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	0	0	dr.
Mr. Eld's b. f. Taglioni, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb.	0	0	dr.
Mr. Morris's b. c. Bivouac, 3 yrs old, 7st.	0	0	dr.
Mr. Taylor's b. c. by Vanloo, dam by Stamford, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.	0		dr.

SWEETSTAKES of seven sovs. each, with 15 added, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Heats, twice round.—Five subs.

Mr. Hobson's br. h. <i>Contraband</i> , by Shuttle Pope, 5 yrs old, 11st. 12lb. (Arthur)	3	1	0	1
Mr. Kent's br. g. Brother to Hexgrave, by Filho da Puta, aged, 12st. 2lb.	1	2	0	
Mr. Smith's ch. m. Matilda, 5 yrs old, 11st. 10lb.	2			dr.

After the dead heat *Contraband* walked over, and Mr. Hobson and Mr. Kent divided the Stakes.

FRIDAY, October 8.—The RUGELEY STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added. Heats, twice round.

Mr. Jackson's b. c. <i>Hazard</i> , by Waverley, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (Arthur) ...	4	0	1
Mr. Morris's b. f. Zulima, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. (fell)	1	0	dis.
Mr. Turner's b. h. Clinton, 5 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. (fell)	2	3	dis.
Mr. Twanley's b. f. Sappho, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.	3	4	dis.

In the third heat *Hazard*, *Zulima*, and *Clinton* were making a severe push just before arriving at the distance chair, *Hazard* leading, when the feet of *Clinton*, it is thought, locked with *Zulima*, and she fell, *Clinton* over her. Spring, the rider of *Clinton*, was at first supposed to be much injured, but is now recovering. Young Wadlow, who rode *Zulima*, had his collar-bone broken. The horses received no injury.

HANDICAP STAKES of 20 sovs. each, with 15 added.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Four subs.

Mr. Turner's br. c. <i>Navarino</i> , by Blacklock, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (W. Hardy) ...	1	1
Sir G. Pigot's ch. c. Cupid, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.	2	3
Mr. Taylor's b. c. by Vanloo, dam by Stamford, 3 yrs old, 6st. (bolted)		dis.

DUMFRIES MEETING.

THURSDAY, October 7.—The **GOLD CUP**, value 100 sovs. by subscriptions of 10 sovs. each, the surplus in specie, for horses of all ages.—Three miles.

Sir J. Boswell's br. m. *Leda*, by Filho da Puta, 6 yrs old, 8st. 13lb.walked over.
FIFTY POUNDS, given by His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, for horses of all ages.
 Two miles.

Lord Elcho's br. h. *Brunswick*, by Comus, out of Byram's dam, 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb.
 (T. Nicholson) 1
 Mr. Heseltine's b. c. *Flambeau*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. 2
 Mr. Ferguson's br. c. *Barleycorn*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Williamson's b. h. *The Earl*, 5 yrs, 8st. 12lb.; Sir J. Boswell's b. g. *Gallopade*, 6 yrs, 9st. 2lb.; and Sir J. Boswell's b. c. by Monreith, 3 yrs, 7st.—Won by a neck.

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Southern Meeting, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Sir J. Boswell's br. m. *Leda*, by Filho da Puta, 6 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. (T. Nicholson) 1 3 1
 Mr. Ferguson's b. c. *Young Patrick*, by St. Patrick, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. 2 1 3
 Mr. Skipsy's br. c. *Kangaroo*, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. 3 2 4
 Mr. Rounthwaite's br. c. *Agitator*, by Blacklock, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. 4 4 2
 The first heat won easy, the last by a neck.

FRIDAY, October 8.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of five sovs each, with 20 added, for horses not thorough-bred, *bona fide* the property of Members of the Western or Southern Meeting, 13st. each.—Rode by Members of a Racing or Fox-hunting Club.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Thirteen subs.

Sir J. Boswell's b. f. *Meretrix*, by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs old (Owner) 1 1
 Mr. Lamont's br. h. *Tophorn*, by Stamford 2 2
 A very good race.

The **COUNTY MEMBERS' PURSE** of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Three miles.

Mr. Rounthwaite's br. c. *Agitator*, by Blacklock, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. (Wetherall) ... 1
 Mr. Ferguson's b. c. *Young Patrick*, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. 2
 Lord Elcho's br. h. *Brunswick*, 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. 3

The following also started but were not placed :—Sir James Boswell's b. g. *Gallopade*, 6 yrs, 8st. 12lb.; and Mr. Williams's b. h. *The Earl*, 5 yrs, 8st. 7lb.—A capital race.

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Racing Fund, for horses of all ages.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Heseltine's b. c. *Flambeau*, by Grey Malron, 4 yrs old, 8st. (Wetherall) 1 1
 Mr. Hodgson's b. m. *Agnes*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. 0 2
 Mr. Lockey's b. m. *Harriette Wilson*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2 4
 Mr. Singleton's b. g. *The Major*, aged, 8st. 12lb. 0 3
 Mr. Thompson's ch. h. *Parson Harvey*, by Phantom, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. 0 0
 Mr. Jackson's b. c. by *Hollyhock*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3 dr.
 A good contested race, and won by a neck.

PENKRIDGE MEETING.

MONDAY, October 11.—**HUNTERS' STAKES** of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Heats, thrice round a distance.

Colonel Johnson's ch. m. *Lady Mary*, by X Y Z, aged, 12st. (W. Reay) ... 6 1 1
 Mr. Reynolds's ch. m. *Matilda*, 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. 1 2 3
 Mr. W. Miller's gr. g. *Little Harry*, 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. 2 0 2
 Mr. Moore's ch. g. *Chance*, 6 yrs old, 12st. 4 3 dr.
 Mr. Chandler's gr. m. *Miracle*, 6 yrs old, 12st. 4lb. 3 dr.
 Mr. Hobson's b. m. *Milkmaid*, 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. 5 dr.
 Mr. Hobson's br. h. *Contraband*, 6 yrs old, 12st. dis.
 Two to 1 agst *Lady Mary*. Won cleverly.

The **SILVER CUP**, value 30l., added to a Sweepstakes of three sovs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Three miles and a distance.—Seven subs.

Mr. Robinson's b. f. *Maria*, by Hobgoblin, out of Miss Wrinkle, 3 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (Calloway) 1
 Mr. Hicklin's b. g. *Cannon Ball*, 6 yrs old, 10st. 4lb. 2

Mr. Holland's b. f. <i>Little Susanna</i> , 4 yrs old, 9st.	3
Mr. Patrick's b. f. <i>Miss Forester</i> , 3 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	4
Mr. Sheuten's b. g. <i>Stratford</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. 10lb.	0
Even betting on Maria. Won easy.	

TUESDAY, October 12.—The **TEDDERSLEY STAKES** of three sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Heats, thrice round and a distance.—Twelve subs.

Mr. Robinson's b. f. <i>Maria</i> , by Hobgoblin, out of Miss Wrinkle, 3 yrs, 8st. 5lb.	1	1
Mr. Hicklin's b. g. <i>Cannon Ball</i> , 6 yrs old, 10st. 4lb.	0	2
Mr. J. Davison's b. f. <i>Merry Legs</i> , 3 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.	0	3
Mr. W. Miller's b. g. <i>Naughty Boy</i> , 4 yrs old, 9st. 2lb.	2	0
Mr. G. Keeling's b. g. <i>Little Moses</i> , 6 yrs old, 10st. 4lb.	3	0

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. T. Miller's b. m. *Milkmaid*, 6 yrs, 10st. 4lb.; Mr. Burton's b. g. *Splendour*, 6 yrs, 10st. 4lb.; Mr. Mason's b. m. *Susan*, 6 yrs, 10st. 4lb.; and Mr. Holland's b. f. *Miss Forester*, 5 yrs, 8st. 3lb.

The **CHILLINGTON STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Giffard's b. h. <i>Simpson</i> , by Ambo, dam by King Bladud, aged, 9st. 7lb.	1	1
(Lear).....	1	1
Mr. Jones's b. c. by King of Diamonds, 8 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.	3	3
Mr. Painter's b. f. by Strephon, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.	2	dr.

The **HANDICAP STAKES** was won by Mr. W. Miller's gr. g. *Little Harry*, 5 yrs old, beating four others.

INGLEWOOD HUNT AND PENRITH MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, October 13.—**SWEEPSTAKES** of 5gs. each, with 20 sovs. added, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Six subs.

Mr. H. Howard's b. m. <i>Highland Mary</i> , by Outcry, 5 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. (J. Towers).....	1	1
Mr. J. Parkin's b. m. <i>Milkmaid</i> , aged, 10st. 5lb.	4	2
Mr. Sibson's b. f. <i>Serina</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.	2	3
Mr. Thompson's b. h. <i>Little John</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st. 11lb.	5	4
Mr. Hartley's b. c. <i>Enville</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.	3	dr.

SWEEPSTAKES of 5gs. each, with 25 sovs. added, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Five subs.

Mr. Simpson's b. m. <i>Young Duchess</i> , by Constable, 6 yrs old, 9st. 4lb. (T. Hartley)	1	1
Mr. Nowell's b. f. by Walton, 4 yrs old, 8st.	3	2
Mr. T. Jackson's b. c. <i>Talleyrand</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.	2	3

SWEEPSTAKES of 5gs. each, with 20gs. added.—Two-mile heats.—Six subs.

Mr. W. Hedley's b. m. <i>Jessy</i> , by Catambo, 6 yrs old, 12st. (T. Hartley)	1	1
Mr. C. Musgrave's ch. h. <i>Wellington</i> , aged, 12st.	2	2
Mr. J. H. Lowther's b. h. <i>Blind Hookey</i> , aged, 12st.	3	0

FRIDAY, October 15.—**FIFTY POUNDS**, given by the Town of Penrith, for horses of all ages.—Three-mile heats.

Mr. Skipsey's b. c. <i>Kangaroo</i> , by Whisker dam by Paynator, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.	4	1	1
Mr. Simpson's b. m. <i>Young Duchess</i> , 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb.	2	4	2
Mr. Lockey's b. f. by Blacklock, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb.	1	3	dis.
Mr. Williamson's b. h. <i>The Earl</i> , 5 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.	3	2	dr.
Mr. Hudson's br. g. <i>The Captain</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb.	dis.		

SWEEPSTAKES of 5gs. each, with 20gs. added.—Two-mile heats.—Seven subs.

Mr. T. Hudson's b. m. <i>Prosody</i> , by Doctor Syntax, 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb.	1	1
Mr. Bowman's b. m. <i>Highland Mary</i> , by Outcry, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	5	2
Mr. C. Musgrave's ch. h. <i>Wellington</i> , aged, 8st. 13lb.	3	3
Mr. Lowther's b. m. by Fordagus, aged, 8st. 13lb.	4	4
Mr. W. Hedley's b. m. <i>Jessy</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 13lb.	2	5

HANDICAP STAKES of two sovs. each, with 50 added, for hacks not thorough-bred.—Heats, one mile and a distance.—Six subs.

Mr. J. Jaques's ch. f. by Gambler, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	1	1
Mr. T. Denison's b. f. Kate i' the West, 4 yrs old, 8st. (received back her stake).....	2	2
Mr. J. Parker's br. m. Jilt, 5 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.	3	3

NORTHALLERTON MEETING.

THURSDAY, October 14.—SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 4lb.; and fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Once round, and from the Northallerton turn.—Eleven subs.

Mr. Skipsay's br. c. *The Saddler*, by Waverley, out of Castrellina (T. Shepherd) ... 1
Mr. Petre's gr. f. *Lady Frantics*, by Comus..... 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Duke of Leeds's b. f. by Wanton—*Lady of the Vale*; Mr. Walker's ch. f. *Victoire*, by Whisker—Vourraen; Mr. F. Richardson's b. f. *Lady Elizabeth*, by Lottery, out of Miss Wentworth, by Cervantes; Mr. S. L. Fox's ch. c. *Will o' the Wall*, by Marmion; dam by Walton; Mr. Humphries's b. c. by Swiss, out of Wilful; Mr. J. Smith's br. c. Brown Stout, by Jack Spigot or Young Phantom, out of Decision; and Colonel Crawford's b. f. by Whisker, out of Calypso.—Six to 4 agst *Victoire*, 4 to 1 agst *The Saddler*, 5 to 1 agst *Will o' the Wall*, and 6 to 1 agst *Lady Elizabeth*. Won cleverly by a length.

The ALL-AGED STAKES of 10gs. each:—two-year-olds, a feather; three, 7st.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six and aged, 9st.—Mares and geldings allowed 2lb.—One mile and a half.—Three subs.

Mr. H. Edwards's ch. f. <i>Tippet</i> , Sister to Tip, by Swiss, out of Wagtail (Edwards, jun.)	1
Duke of Leeds's ch. c. <i>Redstart</i> , by Whisker, 3 yrs old.....	2
Mr. Hopkinson's b. g. <i>The Captain</i> , by Wanton, 4 yrs old	3
Duke of Leeds's ch. c. <i>Rosignol</i> , 4 yrs old	4

Even betting on *Tippet*. A good race, and won by only a neck.

MAIDEN PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Newell's gr. f. <i>Roundwaist</i> , by Whalebone, out of Nancy, 4 yrs old, 8st. (R. Johnson)	2	1	1
Mr. Attwood's b. c. <i>Penthesilea</i> , 3 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.....	1	2	0
Mr. Harrison's br. g. Sallor Boy, by Wanton, 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.	0	3	2
Mr. Umpleby's br. c. Little John, 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	0	5	0
Mr. Bailey's br. c. Utrecht, 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	0	6	0
Mr. S. L. Fox's ch. c. by Jack Spigot, dam by Blacklock, 3 yrs, 8st. 7lb....	0	4	dr.
Mr. Wetherell's b. c. by Walbeck, 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.....	0	dr.	
Mr. Donkin's br. m. Miss Sarah, by Reveller, 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.....	0	dr.	
Mr. Wright's gr. c. Idas, 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	dis.		

Two to 1 agst *Roundwaist*; after the first heat even betting on *Penthesilea*, and 2 to 1 agst *Roundwaist*; after the second heat, 4 to 1 on *Roundwaist*. Won easy.

FRIDAY, October 15.—The GOLD CUP, value 100gs. by 10 subs. of 10gs. each, for horses of all ages.—Two miles.

Lord Queensberry's b. f. <i>Maria</i> , by Whisker, out of Gibeide Fairy, 3 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. (T. Lye)	1
Lord Fitzwilliam's b. h. Medoro, 6 yrs old, 8st.....	2
Duke of Leeds's ch. m. Jenny Mills, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.....	3

The following also started but were not placed:—Lord Cleveland's b. c. Stotforth, 4 yrs, 8st.; Mr. Petre's ch. f. *Apollonia*, 4 yrs, 7st. 11lb.; Sir J. Beresford's ch. c. by St. Patrick, out of Lisette, by Hambletonian, 3 yrs, 7st.; and Mr. Shipley's b. c. Cadwallus, 4 yrs, 8st.—Six to 4 agst *Medoro*, 5 to 2 agst *Apollonia*, 3 to 1 agst *Maria*, and 6 to 1 agst *Jenny Mills*. Stotforth led at a rapid pace for about one mile and a half, when *Maria* took his place and won easy by half a length.

FIFTY POUNDS, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Vansittart's br. f. <i>Magawiska</i> , by Whisker, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (T. Nicholson)	1	4	1
Mr. Nowell's b. h. by Walton, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11b.	2	2	2
Mr. Beardsworth's br. g. Brielle, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.....	0	3	3
Mr. Walker's gr. c. Cadwal, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	0	1	bolt.

Six to 4 agst Mr. Nowell's horse, 7 to 4 agst *Magawiska*, and 4 to 1 agst *Cadwal*; after the first heat, 5 to 4 agst *Magawiska*, and 2 to 1 agst Mr. Nowell's horse; after the second heat, even betting on *Cadwal*, 2 to 1 agst Mr. Nowell's horse, and 5 to 1 agst *Magawiska*. A good race, each heat well contested.

SATURDAY, October 12.—The **SILVER CUP**, value 50l. by eight subs. of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for three-year-olds and upwards.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Dickson's ch. f. <i>Lucy</i> , by Tramp, dam by Camillus, 4 yrs, 8st. (T. Lye)...	1	1
Mr. Chilton's b. c. Prince Eugene, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.....	0	2
Mr. Richardson's br. f. <i>Hermione</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.....	2	3
Mr. S. Fox's ch. c. by Jack Spigot, 3 yrs, 7st.....	3	4
Sir J. Beresford's ch. c. by St. Patrick, out of Lisette, by Hambletonian, 3 yrs old, 7st.....	0	dr.

The **MEMBERS' PURSE** of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Three-mile heats.

Duke of Leeds's ch. m. <i>Jenny Mills</i> , by Whisker, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. (Templeman)	1	0	1
Mr. Newell's b. h. by Walton, 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb.....	4	1	2
Mr. Dickson's ch. f. <i>Lucy</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.....	0	0	3
Mr. Harrison's br. g. <i>Sailor Boy</i> , by Wanton, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.....	0	3	4
Mr. Wetherell's b. c. by Welbeck, 3 yrs old, 7st.....	0	0	dis.
Mr. Vansittart's br. f. <i>Magawiska</i> , by Whisker, out of Slight, 4 yrs, 8st. 3lb.....	2	2	dr.
Mr. Shipley's b. c. <i>Camillus</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.....	3	0	dr.

EPSOM OCTOBER MEETING.

THURSDAY, October 14.—The **METROPOLITAN STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 15 sovs. added.—Derby Course.

Mr. Brown's b. c. <i>Watchman</i> , by Comus, out of Poozy, by Partisan, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (F. Buckle)	1
Mr. Goodlake's ch. c. <i>Geoffrey Crayon</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.....	2
Mr. Lumley's b. h. <i>Palemon</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.....	0
Mr. Dickinson's ch. c. <i>The Unfortunate Youth</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st.....	0
Mr. Messer's ch. g. <i>Blinker</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb.....	0
Two to 1 agst <i>Watchman</i> , 3 to 1 agst <i>Palemon</i> , and 5 to 1 agst <i>Blinker</i> . Won by a head.	

The **EPSOM STAKES** of 10 sovs. each, with 15 added, for two-year-olds, 6st. 7lb.; three, 8st. 10lb.—Three-quarters of a mile.

Mr. Clarke's ch. f. <i>Tagliani</i> , by Whisker, out of Sister to Coronation, 3 yrs old (F. Buckle)	1
Mr. Yeasley's b. f. <i>Joan of Arc</i> , by Bustard—Miss Witch, 2 yrs old.....	2
Mr. Scath's br. f. <i>Harmany</i> , by Reveller, 3 yrs old.....	3
Mr. Arnold's bl. c. <i>Pilgrim</i> , by Don Cossack, dam by Walton, out of Highland Lass, 2 yrs old	4
Mr. Lumley's ch. f. <i>Antigone</i> , by Middleton, 2 yrs old.....	5
Six to 4 agst the winner. Won cleverly.	

HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses of all ages.—One mile heats.

Mr. Lumley's br. c. <i>Howard</i> , by Worthy, out of Moggy, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (A. Pavis).....	1	1
Mr. Tilbury's br. g. <i>Smuggler</i> , aged, 9st.....	2	2
Mr. Pearce's bl. f. <i>Parfait</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb.....	6	3
Mr. Turner's gr. f. by Carbon, out of Agnes, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.....	5	4
Mr. Deckeray's bl. h. <i>Cupid</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st.....	7	5
Mr. Lawrence's b. f. <i>Fury</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 8lb.....	3	dr.
Mr. Weeks's b. f. <i>Dolly Spicer</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.....	4	dr.
Two to 1 agst <i>Howard</i> ; after the first heat, 3 to 1 on him. Won cleverly.		

FRIDAY, October 15.—The **WELLINGTON STAKES** of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft. with 10 added, for horses of all ages.—Derby Course.

Mr. Maberly's ch. c. by Middleton, out of Nanine, by Selim, 3 yrs old, a feather, 4st. 7lb. (Scott).....	1
Mr. Theobald's br. m. <i>Bobadilla</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.....	2
Mr. Shackell's b. c. <i>Watchman</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb.....	3
Captain Bulkeley's b. f. <i>Battle</i> , 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.....	4
Seven to 4 agst <i>Bobadilla</i> , and 3 to 1 agst the winner, who made the running, was never headed, and won easy by a length.	

SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds: colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Woodcot Course.

Mr. Gates's b. f. by Little John, out of Vulcan's dam	1
Mr. W. R. Arnold's bl. c. <i>The Pilgrim</i> , by Don Cossack	2
Mr. Yeasley's b. f. <i>Joan d'Arc</i> , by Bustard	3

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 added, for horses of all ages.—One-mile heats.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Lumley's br. c. *Howard*, by Worthy, out of Moggy, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (A. Pavia)..... 1 1
Mr. Dockeray's bl. h. *Cupid*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb..... 2 2
Mr. Coleman's b. f. *Southdown*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb..... 4 3
Mr. Lawrence's ch. f. *Fury*, 3 yrs old, 8st. 9lb..... 3 dr.
Six to 5 agst *Howard*; after the first heat, 5 to 1 on him.—Won easy.

THE EWELL STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added, for horses of all ages.—Derby Course.

Mr. Scath's br. f. *Harmony*, by Reveller, dam by Orville, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. (Wakefield)..... 1
Mr. Maberly's ch. a. by Middleton, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb..... 2
Mr. Dockeray's b. h. *Lancastrian*, 5 yrs old, 9st..... 3
Mr. Dundas's b. e. by Pyramus, out of Brush's dam, 3 yrs old, 7st. (carried 7st. 4lb.) 4
Seven to 4 agst Mr. Dundas's colt, 3 to 1 agst Mr. Maberly's colt, and 4 to 1 agst *Harmony*. Won by a neck.

NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

MONDAY, October 18.—MATCH for 200, h. ft.—T. Y. C.—Mr. Gully's br. c. *Tranby*, by Blacklock, dam by Orville, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (Wheatley), beat Mr. Thornhill's ch. h. *Merchant*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.—Five to 4 agst *Tranby*. Won by half a length.

MATCH for 200, h. ft. 8st. 4lb. each.—A. F.

Mr. Scott Stoney's b. f. *Variation*, by Bustard, out of Johanna Southcote (J. Robinson)..... 1
Mr. Ramsbottom's br. c. *Zucharelli*, by Tiresias..... 2
Five to 2 on *Variation*. Won by two lengths.

MATCH for 100, h. ft. both three years old.—Ab. M.

Duke of Richmond's b. f. *Refugee*, Sister to *Rasselas*, by Wanderer, 8st. 8lb. (F. Boyce)..... 1
Colonel Russell's br. c. *Steamer*, by Champlignon, out of *Salvadora*, 8st. 2lb..... 2
Five to 2 on *Refugee*. Won by two lengths.

MATCH for 200, h. ft.—T. Y. C.

Lord Chesterfield's ch. c. *Carthusian*, by Comas, out of *Octaviana*, 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. (P. Connelly)..... 1
Mr. Gully's ch. f. *Chlo*, by Whisker, 5 yrs old, 7st. 7lb..... 2
Six to 4 agst *Carthusian*. Won by half a length.

THE GARDEN STAKES of 100 sovs. each.—Two middle miles of B. C.—Four subs.

Lord Worcester's b. h. *Coulon*, by Whisker, out of Miss Cranfield, 5 yrs old, 8st. (J. Robinson)..... 1
Sir M. Wood's br. f. *Lucetta*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb..... 2
Two to 1 on *Lucetta*. Won by three lengths.

ONE-THIRD of a SUBSCRIPTION of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 9lb.; and fillies, 8st. 6lb.—A. F.—Seven subs.

Sir M. Wood's ch. c. *Captain Arthur*, by Bobadil, dam by *Cervantes*—Miss Brocket (J. Robinson)..... 1
Duke of Grafton's b. f. *Brambilla*, by Partisan..... 2
Five to 4 on *Brambilla*. Won by three lengths.

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, for two-year-old fillies, 8st. 4lb.—From the Turn of the Lands in.—Six subs.

Lord Tavistock's b. *Red Rose*, Sister to *Lancastrian*, by Merlin, out of Mona (J. Robinson)..... 1
Mr. Cooper's b. by Gulliver, out of Banker's dam..... 2
Mr. Pettit's b. *Nemesis*, by Manfred—*Bella Donna*..... 3
Six to 4 on *Red Rose*. Won by a length.

Mr. Cooper's b. f. *Gawky*, by Muley, out of *Eliza*, by Rubens, 8st. 2lb. reed. ft. from Mr. Scott Stoney's ch. c. *Cripplegate*, by Morisco, out of *The Witch*, 8st. 8lb. T. Y. C. 100.

Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. Crutch, by Little John, out of Zaire by Selim, rec. forfeit from Mr. Gully's f. by Wrangler, out of Charlotte, 8st. 7lb. each, T. Y. C. 100 sovs.

Sir M. Wood's ch. c. Captain Arthur, by Bebedil, 8st. 6lb. rec. ft. from Mr. Roberts's ch. c. Cloudesley, by Emilius, out of Sister to Sailor, 8st. A. F. 100.

Duke of Portland's b. c. Amphiarus, by Tiresias, out of Emily, 8st. 4lb. rec. 75 sovs. ft. from Lord Tavistock's ch. c. Gondolier, by Merlin, out of Coquette, 8st. 7lb. D. I. 200, h. ft.

TUESDAY, October 19.—One-Third of a SUBSCRIPTION of 25 sovs. each, for four-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 10lb.; fillies, 8st. 7lb.—D. I.—Seven subs.

Sir M. Wood's b. f. *Lucetta*, by Reveller, out of Luss by Hedleywalked over.

FIFTY POUNDS, for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 4lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—T. Y. C. Lord Cleveland's br. c. by Emilius, out of Camilla, by Camillus (S. Day)..... 1 Colonel Wilson's ch. f. by Juniper, dam by Rubens, out of Tippetwitchet, by Waxy..... 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Cooke's b. c. Hüfer, by Swiss, dam by Whisker, out of a Sister to Benedict (foaled in 1831); Mr. Payne's b. c. Turk, by Tramp, out of Sister to Sultan; Sir M. Wood's b. f. by Figaro, out of Sister to Arbutus (foaled in 1819); His Majesty's b. f. by Mustachio, out of Orion's dam; Mr. Price's b. c. by Gulliver, out of Historia; Lord Jersey's br. f. Alca, by Whalebone, out of Hazardous; Duke of Richmond's br. f. Ardelia, by Emilius—Lee; Duke of Grafton's br. f. by Abjer, out of Zinc; Lord Egremont's ch. f. by Centaur—Sola, by Partisan; Mr. Thornhill's b. f. by Emilius, out of Shoveler; Lord Lynedoch's gr. c. by Little John, out of Luna's dam, by Canopus (bought of Mr. Moon); Mr. Rogers's b. c. Spaniel, Brother to Lepdog; Duke of Rutland's b. c. by Partisan, dam by Andrew, grandam by Quia, out of Selim's dam; Mr. R. Prince's ch. f. Barbara Bell, by Middleton; Mr. Sowerby's ch. c. Melechi, by Muley—Prima Donna; and Lord Orford's br. f. Nalad, Sister to Merman, by Whalebone.—Five to 4 agst Lord Cleveland's colt, 6 to 1 agst M. Wood's filly, 8 to 1 agst His Majesty's filly, 9 to 1 agst Turk, 10 to 1 agst Ardelia, 10 to 1 agst Spaniel, 10 to 1 agst Col. Wilson's filly, 10 to 1 agst Duke of Rutland's colt, and 10 to 1 agst Mr. Thornhill's filly. Won by a length.

MATCH for 150, h. ft.—A. F.

Lord Jersey's blk. h. *Juryman*, by Smolensko, out of Black Diamond, 4 yrs old, 8st. (J. Robinson) 1
Sir M. Wood's b. h. Hajji Baba, aged, 8st. 10lb. 2
Two to 1 on *Juryman*. Won by three lengths.

RENEWAL of the CLEARWELL STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—T. Y. C.—Thirty-seven subs.

Duke of Grafton's b. f. *Oxygen*, by Emilius, out of Whizig by Rubens (J. Day) 1
Lord Egremont's bl. f. by Whalebone—Thalestris 2

The following also started but were not placed:—Lord Anson's b. c. by Morisco, out of Ina; Mr. Goddard's b. f. Bobbinette, by Robin Adair—Prodigy's dam; Sir M. Wood's b. f. by Reveller, out of Snowdrop; Lord Exeter's ch. c. Ramazan, by Sultan, out of Miss Cantley by Stamford; Lord Chesterfield's ch. c. by Emilius, dam by Selim, out of Donna Clara; Mr. Forth's b. f. by Emilius, dam by Pioneer or Scud, out of Fandango's dam; Lord J. Fitzroy's br. c. Washington, by Smolensko; Mr. Thornhill's ch. f. Bildeston Lass, by Blacklock, out of Mr. R. Wilson's Sister to Bourbon by Sorcerer (bought of Mr. Payne); Mr. Scott Stonehewer's b. f. Sister to The Lion, by Tiresias, out of Emma by Orville; Lord Tavistock's gr. g. Sedan, by Gustavus, out of Blue Stockings by Popinjay; and Mr. Henry's ch. c. Tam o' Shanter, by Tiresias—Scratch.—Six to 4 agst *Oxygen*, 4 to 1 agst Mr. Forth's filly, and 10 to 1 agst Washington.—Won by a length.

MATCH for 200 sovs. and the Whip, 10st. each.—B. C.

Duke of Rutland's br. h. *Cadland*, by Andrew, out of Sorcery by Sorcerer (J. Robinson) 1
His Majesty's b. h. Zingance, by Tramp 2
Six to 4 agst *Cadland*. Won easy.

WEDNESDAY, October 20.—SWEEPSTAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—A. F.—Ten subs.

Lord Verulam's b. c. *Albert*, by Waterloo or Moses, out of Varennes, 8st. 7lb. (P. Connolly) 1
Mr. Wilson's b. c. by Tramp—Consul's dam, 8st. 7lb. 2
Mr. W. Lumley's b. c. Phanua, by Phantom, 8st. 7lb. 3
Five to 4 on *Albert*, and 6 to 4 agst Phanua. Won easy.

RENEWAL of the OATLANDS STAKES of 30 sovs. each.—B. M.

Lord Orford's b. c. <i>Coventry</i> , by <i>Trump</i> , out of <i>Angelica</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. (S. Mann).....	1
Mr. Sowerby's blk. h. <i>Coroner</i> , 5 yrs old, 9st.	2
Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. c. <i>Caller</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.	3
Lord Exeter's br. f. <i>Varna</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	4
Mr. Gully's ch. f. <i>Clie</i> , by <i>Whisker</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.	5
Sir M. Wood's ch. c. <i>Captain Arthur</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 13lb.	6

Two subs. paid 30 sovs. each, and six others having declared fit. by the time prescribed, paid only ten sovs. each.—Three to 1 agst *Varna*, 4 to 1 agst *Coroner*, 6 to 1 agst *Caller*, and 8 to 1 agst *Coventry*. Won by half a length.

THURSDAY, October 21.—TOWN PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—T. M. M.

Mr. Hunter's gr. f. <i>Christiana</i> , by <i>Gustavus</i> , out of <i>Sprightly</i> , by <i>Whiskey</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. (a Boy).....	1
Sir M. Wood's br. h. <i>Hajji Baba</i> , aged, 9st. 4lb.	2

The following also started but were not placed:—His Majesty's b. c. *Vanloo*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.; Mr. Chifney's b. c. *Flacrow*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.; Mr. Sowerby's blk. c. *Gas*, by *Walton*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.; Mr. S. Stonehewer's ch. f. *The Fairy*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.; Mr. Shard's br. c. *De Vere*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.; Duke of Grafton's br. c. *Abbot*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.; and Lord Exeter's ch. c. *Red Rover*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.—Five to 1 agst *Hajji Baba*, 6 to 1 agst *Vanloo*, 8 to 1 agst *Gas*, 8 to 1 agst *The Fairy*, and 20 to 1 agst *Christiana*. Won by a neck.

HANDICAP PURSE of 100l. for four-year-olds and upwards.—A. F.

Duke of Portland's br. c. <i>The Theban</i> , by <i>Tiresias</i> , out of <i>Ambiguity</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (J. Day).....	1
Lord Grosvenor's b. c. <i>Ebury</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb.	2

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Sowerby's blk. h. *Coroner*, 5 yrs, 9st.; Sir M. Wood's b. f. *Lucetta*, 4 yrs, 8st. 13lb.; Lord Jersey's blk. h. *Jurymann*, 5 yrs, 8st. 10lb.; Duke of Richmond's b. c. *Hindoo*, 4 yrs, 8st. 8lb.; Lord Mountcharles's b. h. *Kasselas*, 5 yrs, 8st. 6lb.; Lord Exeter's br. f. *Varna*, dy Sultan, 4 yrs, 8st.; and Mr. Finton's b. g. by *Magistrate*, dam by *Shuttle*, out of *Eliza*, 4 yrs, 7st. 8lb.—Three to 1 agst *Lucetta*, 5 to 1 agst *Hindoo*, 8 to 1 agst *Coroner*, 10 to 1 agst *Ebury*, and 10 to 1 agst *The Theban*. Won by a neck.

FRIDAY, October 22.—MATCH for 100 sovs.—First half of Abingdon Mile.

Lord Tavistock's ch. c. <i>Taurus</i> , by <i>Phantom</i> or <i>Morisco</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (J. Robinson).....	1
Lord Exeter's b. g. <i>Father Long-Legs</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st.	2

Five to 2 on *Taurus*. Won by half a length.

RENEWAL of the PRENDERGAST STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—T. Y. C.—Thirty-two subs.

Mr. S. Stonehewer's b. c. <i>Zany</i> , by <i>Merisco</i> , dam by <i>Partisan</i> , out of <i>Goshawk's</i> dam (J. Robinson)	1
Mr. Gully's b. f. by <i>Lottary</i> , out of <i>Stotforth's</i> dam.....	2
Sir M. Wood's b. f. by <i>Reveller</i> , dam by <i>Snowdrop</i>	3

The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Henry's ch. c. *Tam o' Shanter*, by *Tiresias*; Mr. Hunter's b. c. by *Gustavus*, out of *Sprightly*; Mr. Cooper's b. f. by *Gulliver*, out of *Quail*; Mr. Scott Stonehewer's b. f. *Sister to The Lion*; and Mr. Lumley's f. by *Muley*, out of *Harriet* by *Selim*.—Five to 2 on *Zany*. Won by two lengths,

GOLD CUP, value 90 sovs. (the surplus in specie) by 14 subs. of ten sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Abingdon Mile.

Mr. Rogers's b. c. <i>Harold</i> , by <i>Manfred</i> , out of <i>Lute</i> by <i>Poplajay</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (Wheatley)	1
Mr. S. Stonehewer's b. f. <i>Variation</i> , 3 yrs old, 8st.	2

The following also started but were not placed:—Lord Worcester's b. h. *Coulon*, 5 yrs, 9st. 7lb.; Mr. Gully's br. c. *Tranby*, 4 yrs, 9st. 2lb.; Mr. Thornhill's ch. h. *Merchant*, 5 yrs, 8st. 5lb.; Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. c. *Caller*, 4 yrs, 8st. 3lb.; Duke of Portland's b. c. *Amphiparaus*, 3 yrs, 8st. 2lb.; Duke of Richmond's b. f. *Refugee*, 3 yrs, 7st. 12lb.; Col. Wilson's br. c. by *Comus*, out of *Rotterdam* by *Juniper*, 3 yrs, 7st. 11lb.; Mr. Payne's bay, *Lady Bird*, by *Bustard*, out of *Brown Duchess* by *Orrville*, 3 yrs, 7st. 6lb.; and Mr. Roberts's ch. c. *Cloudealey*, 3 yrs, 7st. 3lb.—Four to 1 agst *Variation*, 4 to 1 agst *Amphiparaus*, 7 to 1 agst *Lady Bird*, 8 to 1 agst *Refugee*, 9 to 1 agst *Coulon*, 9 to 1 agst *Tranby*, and 12 to 1 agst *Harold*. Won by a head.

MATCH for 100, h. ft. 8st. 5lb. each.—D. M.

Mr. Perren's br. c. *Donegan*, by Tramp, out of Sister to Cobweb (J. Robinson) 1
Mr. Goddard's br. c. Sketch-book, by Rubens 2
Six to 4 on Donegan. Won by a length.

MATCH for 100, both two-year-olds.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Payne's b. c. Turk, by Tramp, out of Sister to Sultan by Selim, 8st. 5lb. (W. Arnall) 0
Colonel Russell's b. f. Papillette, by Mustachio, out of Sister to Prince Leopold, by Hatley, 8st. 2lb. (J. Robinson) 0
Six to 4 on Turk. Ran a dead heat.

Second Year of the RENEWAL of a SUBSCRIPTION of five sovs. each, for four-year-olds and upwards.—B. C.—Five subs.

Sir M. Wood's b. h. *Haji Baba*, by Filho da Puta, aged, 8st. 2lb. walked over.

Mr. F. Mills's ch. h. Villager, by Bustard, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. rec. forfeit from Lord Chesterfield's ch. h. Carthusian, by Comus, 6 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. T.Y.C. 200, h. ft.

Sir Mark Wood's blk. m. Buak, by Whalebone, 6 yrs old, 8st. rec. ft. from Sir Samuel Graham's ch. h. Kough Robin, by Sober Robin, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. D. M. 100, h. ft.

Mr. Scott Stonehewer's b. f. Variation, by Bustard, 8st. 7lb. rec. ft. from Mr. H. Scott's ch. f. Carmine, by Rubens, 8st., A. F. 200, h. ft.

Mr. Payne's b. c. Turk, by Tramp, 8st. 9lb. agst Lord Tavistock's gr. g. Sedan, by Gustavus, 8st. 1lb. T.Y.C. 200, h. ft.—Off by consent.

HOLYWELL MEETING.

TUESDAY, October 19.—PRODUCE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—Two miles.—Fifteen subs.

Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. *Birmingham*, by Filho da Puta, out of Miss Craigie, 8st. 5lb. (S. Darling) 1
Lord Derby's ch. f. Roseleaf, by Whisker, 8st. 3lb. 2
Sir W. Wynne's b. c. Penrhos, by Rowiston, 8st. 2lb. 3
Col. Yates's b. c. Edgar, by Paulowitz, 8st. 2lb. 4

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 5lb.—The last half-mile.

Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. *Colwick*, by Filho da Puta, out of Stella (S. Darling) 1
Mr. Giffard's ch. c. Marston, by Manfred—Paulina 2
Mr. Price's br. c. Birkenhead, by Smolensko 3
Lord Grosvenor's h. f. Holiday, by Conductor 4
Sir T. Mostyn's b. c. Prince of Wales, by Smolensko 5

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds :—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 5lb.—One mile and a half.—Seven subs.

Sir T. Mostyn's b. f. *Regina*, by Tanica, out of Queen of Diamonds (Chapple) 1
Col. Yates's b. c. Edgar, by Paulowitz—Emmeline 2

THE MOSTYN STAKES of 10 sovs. each :—three-year-olds, 7st. 5lb.; four, 8st. 5lb.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six, 9st.; and aged, 9st. 2lb.—The Mostyn Mile.—Thirty-two subs.

Mr. O. Gore's b. c. *Old Port*, by Whisker, out of Cinderella's dam, 3 yrs old (T. Hardy) 1

Sir T. Mostyn's ch. g. *Mena's Pride*, 4 yrs old 2

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. Birmingham, 3 yrs; Mr. Applewhaite's b. f. Dandina, by Muley, 3 yrs; Sir T. Mostyn's ch. c. Ultimatum, 5 yrs; and Lord Derby's b. c. Kelt, by Langer, 4 yrs.—Four to 1 on Birmingham, and 20 to 1 agst Old Port. A good race between the two first.

WEDNESDAY, October 20.—The GOLD CUP, value 100 sovs. by Subscriptions of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Club.—Three Miles.—Nine subs.

Lord Derby's b. c. *Felt*, by Langer, out of Steam, by Waxy Pope, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (R. Johnson) 1

Sir T. Mostyn's ch. g. *Mena's Pride*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. 2
Even betting. A good race.

MATCH for 50 sovs. each.—Half a mile.

Mr. F. R. Price's ch. f. <i>Lady Bird</i> , by <i>Cervantes</i> , out of <i>Mayfly's</i> dam, 3 yrs old, 8st. (H. Arthur)	1
Sir T. Mostyn's b. f. <i>Regina</i> , 3 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.	2
Six to 4 on <i>Lady Bird</i> . Won easy,	

The PENGWERN STAKES of 50 sovs. each, 10 ft. for three and four-year-olds.—One mile and three quarters.—Seven subs.

Lord Derby's b. c. <i>Felt</i> , by <i>Langar</i> , out of <i>Steam</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (R. Johnson), 1	
Sir T. Mostyn's b. f. <i>Regina</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 9lb.	2
Four to 1 on <i>Felt</i> . Won easy.	

THURSDAY, October 21.—HANDICAP STAKES of 20 sovs. each, for two and three-year-olds.—Half a mile.—Five subs.

Sir T. Stanley's b. f. <i>Lady Constance</i> , by <i>Phantom</i> , out of <i>Filkins</i> , 3 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (Darling)	1
Lord Derby's b. c. <i>Mumper</i> , 3 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	2
Sir T. Mostyn's b. f. <i>Imp</i> , by <i>Teniers</i> , 2 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	3
The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. F. R. Price's ch. f. <i>Lady Bird</i> , 3 yrs, 8st. 4lb.; and Lord Grosvenor's b. f. <i>Tartan</i> , 3 yrs, 8st. 4lb. Seven to 4 agst <i>Lady Constance</i> , 3 to 1 agst <i>Lady Bird</i> , 4 to 1 agst <i>Imp</i> , and 7 to 1 agst <i>Tartan</i> . Won easy.	

The CHAMPAGNE STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. for four-year-olds.—The winner to give two dozen of Champagne to the Club.—One mile and a half.—Five subs.

Mr. Mytton's b. h. <i>Halston</i> , by <i>Banker</i> , out of <i>Olivetta</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (T. Whitehouse)	1
Sir T. Mostyn's ch. g. <i>Ultimatum</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	2
Two to 1 on <i>Halston</i> . Won easy.	

The ST. WINIFRED STAKES of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 6lb.—One mile and a quarter.

Sir T. Stanley's b. <i>Lady Constance</i> , by <i>Phantom</i> , out of <i>Filkins</i> , by <i>Gouty</i> (S. Darling)	1
Lord Derby's ch. <i>Roseleaf</i> , by <i>Whisker</i> — <i>Rosalba</i>	2
The following also started but were not placed:—Sir T. Mostyn's b. <i>Sprig</i> , by <i>Whisker</i> — <i>Springle</i> ; and Mr. Giffard's b. <i>Fanny Kemble</i> , by <i>Paulowitz</i> . Even betting on <i>Roseleaf</i> . Won easy.	

The HAWARDEN CASTLE STAKES of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Two miles.—Five subs.

Sir T. Mostyn's b. f. <i>Regina</i> , by <i>Teniers</i> , out of <i>Queen of Diamonds</i> , 3 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (Chapple)	1
Sir T. Stanley's ch. h. <i>Mayfly</i> , by <i>Piscator</i> , aged, 9st.	2
Five to 1 agst <i>Regina</i> . Won easy.	

FREE HANDICAP STAKES of 20 sovs. each, 5 ft. with 20 added, for all the horses at Holywell, except two-year-olds.—One mile and a half.—Five subs.

Sir T. Mostyn's ch. g. <i>Mona's Pride</i> , by <i>Teniers</i> , out of <i>Mrs. Suggs</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. (T. Chapple)	1
Mr. F. R. Price's b. c. <i>Fag</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st.	2
Mr. Giffard's br. f. <i>Lucy</i> , by <i>Muley</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	3
Six to 4 agst <i>Mona's Pride</i> . Won cleverly.	

ROYAL CALEDONIAN HUNT, AND WESTERN MEETING, AT AYR.

TUESDAY, October 19.—The CALEDONIAN ST. LEGER STAKES of 25 sovs. each, with 100 added, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 2lb.; fillies, 8st.—One mile and a half.—Five subs.

Lord Kelburne's ch. c. by <i>Woful</i> , out of <i>Emilia</i> , by <i>Abjer</i> , out of <i>Emily</i> , by <i>Stamford</i> (J. Holmes)	1
Mr. Steen's br. c. by <i>Blucher</i> — <i>Wellington's</i> dam	2
Lord Elcho's gr. c. by <i>Champignon</i> —an Arabian mare	3
Sir J. Boswell's b. c. by <i>Monreith</i> — <i>Bird of Paradise</i>	4
A good race.	

The AYR GOLD CUP, value 100*gs.* by Subscriptions of 10*gs.* each, for horses of all ages.—Two miles.—Seventeen subs.

Lord Elcho's br. h. <i>Brunswick</i> , by <i>Cornus</i> , out of <i>Byram's</i> dam, 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. (Nicholson)	1
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Lord Elcho's b. c. Gondolier, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	2
Sir R. K. Dick's b. g. Charley, 6 yrs old, 8st. 13lb.	3
Mr. Bogue's b. g. Kilnocky, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	4

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Caledonian Hunt, for three-year-olds and upwards.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Hodgson's b. m. <i>Agnes</i> , by <i>Thesis</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. (Bowman),	0	0	1	1
Mr. Gilmour's bl. f. Sister to Jerry, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.	0	1	2	2
Sir W. Maxwell's gr. h. Spadassin, 5 yrs old, 8st.	1	3	3	dr.
Mr. Healey's b. c. Flambeau, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.	2	2	dr.	
Mr. Dick's gr. h. Slam, 5 yrs old, 8st.	0	0	dr.	
Sir J. Bodwell's b. f. Meretrix, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.	3	dr.		
Sir D. Blair's br. f. by Prime Minister, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.	0	dr.		

WEDNESDAY, October 20.—SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft. with 50 added, for two-year-olds—colts, 8st. 8lb.; and fillies, 8st.—Three quarters of a mile—Eight subs.

Sir J. Boswell's br. f. by Menreith, out of Hambletonia, by Stamford (S. Templeman),	1
Sir W. Maxwell's br. c. Caird o'Barhullion, by Ben Leda, out of Cutty Sark, by Haphazard	2
Sir D. Baird's ch. c. by Cleveland—White Cockade	3

Won cleverly.

FIFTY POUNDS, given by the Caledonian Hunt, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—Two miles.

Lord Elcho's b. c. Gondolier, by Fitz-Orville, out of Gondola, 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. (T. Nicholson)	1
Lord Kelburne's ch. c. by Woful, 3 yrs old, 7st. 10lb.	2
Mr. Gilmour's ch. f. Silk Sleeves, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	3
Lord Elcho's gr. c. by Champignon, 5 yrs old, 7st. 10lb.	4

A PURSE of 100 sovs. given by the Western Meeting, for horses of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Sir R. K. Dick's b. g. Charley, by Percy, 6 yrs, 9st. 1lb. (T. Fender),	0	0	0	1	1
Sir J. Boswell's br. m. Leda, 6 yrs old, 9st. 6lb.	1	0	0	2	2
Mr. Smith's br. c. Agitator, 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.	0	1	0	3	dr.
Mr. Thompson's ch. h. Parson Harvey, by Phantom, 5 yrs, 9st. 11lb.	0	2	dr.		
Mr. Hodgson's ch. c. George the Fourth, by Abjer, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.	0	3	dr.		
Mr. Thompson's br. c. by Blucher, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.	0	0	dr.		
Mr. Wetherill's bl. m. by Waverley, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.	2	dr.			
Lord Kelburne's b. c. Carolan, 3 yrs old, 7st. 8lb.	3	dr.			

THURSDAY, October 21.—The CALEDONIAN CUP of 100gs. for Scotch-bred horses of all ages.—Three miles.

Mr. Singleton's b. g. <i>The Major</i> , by Bustler, aged, 8st. 8lb. (T. Lye)	1
Mr. Gilmour's ch. f. Silk Sleeves, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.	2
Mr. Ramsay's b. c. Newton Don, 4 yrs old, 8st.	3

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, given by the Western Meeting, for horses of all ages.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Lord Elcho's br. h. Brunswick, by Comus, out of Byram's dam, 6 yrs old, 9st. 5lb. (Nicholson)	1	1
Sir D. H. Blair's b. f. by Prime Minister, out of Maria, 4 yrs old, 8st.	0	2
Mr. Henry's b. c. Flambeau, 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.	0	3
Mr. Ferguson's b. c. Barleycorn, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.	2	dr.
Mr. Gilmour's ch. f. Silk Sleeves, 4 yrs old, 8st.	3	dr.
Sir W. Maxwell's gr. h. Spadassin, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	0	dr.

Won cleverly.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 20gs. added by the Western Meeting, for horses not thorough-bred, 12st. 7lb. each.—Gentlemen riders.—Heats, once round and a distance.—Eleven subs.

Sir J. Boswell's ch. g. <i>Rocket</i> , aged (Owner)	2	1	1
Lord Hasting's Nailer	1	2	dr.

Mr. Alexander's gr. c. 7st. 7lb. recd. from Sir J. Boswell's b. f. 8st. 200 sovs. h. ft.

FRIDAY, October 22.—His MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs., for horses, &c. of all ages.—Four miles.

Sir J. Boswell's br. m. Leda, by Filho da Puta, 6 yrs old, 10st. (S. Templeman)	1
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Sir R. Dick's b. g. Charley, 6 yrs old, 10st.	2
Mr. Davidson's b. h. Victory, 5 yrs old, 9st. 10lb.	3
Mr. Ferguson's b. c. Young Patrick, 4 yrs old, 9st. 4lb.	4
Mr. G. O. Smith's br. c. Agitator, 4 yrs old, 9st. 4lb.	5

Won cleverly.

MATCH for 25 sovs. each, 13st. each.—Half a mile.

Sir J. Boswell's gr. g. <i>Telegraph</i> (Owner)	1
Mr. Annealey's bay gelding	2

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, given by the Western Meeting, for three-year-olds and upwards.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Hodgson's b. m. <i>Agnes</i> , by Thesia, 5 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. (Bowman).....	0	1	1
Mr. Wetherell's bl. m. by Waverley, 5 yrs old, 7st. 13lb.	2	3	0
Mr. Gilmour's bl. f. Sister to Jerry, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb.	0	0	3
Sir J. Boswell's b. g. Gallopade, 6 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	0	0	0
Mr. Thompson's ch. h. Parson Harvey, by Phantom, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ...	0	0	0
Mr. Singleton's b. g. The Major, aged, 8st. 9lb.	1	2	dr.
Mr. Thompson's br. c. by Blucher, out of Creeping Kate, 3 yrs, 6st. 7lb.	3	dr.	

A good race. The owner of The Major claimed the Plate after the second heat, on the ground that Agnes should have carried 5lb. extra; but the Stewards of the Jockey Club, to whom the question was referred, decided that she carried her proper weight.

HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, with 25 sovs. added by the Town of Ayr, for the beaten horses of the first three days.—Two-mile heats.—Four subs.

Sir J. Boswell's b. f. <i>Meretrix</i> , by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. (T. Lye) 1	1
Sir D. H. Blair's b. f. by Prime Minister, out of Maria, 4 yrs old, 6st. 3lb.	2

Won easy.

FREE HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, with 20gs. added by the Meeting, for the beaten horses.—One mile and a half.—Six subs.

Mr. Bogue's b. g. <i>Kilnocky</i> , by Columbus, 4 yrs old, 7st. (T. Lye).....	1
Sir D. Blair's b. f. by Prime Minister, 4 yrs old, 7st. 6lb.	2
Mr. Healey's b. c. Flambeau, 4 yrs old, 7st. 2lb.	3
Mr. Ferguson's b. c. Barleycorn, 3 yrs old, 6st.	4
Mr. Gilmour's bl. f. Sister to Jerry, 4 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.	5

Won easy.

MATCH.—A quarter of a mile.

Mr. Campbell's b. g. <i>Tally-ho</i> , by Trissy, dam by Viscount (Owner)	1
Sir J. Boswell's b. g. Gloaming	2

NOTTINGHAM MEETING.

TUESDAY, October 26.—PRODUCE STAKES of 30gs. each, for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—Once round and a distance.—Five subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. <i>Crescent</i> , by Blacklock, out of Miss Maltby, by Filho da Puta (Darling).....	1
Mr. Yates's b. f. <i>Blanche</i> , by Filho da Puta.....	2

Three to 1 on Crescent. Won easy.

The MACARONI STAKES of 20gs. each, h. ft. for horses of all ages.—Gentlemen riders.—Twice round.—Seven subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's br. h. <i>Terror</i> , by Magistrate, 5 yrs old, 12st. 2lb.	walked over.
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SWEEPSTAKES of 20gs. each, h. ft. for horses, &c. not thorough-bred.—Heats, about one mile and three-quarters.

Mr. Kent's b. g. Brother to Hexgrave, by Filho da Puta, aged, 12st. (Owner)...	1	1
Mr. Burton's gr. g. Post Captain, 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb.	2	2

Two to 1 on Brother to Hexgrave; after the first heat 3 to 1 on him. A good race.

MAIDEN PURSE of 60l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a half.

Lord Scarbrough's br. f. by Swiss, out of Lady Georgiana's dam, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. (Holmes).....	1	1
Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. Gilbert, by Sherwood, 3 yrs old, 7st. (received 10l.)...	2	2
Colonel Yates's b. f. Widgcon, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.	0	0
Mr. Eaton's b. f. by Waverley, out of Garcia's dam, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.	0	0
Mr. Billington's ch. m. Oliviana, by Sir Oliver, 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.	0	dr.

Two to 1 agst Gilbert; after the first heat Lord Scarbrough's filly the favorite. Won by only a head.

WEDNESDAY, October 27.—SWEEPSTAKES of 30gs. each, 20 ft. for two-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.—Half a mile.—Four subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. <i>Frederica</i> , by Sultan, out of <i>Fortuna</i> , by Cornus (S. Darling)	1
Mr. Hellier's ch. c. by Figaro— <i>Nicbe</i> , by Cestrian	2
Five to 4 on <i>Frederica</i> . Won very easy.	

The GOLD CUP, value 100gs., by 15 subscribers of 10gs. each, the surplus in specie, for horses of all ages.—Two miles and a half.

Mr. Beardsworth's b. g. <i>Independence</i> , by Filho da Puta, or Sherwood, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. (Calloway)	1
Mr. Houldsworth's ch. h. <i>Vanish</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 16lb.	2
Mr. Wernald's b. c. <i>Bullet</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st.	3
Mr. Yates's gr. f. <i>Cicely</i> , by Paulowitz, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	4
Six to 5 agst <i>Bullet</i> , 7 to 4 agst <i>Independence</i> , 5 to 1 agst <i>Vanish</i> , and 10 to 1 agst <i>Cicely</i> . Won by a neck.	

The COUNTY MEMBERS' PURSE of 60l. for three-year-olds:—colts, 8st. 5lb.; fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Heats, one mile and a quarter.—The second received 10l.

Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. <i>Crescent</i> , by Blacklock, out of Miss Maltby (R. Lowe)	1	4	1
Lord Scarbrough's br. f. by Swiss (post ent.)	4	1	2
Mr. W. Scott's ch. f. <i>Laura</i> , by Figaro	2	2	3
Mr. J. Scott's b. f. Miss Foote, by Whisker	3	3	4
Each heat well contested.			

THURSDAY, October 28.—The CHESTERFIELD STAKES of 25gs. each, 15 ft., and five only if declared, &c.—Two miles and a half.

Mr. Beardsworth's b. g. *Independence*, by Filho da Puta, 4 yrs old, 8st....walked over. Three subscribers paid 15gs. each, and two who declared by the time prescribed, paid only 5gs.

HIS MAJESTY'S PURSE of 100gs. for horses, &c. of all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr. Sadler's br. g. <i>Jacko</i> , by Filho da Puta, aged, 12st. (Poffey)	1	1
Mr. Townsend's b. g. <i>Anti-Catholic</i> , 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb.	3	2
Mr. Jackson's b. c. <i>Hazard</i> , 4 yrs old, 10st. 7lb.	2	3
Won very easy.		

The NOBLEMEN and GENTLEMEN'S PURSE of 50l. for horses of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a half.

Mr. Houldsworth's ch. h. <i>Vanish</i> , by Phantom, 5 yrs old, 9st. 3lb. (Darling)	1	1
Mr. Charlton's ch. f. <i>Kalmia</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. (rec. 10 sovs.)	4	2
Mr. Dewbiggin's ch. c. <i>Barlborough</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.	2	3
Mr. Johnson's ch. c. <i>Jupiter</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	2	4
Won cleverly.		

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses of all ages.—Once round and a distance.

Col. Yates's br. f. <i>Versatility</i> , by Blacklock, out of <i>Arabella</i> , 4 yrs, 8st. 11lb. (Lear) 1	
Mr. Houldsworth's br. c. <i>Gilbert</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st.	2
Mr. Thistlewood's b. c. <i>Bottle Imp</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	3
The winner was claimed, according to the articles, for 100gs.	

HOYLAKE MEETING.

MONDAY, October 25.—HUNTERS' CUP, value 50l. added to a Sweepstakes of 2 sovs. each, for hawks, &c. not thorough-bred.—The owner of the second horse received five sovs.—Heats.

Mr. Cooke's b. g. <i>Bhurstpore</i> , by Paul Potter, 5 yrs old (Griffiths)	0	1	1
Mr. Moore's ch. g. <i>Chance</i> , 6 yrs old	1	2	2
Mr. Kent's b. g. <i>Antonio</i> , aged	2	0	0
Two others started.			

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added, for horses of all ages.—Heats.

Sir W. Wynne's ch. c. <i>Sir Walter</i> , by Ambo, dam by King Bladud, 4 yrs old (Jones)	1	1
Mr. T. S. Herd named ch. m. <i>Cinderella</i> , aged	2	2

TUESDAY, October 26.—The FARMER'S PURSE of 50l. was won at three heats by Sir W. Wynne's ch. c. *Sir Waller*, by Ambo, 4 yrs old (Jones), beating Mr. Wilkinson's b. m. *Prosody*, 5 yrs old.

The CUP, value 50l. added to a Sweepstakes of 1 Guinea each, for ponies, was won at two heats by Mr. Cooke's ch. g. *Mosses* (Jones), beating Mr. Shaw's b. m. *Lady Bird*.

NEWMARKET THIRD OCTOBER OR HOUGHTON MEETING.

MONDAY, November 1.—MATCH for 50 sovs. both two-year-olds.—Anson Mile.

Mr. Thornhill's b. f. *Ear-wig*, by *Emilius*, out of *Shoveler*, 8st. 5lb. (P. Connolly) 1
Mr. S. Day's b. f. *Marchioness*, by *Eglinton*, 8st. 2
Five to 2 on *Ear-wig*. Won by a length.

The CRITERION STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. for two-year-olds.—From the Turns of the Lands in.—Thirty cubes.

Duke of Rutland's br. c. by *Partisan*, dam by *Andrew*, grandam by *Quix*, 8st. 3lb. (Robinson)..... 1

Lord Chesterfield's ch. c. *Massaroni*, by *Emilius*, dam by *Sellin*, out of *Donna Clara*, by *Cesarie*, 8st. 3lb. (rec. back his stake) 2

Duke of Richmond's b. f. *Conciliation*, by *Moses*, 8st. 3lb. 3

The following also started but were not placed :—Duke of Grafton's b. c. *Alamogor*, Brother to *Abbot*; by *Emilius*, out of *Zeal*, by *Partisan*, 8st. 3lb.; Lord J. Fitzroy's br. c. *Washington*, by *Smolensko*, out of *Maid of the Mill*, by *Zodiac*, 8st. 5lb.; Mr. Forth's b. f. by *Emilius*—Seed or *Pioneer*, 8st. 3lb.; Mr. Rogers's c. by *Smolensko*—*Abigail's* dam, 8st. 3lb.; Lord Tavistock's b. f. *Red Rose*, by *Merlin*, 8st. 3lb.; and Lord Oxford's b. c. *Varlet*, by *Whalebone*, out of *The Odd Trick*, 8st. 5lb.—Five to 2 agst *Red Rose*, 4 to 1 agst Mr. Forth's filly, 5 to 1 agst *Conciliation*, 7 to 1 agst *Varlet*, 8 to 1 agst *Massaroni*, 10 to 1 agst *Abigail*, and 100 to 7 agst Duke of Rutland's colt. Won by a length.

MATCH for 100, h. ft. 8st. 7lb. each.—T. Y. C.

Capt. Rowe's gr. f. *Corea*, by *Emilius*, out of *Dandizette*, by *Whalebone*, 3 yrs old (Connolly)..... 1

Mr. Perren's b. f. *Queen of Hearts*, by *Emilia*, 4 yrs old..... 2
Two to 1 agst *Corea*. Won by half a length.

MATCH for 100 sovs. 8st. 7lb. each.—T. Y. C.

Lord Tavistock's ch. c. *Taurus*, by *Phantom* or *Morisco*—*Katherine*, 4 yrs old (J. Robinson)..... 1

Lord Exeter's br. g. *Father Long-Legs*, 5 yrs old 2
Three to 1 on *Taurus*. Won by three lengths.

MATCH for 100 sovs. h. ft.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Thornhill's ch. h. *Merchant*, by *Merlin*, out of *Quail*, by *Gohanna*, 5 yrs old, 8st. (Connolly)..... 1

Mr. H. Scott's b. f. *Nemesis*, by *Manfred*, out of *Bella Donna*, by *Soothsayer*, 2 yrs, a feather (bolted) 2
Three to 1 on *Merchant*.

MATCH for 200 sovs. h. ft. both four years old.—A. F.

Sir M. Wood's br. f. *Lucetta*, by *Reveler*, out of *Luss*, by *Hedley*, 8st. 5lb. (J. Robinson)..... 1

Duke of Richmond's b. c. *Wandering Boy*, 8st. 3lb. 2
Five to 4 on *Lucetta*. Won by two lengths.

MATCH for 200 sovs. h. ft.—T. Y. C.

Lord Chesterfield's ch. h. *Carthusian*, by *Comus*, out of *Octaviana*, 6 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (Connolly)..... 1

Mr. F. Mill's ch. h. *Villager*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. 2
Six to 4 agst *Carthusian*. Won by a length.

HANDICAP PURSE of 100l. for four-year-olds and upwards.—D. I.

Sir M. Wood's br. f. *Lucetta*, by *Reveler*, out of *Luss*, by *Hedley*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. (F. Buckle)..... 1

Lord Stradbroke's b. f. *Gallopade*, 4 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. 2

Lord Exeter's br. f. *Varna*, by *Sultan*, 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. 3

Duke of Rutland's ch. h. Oppidan, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. 4
Seven to 4 agst Oppidan, 5 to 2 agst Lucetta, 5 to 1 agst Gallopade, and 5 to 1 agst Varna. Won by 2 lengths.

ONE-THIRD of a SUBSCRIPTION of 25 sovs each, for five-year-olds and upwards.—
B. C.—Seven subs.

Duke of Rutland's br. h. *Cadland*, by Andrew, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. walked over.
Sir M. Wood's b. h. Hajji Baba, by Filho da Puta, aged, 9st. 2lb. recd. 15 sovs.

Duke of Richmond's br. f. *Ardelia*, by Emilius, out of Loo, by Waxy, 8st. 2lb. recd. ft. from Sir M. Wood's br. f. *Seviglia*, by Figaro, out of Sister to Arbutus (foaled in 1819), 8st. 4lb. both two-year-olds.—T. Y. C.—100. h. ft.

TUESDAY, November 2.—MATCH for 50 sovs. h. ft. both two-year-olds, 8st. 5lb. each.—T. Y. C.

Lord Chesterfield's ch. f. *Sarcenet*, by Silkworm, dam by Waxy, out of Elve, (P. Connolly) 1
Mr. Cooper's b. f. *Gawky*, by Muley, out of Eliza 2
Six to 4 agst *Sarcenet*. Won by a head.

FIFTY POUNDS :—for two-year-olds, a feather; three, 7st. 5lb.; four, 8st. 9lb.; five, 9st. 3lb.; six, 9st. 7lb.; and aged 9st. 10lb.—Last three miles of B. C.

Mr. Hunter's gr. f. *Christiana*, by Gustavus, out of Sprightly, by Whiskey, 3 yrs old (a Boy) 1
Lord Exeter's ch. f. *Schumla*, by Sultan, 3 yrs old 2

The following also started but were not placed :—Mr. S. Stonehewer's b. f. *Ipsala*, by Sultan, 3 yrs; Lord Grosvenor's b. c. *Ebury*, by Master Henry, 4 yrs; Duke of Grafton's br. f. *Emerald*, by Emilius, 3 yrs; Mr. Chifney's b. c. *Fiacrow*, by Blacklock, 4 yrs; Mr. H. Scott's ch. f. *Carmine*, by Rubens, 3 yrs; Lord Orford's b. f. by Whalebone—*Pioneer*, 2 yrs; Mr. Poyntz's ch. f. *The Gawry*, by Sultan, 3 yrs; and Mr. Gully's b. c. *Donzelli*, by Bustard or Orville, 3 yrs—Seven to 2 agst *Ebury*, 7 to 2 agst *Donzelli*, 6 to 1 agst *Fiacrow*, and 10 to 1 agst *Emerald*. Won by a head.

WEDNESDAY, November 3.—MATCH for 100 sovs. h. ft.—T. Y. C.

Sir M. Wood's b. h. Hajji Baba, by Filho da Puta, out of Maid of Lorn, aged 8st. 7lb. (Robinson) 1
Mr. Goddard's br. c. *Sketch-book*, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2
Six to 4 on Hajji Baba. Won by a head.

SUBSCRIPTION PURSE of 50l. :—for two-year-olds, 8st. 7lb.; and three 8st. 10lb.—
T. Y. C.

Mr. Payne's b. c. *Turk*, by Tramp, out of Sister to Sultan, by Selim, 2 yrs old, (Natt) 1
Col. Wilson's br. c. by Tiresias—*Schedam*, 2 yrs old 0
Mr. Forth's b. f. by Emilius—*Scud* or *Pioneer*, 2 yrs old 0
Mr. Clarke's ch. f. *Taglioni*, by Whisker, 3 yrs old 4

The following also started but were not placed :—Lord Exeter's ch. c. *Red Rover*, by Middleton, 3 yrs; Mr. Poyntz's c. by Sultan, out of *Aspasia*, 2 yrs; Mr. Farrell's b. c. by Figaro—*Dick Andrews*, 3 yrs; and Mr. Goddard's b. f. *Bobbinette*, by Robin Adair, out of *Sketch-book's* dam, 2 yrs (carried 6st. 11lb.).—Three to 1 agst *Taglioni*, 7 to 2 agst Col. Wilson's colt, 5 to 1 agst *Turk*, and 5 to 1 agst *Red Rover*. Won by a length. The winner was claimed, according to the articles, for 350gs.

HANDICAP PURSE of 50l. for three-year-olds and upwards.—A. F.
Duke of Richmond's b. c. *Wandering Boy*, by Oiseau, 4 yrs old, 8st. walked over.

MATCH for 50 sovs. h. ft. both three-year-olds.—First half of Abingdon Mile.

Col. Russell's b. f. *Mazurka*, by Mustachio, out of Gavotte, 8st. 5lb. (J. Robinson) 1
Lord Orford's ch. c. by Middleton—*Bertonis*, 8st. 7lb. 2
Three to 1 on *Mazurka*. Won by a length.

Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. *Crutch*, by Little John, out of *Zaire*, 8st. 7lb. recd. ft. from Mr. Gully's b. f. by Wrangler, out of *Charlotte*, 8st. 3lb. T. Y. C. 100. h. ft.

THURSDAY, November 4.—MATCH for 100 sovs. h. ft. both three-year-olds, 8st. 5lb. each, D. M.

Sir M. Wood's ch. c. *Captain Arthur*, by Bobadil, out of Tom Tit's dam (J. Robinson) 1
Lord Orford's b. c. *Coventry*, by Tramp—*Angelica* 2

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for two and three-year-olds.—T. Y. C.
Five subs.

Capt. Reus's gr. f. <i>Corea</i> , by <i>Emilius</i> , out of <i>Dandisette</i> , 3 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (Connolly).....	1
Mr. Udny's b. c. by <i>Tramp</i> , out of <i>Consul's</i> dam, 3 yrs old, 7st. 8lb.....	2
Mr. Stanley's b. c. <i>Glamorgan</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.....	3
Six to 4 agst <i>Corea</i> , and 6 to 4 agst Mr. Udny's colt. Won by half a length.	

MATCH for 100 sovs. both four-year-olds.—Ab. M.

Mr. Richdale's br. c. <i>Tranby</i> , by <i>Blacklock</i> , dam by <i>Orville</i> , 8st. 7lb. (<i>Wheatley</i>)	1
Mr. Cooke's b. c. <i>Harold</i> , by <i>Manfred</i> — <i>Loto</i> , 8st. 4lb.....	2
Five to 2 on <i>Tranby</i> . Won easy.	

SUBSCRIPTION HANDICAP PURSE of 50l. for three-year-olds and upwards.—D. I

Lord Stradbroke's b. f. <i>Gallopade</i> , by <i>Reveller</i> , out of <i>Romp</i> , 4 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. (A. Pavis).....	1
Mr. Gully's b. f. <i>Cleilde</i> , by <i>Tramp</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st.....	2
Mr. H. Scott's ch. f. <i>Carmin</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.....	3
Six to 4 on <i>Gallopade</i> . Won easy.	

Lord Chesterfield's ch. h. *Carthusian*, by *Cornus*, 6 yrs old, reed. ft. from Mr. F. Mills's ch. h. *Villager*, by *Bustard*, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. each, 200 sovs. h. ft. T. Y. C.

FRIDAY, November 5.—The NURSERY STAKES of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds.—D. M.—Six Subs.

Lord Orford's br. f. <i>Naiad</i> , Sister to <i>Merman</i> , by <i>Whalebone</i> , 8st. 4lb. (<i>Connolly</i>).	1
Duke of Richmond's b. f. <i>Conciliation</i> , 8st. 2lb.....	2
Mr. Rogers's b. c. <i>Spaniel</i> , by <i>Whalebone</i> , 7st. 12lb.....	3
Mr. Wagstaff's b. f. <i>Joan d'Arc</i> , by <i>Bustard</i> , 8st. 3lb.....	4
Mr. Hunter's b. c. by <i>Gustavus</i> — <i>Sprightly</i> , 8st. 2lb.....	5
Five to 1 agst <i>Spaniel</i> , 5 to 2 agst <i>Conciliation</i> , and 6 to 1 agst <i>Naiad</i> . Won by half a length.	

SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each.—First half of Ab. M.

Col. Russell's b. f. <i>Papillote</i> , by <i>Mustachio</i> , out of <i>Orion's</i> dam, 8st. 7lb. (J. Robinson).....	1
Mr. Payne's b. f. by <i>Gulliver</i> , out of <i>Quail</i> , 7st. 12lb.....	2
Lord Orford's c. by <i>Middleton</i> — <i>Bartonia</i> , 6st. 12lb.....	3
Even betting on <i>Papillote</i> . Won by a length.	

MATCH for 100 sovs. 8st. 3lb. each.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Bloss's b. f. <i>Zillah</i> , by <i>Whisker</i> , out of <i>Elizabeth</i> , 3 yrs old (W. Arnall).....	1
Lord Worcester's bl. c. <i>Grimbald</i> , by <i>Milo</i> , 4 yrs old.....	2
Five to 2 agst <i>Zillah</i> . Won by two lengths.	

MATCH for 100 sovs. h. ft.—D. M.

Mr. Thornhill's ch. h. <i>Merchant</i> , by <i>Merlin</i> , out of <i>Quail</i> , by <i>Gohanna</i> , 3 yrs old, 8st. (<i>Connolly</i>).....	1
Sir Mark Wood's bl. m. <i>Busk</i> , 6 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.....	2
Six to 4 on <i>Merchant</i> . Won by three lengths.	

MATCH for 100 sovs. h. ft. both three-year-olds.—T. Y. C.

Lord Verulam's b. c. <i>Albert</i> , by <i>Waterloo</i> or <i>Moses</i> , out of <i>Varennes</i> , 8st. 7lb. (<i>Connolly</i>).....	1
Mr. Roberts's ch. c. <i>Cloudealey</i> , by <i>Emilius</i> , 8st. 2lb.....	3
Six to 4 on <i>Albert</i> . Won by a length.	

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb.; and fillies, 8st. 4lb.—R. M.

Mr. Poynt's ch. f. <i>The Gawry</i> , by <i>Sultan</i> , out of <i>Phantom</i> (W. Arnall).....	1
Lord Clarendon's b. f. by <i>Centaur</i> , dam by <i>Don Cosack</i> ; grandam by <i>Sorcerer</i> — <i>Vulture's</i> dam.....	2
Mr. Stonehewer's ch. f. <i>The Fairy</i> , by <i>Emilius</i>	3
The following also started but were not placed:—Mr. Goddard's br. c. <i>Sketchbook</i> , by <i>Rubens</i> ; Mr. Stanley's b. c. <i>Glamorgan</i> , by <i>Cervantes</i> — <i>Walton</i> ; and Mr. F. Mills's ch. f. <i>Clio</i> , by <i>Whisker</i> , out of <i>Bigottini</i> .—Two to 1 agst <i>Clio</i> , 5 to 2 agst <i>The Fairy</i> , and 6 to 1 agst Lord Clarendon's filly. Won by a neck.	

THE AUDLEY END STAKES of 20 sovs. each, for horses of all ages (two-year-olds excepted)—A. E. C.

Lord Verulam's b. c. <i>Albert</i> , by <i>Waterloo</i> or <i>Moses</i> , out of <i>Varennes</i> , 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. (<i>Connolly</i>).....	1
Duke of Rutland's ch. h. <i>Oppidan</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.....	2

Duke of Rutland's br. h. Cadland, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb..... 3
Mr. Thornhill's ch. h. Merchant, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb..... 4

Lord Worcester's b. h. Coulon, 5 yrs old, 9st. 11lb..... 5

Four subscribers having declared ft. by the time prescribed, paid only 10 sovs. each. Two to 1 agst Cadland, 7 to 2 agst Albert, and 4 to 1 agst Oppidan. Won by a length.

Duke of Richmond's b. f. Refugee, Sister to Rascelas, by Wanderer, 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. recd. ft. from Mr. Ferren's b. f. Queen of Hearts, Sister to Mouche, by Emilius, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. T. Y. C. 100, h. ft.

Duke of Richmond's br. f. Ardelia, by Emilius, out of Log, 8st. recd. ft. from Lord Orford's b. f. by Whalebone—Pioneer, 7st. both 2 yrs old, T. Y. C. 50, h. ft.

Duke of Richmond's b. c. Hindoo, by Whalebone, out of Arbie, 3 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. recd. 50 sovs. from Lord Exeter's b. f. Green Mantle, by Sultan, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. Last three miles of the B. C. 200, h. ft.

SATURDAY, November 6.—MATCH for 50 sovs. h. ft.—First half of Ab. M. Capt. Rous's gr. f. Corea, by Emilius, out of Dandizette, 3 yrs old, 9st. (P. Connolly)..... 1

Lord Chesterfield's ch. f. Sarcenet, by Silk worm, dam by Waxy, out of Elve, 2 yrs old, 6st. 7lb..... 2

Three to 1 on Corea. Won by a length.

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds.—D. M.—Four subs.

Lord Jersey's br. f. Alea, by Whalebone, out of Hazardess, 7st. 10lb. (A. Pavis).... 1

Mr. Thornhill's b. f. Earwig, by Emilius, 7st. 9lb..... 2

D. of Grafton's b. c. Almoner, by Emilius, 7st. 9lb..... 3

10 to 8 agst Alea. Won by a length.

MATCH for 200 sovs. h. ft.—D. M.

Lord Chesterfield's ch. h. Carthusian, by Comus, out of Octaviana, 6 yrs old, 8st 4lb. (P. Connolly)..... 1

Lord Worcester's b. h. Carthago, aged, 8st. 12lb..... 2

Six to 4 agst Carthusian. Won by a length.

SWEEPSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.—T. Y. C.—Three subs.

Mr. Hunter's gr. f. Christiana, by Gustavus, out of Sprightly, 3 yrs old, 5st. 7lb.

Capt. Rous's gr. f. Corea, by Emilius, 3 yrs, 5st. 11lb.

Capt. Rous and Mr. Hunter divided the forfeit.

The GOLD CUP, value 200 sovs. (the remainder in specie), by 11 subscribers of 20 sovs. each, for horses of all ages.—D. M.

Lord Worcester's b. h. Carthago, by Pioneer, out of Reserve, aged, 9st. 8lb. (J. Robinson)..... 1

Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. c. Caller, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb..... 2

Lord Chesterfield's ch. h. Carthusian, 6 yrs old, 9st..... 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Sir M. Wood's b. h. Hajji Baba, aged, 8st. 12lb.; Mr. Cooke's b. c. Harold, by Manfred, 4 yrs, 8st. 10lb.; Duke of Richmond's b. c. Wandering Boy, 4 yrs, 8st. 5lb.; Duke of Richmond's b. f. Refugee, 3 yrs, 7st. 10lb.; Mr. Payne's b. f. Lady Bird, by Bustard, out of Brown Duchess, by Orville, 3 yrs, 7st. 4lb.; and Mr. S. Stonehewer's ch. f. The Fairy, 3 yrs, 6st. 7lb.—Five to 2 agst The Fairy, 4 to 1 agst Carthusian, 6 to 1 agst Caller, 7 to 1 agst Refugee, 8 to 1 agst Harold, 10 to 1 agst Wandering Boy, and 100 to 4 agst Carthago. Won by a length.

MATCH for 200, h. ft.—A. F.

Sir M. Wood's br. f. Lucetta, by Reveller, out of Luss, by Hedley, 4 yrs, 6st. 7lb. (J. Robinson)..... 1

Duke of Richmond's b. c. Hindoo, 3 yrs old, 8st. 2lb..... 2

Five to 4 on Lucetta. Won by two lengths.

HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards.—T. Y. C.—Twelve subs.

Lord Jersey's ch. f. Charlotte West, by Tramp, out of Filagree, 3 yrs old, 8st. (G. Edwards)..... 1

Mt. Rush's b. c. by Tiresias—Rhoda, 4 yrs old, 9st..... 2

Duke of Richmond's b. f. Refugee, 3 yrs old, 8st. 12lb..... 3

The following also started but were not placed:—Lord Exeter's b. f. Pera, by Sultan, 4 yrs, 8st. 12lb.; Mr. Price's ch. f. Wilhelmina, 4 yrs, 8st. 10lb.; Col. Russell's b. c. Steamer, 3 yrs, 7st. 12lb.; Lord Chesterfield's ch. c. Splendour, 3 yrs, 7st. 7lb.;

Mr. Udney's c. by Tramp—Consul's dam, 3 yrs, 7st. 2lb.; and Mr. Bloss's b. f. Elizabeth, 3 yrs, 6st. 7lb.—Two to 1 agst Charlotte West, 5 to 1 agst Mr. Rush's colt, and 7 to 1 agst Refugee. Won by a head.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for two-year-olds: colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—T. Y. C.—Five subs.

Mr. Rush's ch. f. by Phantom, out of Discard, by Popinjay (J. Robinson)..... 1
 Lord Jersey's ch. f. by Middleton, out of Butterfly..... 2
 Mr. Payne's b. f. by Gulliver, out of Quail..... 3
 Mr. Peyntr's b. c. by Sultan, out of Aspasia..... 4
 Five to 4 agst Lord Jersey's filly, and 2 to 1 agst Mr. Rush's filly. Won by three lengths.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds—colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb.—T. Y. C.

Col. Russell's b. c. *Steamer*, by Champignon, out of Salvadora (Connelly)..... 1
 Lord Clarendon's b. f. by Centaur—Don Cossack..... 2
 Mr. Peel's ch. f. The Gawry, by Sultan—Phantom..... 3
 Six to 4 agst Lord Clarendon's filly, and 2 to 1 agst *Steamer*. Won by a length.

Mr. Wagstaff's br. h. by Selim, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. agst Mr. Clarke's ch. f. Tag-honi, by Whisker, 3 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. T. Y. C. 25 sovs.—Off.

NOVEMBER MEETING.

MONDAY, November 8.—MATCH for 100, h. ft.—T. Y. C.

Lord Tavistock's ch. c. *Taurus*, by Morisco or Phantom, out of Katherine, 4 yrs old, 9st. (Robinson)..... 1
 Lord Anson's b. f. Zillah, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb..... 2
 Six to 4 on *Taurus*. Won by a length.

HANDICAP PURSE of 50l. for three-year-olds and upwards.—D. M.

Duke of Rutland's ch. h. *Oppidan*, by Rubens, out of Doriga, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. (F. Boyce)..... 1
 Mr. Rush's b. c. by Thersias, out of Rhoda, 4 yrs old, 8st..... 2
 Two to 1 agst *Oppidan*. Won by a head.

MATCH for 50.—T. M. M.

Mr. H. Scott's ch. f. *Carmine*, by Rubens, out of Scarpa, by Crispin, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. (Chapple)..... 1
 Lord Stradbroke's b. f. Gallopade, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb..... 2
 Two to 1 agst *Carmine*. Won by half a length.

WORCESTER AUTUMN MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, November 3.—HANDICAP STAKES of five sovs. each, with 20 added.—Heats, one mile and a quarter.—Seven subs.

Mr. Thorne's b. g. *Harry*, by Master Henry, out of Y. Chryseis, 3 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. (Wadlow)..... 1 1
 Mr. Hobson's b. m. Milkmaid, 5 yrs old, 7st. 10lb..... 2 2
 Mr. Joule named br. h. Speculator, aged, 7st. 13lb..... 5 3
 Mr. Onion's b. f. Garlic, 4 yrs old, 9st. 2lb..... 3 dr.
 Mr. Davis's b. g. Granby, aged, 9st. 13lb..... 4 dr.
 Mr. Thorne's Creeper, by Master Henry, out of Lancashire Lass, 3 yrs, 6st. 5lb. dis.

SWEEPSTAKES of five sovs. each, with ten added.—Heats, one mile and a quarter.—

Mr. Yates's b. m. *Grimalkin*, by Filho da Puta, 5 yrs. old, 8st. 11lb. (Cheswase)..... 0 2 1 1
 Mr. Davis's b. g. Granby, by Spectre, aged, 9st..... 0 1 3 2
 Mr. Onion's b. f. Garlic, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb..... 1 0 4 3
 Mr. Tome's b. c. Foxcote, 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb..... 3 0 2
 Mr. Hobson's ch. f. Lady Bird, 3 yrs old, 7st..... 0 3 dr.
 Mr. Thorne's b. m. Maid of Mansfield, by Filho da Puta, aged, 9st. 11lb..... 4 0 dr.
 Mr. C. Day's ch. m. Zelinda, 5 yrs, 8st. 8lb..... 0 0 dr.
 Mr. Bradust's b. f. Novel, by Waverley, out of Garcia's dam, 3 yrs, 7st. 2 dr.

TARPORLEY HUNT.

THURSDAY, November 4.—SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs. each.—Two miles.—

Seven subs.

Mr. Turner's br. h. *Olympus*, by Blacklock, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (J. Spring)..... 1
 Mr. Hoyle's br. f. Blackberry, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. 2
 Mr. Critchley's b. f. Oriana, by Blacklock, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. (broke down)..... 3
 SWEEPSTAKES of 5 sovs. each, for horses not thorough bred.—Two miles.—Eighteen subs.

Mr. J. F. France's b. g. *Lapford*, by Milo, 5 yrs old, 11st. 8lb. 1
 Sir H. Mainwaring's b. g. *Kingsley*, 5 yrs old, 11st. 6lb. 2
 The FARMER'S CUP was won at two heats, by Mr. Hornby's b. f. by Paul Power, 4 yrs old, beating eight others.

ENGLISH RACES AT FLORENCE.

WEDNESDAY, October 13.—MATCH for 50 Louis d'or.—T. Y. C.

Lord Normanby's b. h. *Tarandus*, by Sorcerer or Zodiac, out of *Jertou* by *Gamma*, aged, 9st. 8lb. (Holmes)..... 1
 Mr. Craft's ch. m. *Starch*, by *Woful*, 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. 2
 Six to 4 on the winner. Won easy.

The CHIANTI STAKES of ten Louis d'or each, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Once round (about a mile).—Seventeen subs.

Lord Normanby's ch. h. *Kildare*, by *Regent* out of *Jannette* by *Camillus*, 5 yrs, 9st. 7lb. (W. Hood)..... 1
 Mr. Thelluson's b. h. The Deer, aged, 9st. 11lb. 2
 Mr. Thelluson's ro. f. *Jungfrau*, 4 yrs, 9st. 3
 Lord Normandy's b. h. *Saladin*, aged, 9st. 11lb. 4
 Six to 4 on *Kildare*. Won cleverly.

MATCH for 50 Louis d'or.—Once round.

Mr. St. John's ch. f. *Shepherdess*, 8st. 12lb. (Jackson)..... 1
 Lord Normanby's ch. f. *Florence*, by *Blucher*, 9st. 4lb. 2
 Two to 1 on the winner.

The PRIN STAKES of 20 Louis d'or each, h. f.—T. Y. C.—Four subs.

Mr. Thelluson's ro. f. *Jungfrau*, by *Skim* dam by *Boothmayer*, 4 yrs, 9st. 2lb. (J. Moss)..... 1
 Baron Lowenberg's b. m. *Harriet*, aged, 9st. 8lb. 2
 Two to 1 on *Jungfrau*. A beautiful race, and won only by a head.

MATCH for 50 Louis d'or.—Two Miles.

Mr. Gasperini's br. h. *Tickle Toby*, aged, 9st. (Jackson)..... 1
 Mr. Lawin's ch. h. *Constantine*, 10st. 2
 Six to 4 on the winner. Won cleverly.

The ARNO STAKES of 10 sequins each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred, 9st. 8lb. each, once round, was won by Baron Lowenberg's b. m. *Harriet* beating Mr. Thelluson's b. m. *Beauty* (broke down), and three others.

MATCH for 100 Louis d'or.—Once round.

Baron Lowenberg's br. h. *Bhurtpore*, aged, 9st. (Jackson)..... 1
 Lord Normanby's b. h. *Tarandus*, aged, 10st. 2
 Six to 4 on *Tarandus*. A very severe race: won by half a length.

FRIDAY, October 15.—The ARNO STAKES of 10 sequins each, for any horse, &c.—Once round.—Ten subs.

Mr. Thelluson's b. h. The Deer, aged, 10st. 6lb. (Holmes) 1
 Lord Normanby's ch. h. *Kildare*, 5 yrs, 10st. 10lb. 2
 Three to 1 on *Kildare*. Won by only a head.

MATCH for 25 Louis d'or.—Once round.

Mr. St. John's ch. f. *Shepherdess*, 8st. 12lb. (E Jackson)..... 1
 Mr. Lawin's ch. h. *Constantine*, 9st. 4lb. 2

A GOLD CUP (handicap); value 50 Louis d'or, free for any horse.—Once round.

Baron Lowenberg's br. h. *Bhurtpore*, aged, 10st. (J. Moss)..... 1
 Mr. Thelluson's b. h. The Deer, aged, 10st. 4lb. 2
 Lord Normanby's ch. h. *Kildare*, 5 yrs, 11st. 3lb. 3
 Six others started but were not placed.

MATCH for 25 Louis d'or.—Once round.

Baron Lowenberg's br. h. *Bhurtpore*, aged, 9st. 3lb. (Jackson)..... 1
 Lord Normanby's b. h. *Tarandus*, by *Sorcerer* or *Zodiac*, aged, 2

WINNERS OF ROYAL PURSES, AND GOLD AND SILVER CUPS—1890.

WINNERS OF ROYAL PURSES.

Ascot Heath	Merman, by Whalebone, June 8.
Ditto (for hunters) ...	Bay mare, by Reveller, June 11.
Ditto	Bough Robin, by Sober Robin, August 24.
Caledonian Hunt	Leda, by Filho da Puta, October 22.
Canterbury	Gameboy, by Octavian, August 25.
Carlisle	Young Patrick, by St. Patrick, Sept. 29.
Chelmsford	Bustle, by Whalebone, July 29.
Chester	Mayfly, by Piscator, May 4.
Doncaster	Ballad Singer, by Tramp, Sept. 29.
Edinburgh	Round Robin, by Borodino, July 28.
Guildford	Bustle, by Whalebone, June 22.
Ipawich	Jack Junk, by Nicolo, July 20.
Lewes	Gambol, by Nicolo, August 2.
Lichfield	Joeko, by Filho da Puta, Sept. 14—(walked over).
Lincoln	Fortitude, by Whisker, Sept. 29.
Manchester	Mhrabel, by Blacklock, June 2.
Newcastle	The Earl, by Percy, June 22.
Newmarket	Toso, by Rainbow, April 27.
Ditto	Cadland, by Andrew, April 29.
Ditto	Gayhurst, by Whalebone, Oct. 7.
Nottingham	Joeko, by Filho da Puta, October 28.
Salisbury	Harmony, by Reveller, August 6.
Warwick	Joeko, by Filho da Puta, Sept. 9.
Weymouth	Tyke, by Tramp, Sept. 8.
Winchester	Joeko, by Filho da Puta, July 16.
York	Mendicant, by Tramp, August 3.
Ditto	Ballad Singer, by Tramp, August 7.

WINNERS OF GOLD AND SILVER CUPS, &c.

Abingdon	Liston, by Ambo, Sept. 15.
Ascot Heath	Emmelina, by Blacklock, June 9.
Ditto	Lucetta, by Reveller, June 19.
Ayr	Brunswick, by Comus, October 19.
Bath	Nimrod, by Tepay Turvy, June 23.
Ditto	Liston, by Ambo, June 23.
Beverley	Bessy Bedlam, by Filho da Puta, June 10.
Beccles	Ringleader, by Merlin, Sept. 15.
Blandford	Tyke, by Tramp, August 25.
Brighton	Lady Emily, by Emillius, July 29.
Burderop	Sketchbook, by Rubens, August 25—(walked over).
Ditto	Dandelion, by Merlin, August 26.
Burton-on-Trent	Bolivar, by Blacklock, August 24.
Buxton	Independence, by Filho or Sherwood, June 16.
Caledonian Hunt	The Major, by Bustler, October 21.
Canterbury	Guildford, by Hampden, August 27.
Carlisle	Talleyrand, by Bachelor, Sept. 28.
Chelmsford	Suffolk Punch, by Wrangler, July 21.
Cheltenham	Joeko, by Filho da Puta, July 29.
Chester	Felt, by Langar, May 3.
Ditto	Mona's Pride, by Tenters, May 5.
Chesterfield	Barbro', by Figaro, Oct. 7.
Derby	Sampson, by Ambo, August 4—(walked over).
Doncaster	Retriever, by Smolensko, Sept. 23.
Dumfries	Leda, by Filho da Puta, Oct. 7—(walked over).
Durham	Lucy, by Tramp, April 23.
Edinburgh	Kilnocky, by Columbus, July 27.

Egham	Palemon, by Vampire, August 31.
Epsom	Merman, by Whalebone, May 26.
Ditto	Rasselas, by Wanderer, May 27.
Exeter	Lawrence, by Rubens, August 18.
Goodwood	Fleur de Lis, by Bourbon, August 11.
Haigh Park (Leeds) ...	Flambeau, by Grey Malton, August 26.
Hampton	Miss Craven, by Mr. Lowe, June 17.
Hastings	Little Gift, by Centaur, Sept. 23.
Heaton Park	Jocko, by Filho da Puta, Sept. 29.
Ditto	Jocko, by Filho da Puta, Oct. 1.
Hereford	Liston, by Ambo, August 19.
Holywell Hunt	Felt, by Langar, Oct. 20.
Huntingdon	Gameboy, by Octavian, August 3.
Kendal	Bay horse by Walton, July 21.
Knutsford	Guido, by Peter Lely, July 27.
Lancaster	Mirabel, by Blacklock, June 30.
Leicester	Oppidan, by Rubens, Sept. 15.
Lincoln	Bullet, by Cannon Ball, Sept. 30.
Ditto	Vanish, by Phantom, Oct. 1.
Liverpool	Bay horse by Walton, May 12.
Ditto	Mona's Pride, by Teniers, May 13.
Ditto (Aintree Course) ..	Felt, by Langar, July 6.
Ditto (ditto)	Bolivar, by Blacklock, July 8.
Ludlow	Zodiac, by The Grand Duke, July 1.
Manchester	Guido, by Peter Lely, June 3.
Newcastle	Leda, by Filho da Puta, June 23.
Ditto	Gondolier, by Fitz-Orville, June 24.
Newmarket	Harold, by Manfred, Oct. 22.
Ditto	Carthago, by Pioneer, Nov. 6.
Newport Pagnel	Gayhurst, by Whalebone, August 19.
Newton	Olympus, by Blacklock, June 9.
Ditto	Felt, by Langar, June 10.
Northallerton	Maria, by Whisker, October 15.
Ditto	Lucy, by Tramp, October 16.
Northampton	The Colonel, by Whisker, September 15—(walked over).
Nottingham	Independence, by Filho da Puta, Oct. 27.
Outlands Park	Caradori, by Centaur, July 3.
Oswestry	Tib, by Langar, Sept. 28.
Ditto	Sampson, by Ambo, Sept. 29.
Oxford	Hindustan, by Whalebone, August 4.
Pontefract	Laurel, by Blacklock, Sept. 1.
Preston	Felt, by Langar, July 14.
Plymouth	Ofellus, by Orville, August 11.
Potteries	Wellington, by Corinthian, August 3.
Richmond	Medoro, by Cervantes, Oct. 6.
Rochdale	Wellington, July 22.
St. Alban's	Hindustan, by Whalebone, May 18.
Salisbury	Tyke, by Tramp, August 5.
Ditto	Fadladeen, by Foxbury, August 5.
Shrewsbury	Dandina, by Muley, Sept. 22.
Stamford	{ Coroner, by Magistrate } July 22—ran a dead heat.
	{ Varna, by Sultan }
Stockton	Jenny Mills, by Whisker, August 20.
Stourbridge	Lilla, by Bobadil, August 31.
Warwick	{ Independence, by Filho or Sherwood } Sept. 8—ran a dead heat.
	{ Jocko, by Filho }
Wolverhampton	Sampson, by Ambo, August 17.
Ditto	Independence, by Filho, August 16.
Worcester	Hesperus, by Hollyhock, August 11.
Wrexham	Penrhos, by Rowston, Oct. 5.
Yarmouth	Ringleader, by Merlin, Sept. 7.
York	Laurel, by Blacklock, August 3.
Ditto	Fortitude, by Whisker, August 5.

I N D E X

TO THE

HORSES IN THE RACING CALENDAR

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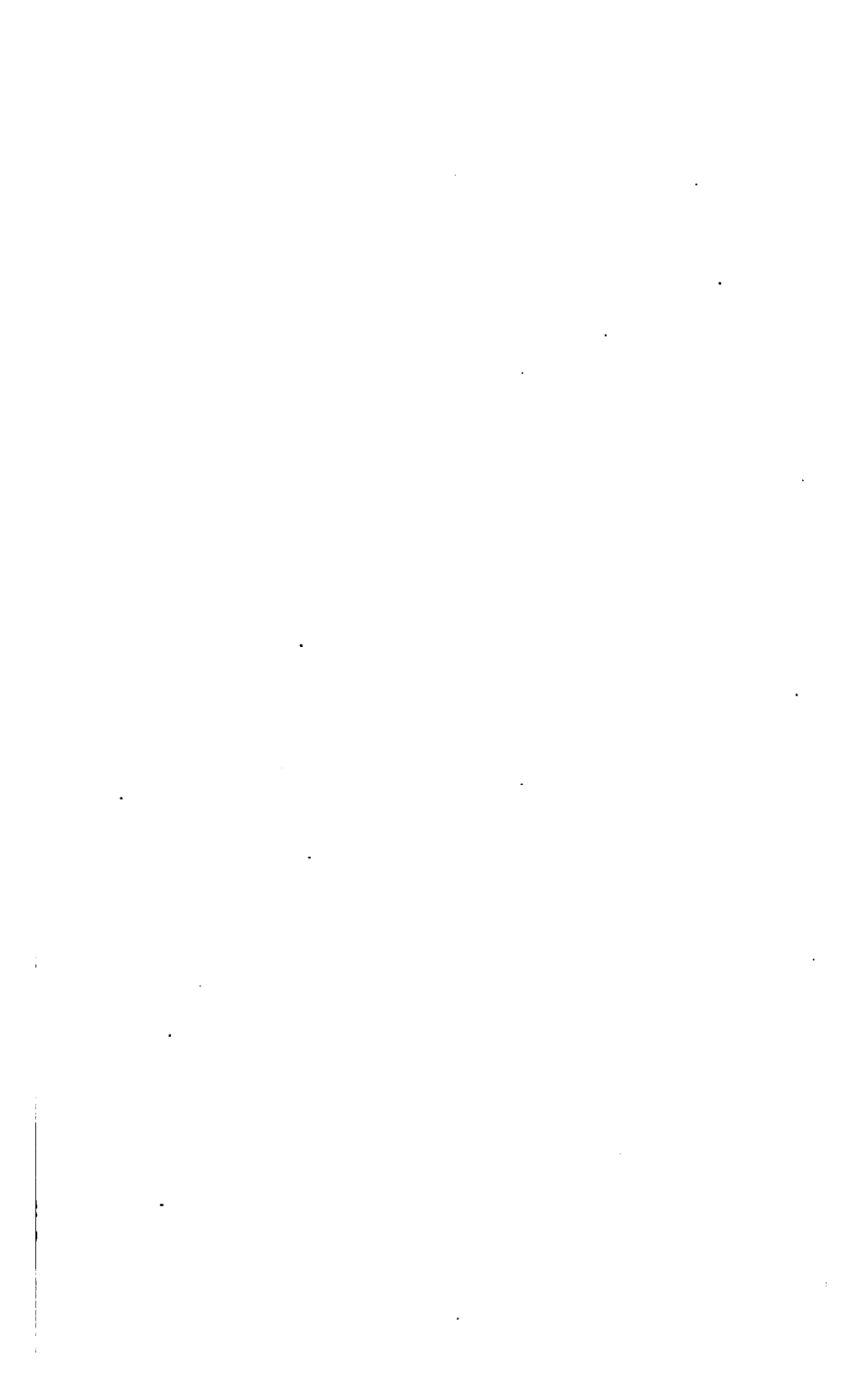
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Printed by M. A. Pittman, Warwick-square, London.



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